# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NOV. 10, 1917

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In This Number

George Pattullo—Samuel G. Blythe—Wallace Irwin—Peter Clark Macfarlane

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# FIGHTIN' SONS-OF-GUNS

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

WHEN I was a boy in Canada we used to regard Englishmen as superior beings. Their attitude always admitted that they were, and we accepted it. To them we were "Colonials." But to-day the English look upon Canadians as superior beings; and all is as it should be.

What wrought the change? The war has accomplished many upsets and reversals of sentiment, and this is not the least of them. To the overseas forces is due the credit. No finer fighting men can be found in the battle lines.

In common with a large portion of the American public I long harbored a suspicion that the publicity our friends to the north of us were receiving for their achievements in France might possibly be explained on the ground of propaganda. That was doing them an injustice. Though certain crack British regiments are unsurpassed by any troops in the world, the fact remains that the Canadian Army as a whole constitutes the most formidable weapon of its size on any Front. This statement does not represent my valueless personal prejudices, but the opinion of military experts.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS

*Canadians Returning Victorious From Battle of Courcelette*

The Canadians are always there with the punch. No matter how badly mauled they may be they come back with a kick like a Missouri mule—and you may have noticed how often when there's a particularly hard nut to crack they get the job.

Even the enemy tacitly confesses their worth. After torrents of rain had temporarily halted the attack on Lens in August, German military correspondents wrote gleefully to their newspapers: "Sir Douglas Haig has discovered that even his Canadians are not the equal of the German soldiers."

### Canada's Splendid Contribution to the British Army

BUT while we are handing bouquets to the sons of the Maple Leaf, let us not lose sight of the fact that the Canadian forces include Englishmen, Scotchmen and some Irishmen, born in the Old Land, who were living in the Dominion when war broke out and promptly enlisted. That type of man is always to the fore in a crisis. The same pluck and push that drive him to emigrate to new fields bring him into the ranks at his country's first call.

Should you ask an Englishman what percentage of the Canadian Army is made up of men born in the British Isles, he will tell you "About ninety." Ask a native Canadian, and his reply will be "Probably twenty." My information is that sixty-five per cent of the first division were born in the British Isles; and not far from fifty per cent of those who came later claimed the same origin.

French Canada constitutes close to a third of the Dominion's population. One might suppose they would be first to volunteer—first, because of affection for the land of their ancestors; second, from loyalty to the Empire, in which they have been permitted to preserve their speech and develop their nationality unhampered, under whose protection they have enjoyed unexampled privileges. They have heavy representation in Parliament; they have separate schools. Yet the French-Canadian contribution to the overseas forces has been numerically negligible. Single towns in Ontario have sent more men than the entire province of Quebec, if you exclude the English-speaking population of Montreal. France expelled the religious orders early in this century—but the causes back of the situation have no place in this article. Suffice that it was to reach the slackers of Quebec that the loyal people of Canada demanded conscription.

Neither should the Americans among the expeditionary armies be overlooked. They have thousands and thousands of them, of the Anglo-Saxon strain—either men who emigrated to the United States from Great Britain and Canada years ago or adventurous spirits of American parentage who wanted to take part in the Big Show. I met with hundreds such in a small sector of the Front early in September.

"Hey, wait a minute! Where you from? Put it there! I'm from Ohio." Then, raising his voice to a bellow: "Say, Charlie! Oh, Charlie! Come 'ere. This guy is from God's country too."

The pedigree of one of them ran like this: Father, Irish; mother, Swede; born in the United States; a citizen of Chile when war broke out. Now he's wearing the uniform of His Majesty George V.

And there was Jim Games, whom I ran across at the foot of Vimy Ridge—he used to punch cows with the O. R. outfit in Arizona. But Games is in a Hieland regiment now, and a sergeant at that. If Sherman Rinehart, his old boss, could see Jim in kilts, he'd just naturally crawl off into a doghole and never come out.

Such are the surprises you get among the personnel of the Canadians. But what earthly difference does it make whence they come? They're all of the same staunch breed. English-born or Canadian-born, it is the same; for if a native Canadian isn't as much of a Britisher as a man born in the British Isles, then the Empire means nothing. But he is; he's just as British as a Texan is American. He may differ from the Englishman in accent and viewpoint, of course; but the underlying qualities of both are identical—steadfast courage, tenacity and unbeatable perseverance under punishment.

### The One Thing That Americans are Slow to Learn

HOWEVER, there is a point of departure: The Canadian excels in initiative, new ideas and rapidity of action. Those are the products of his environment and social system, and they have played a tremendous part in his success in war. Because those are also American characteristics his achievements hold a peculiar interest for us, on the threshold of trial. More nearly than any others the soldiers of Canada approximate ours in habits of everyday life and thought, in their civilian training and methods of work. Therefore we should be able to draw useful deductions from their experiences and present efficiency.

The hardest thing for Young America to learn is discipline. But the Canadians have acquired it, and it was as foreign to their natures as it is to ours. At the outset of the war their contempt for military formalities and restrictions became proverbial; they provided the merriest quips that came out of England. All kinds of stories made the rounds. One of the favorites concerned a recruit who was stopped in a London street by a colonel for

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS

*Lorries at One of the Great Canadian Ammunition Parks*

*Canadian Tommies Going Into an Attack Ready to Dig Themselves In*

having failed to salute. The colonel was a staff officer and a martinet—a proud beauty in crimson bands and gold.

"Don't you know what to do when you see an officer?" he stormed, and for a full five minutes he harangued the rookie on discipline. The Canadian listened sheepishly.

"Stand at attention!" ordered the colonel, in intense exasperation, "and take that grin off your face! You're a soldier now, remember—so try to act like one!"

"Yes, sir."

"What's the matter with you, anyway? Do you drink?"

The recruit looked relieved, and immediately relaxed. "Well, I don't mind splitting a bottle with you, colonel," he said affably.

Perhaps that hit off Canadian discipline when they first enrolled; two-fisted, upstanding men never take readily to blind obedience. But it would be a rank libel now. To-day, while there may be more subservience in other troops, there is no sterner discipline in the Allied armies than among the Canadians.

### *The Superb Spirit of the Canadians*

HERE is an incident that occurred not long ago at the First Canadian Infantry Base Depot in France. Sentries patrol all over the place and their orders are strict. On a dark night a couple of generals arrived from corps headquarters and started to make their way through the lines.

"Halt! Who goes there?" a sentry challenged. They were not twenty feet from him, but he bellowed it as though they were on the other side of the English Channel.

"Friend."

"Advance—one!" came the command, which meant that he expected them to come forward singly.

Doubtless the two generals did not take the order literally, for they both stepped forward.

"Advance—one—I said!" thundered the sentry, and down came his bayonet.

The senior officer laughed and went closer.

"I am Major General ——" he announced.

Well, sir, the sentry couldn't have been less impressed had he said he was Buck Jones, of Bond's Corners. Orders were orders to him.

"Open your coat for identification," he said brusquely, and the major general was obliged to prove his rank.

At this same base not an arrest was necessary for breach of discipline in a period of forty-three days, though nearly fifteen hundred men were in camp.

The Canadians at the Front shave every day. Let that sink in. Right up there in the trenches—often ankle-deep in mud, sleeping in funk holes, each man cooking his own meals, fighting lice and rats and Boches, with everything combined to break down habits of cleanliness—they rigidly observe the rule for smooth faces and chins. Of all I saw, that hit me hardest, because it meant so much.

It is a general order throughout the British Army that each man shall keep cleanly shaved when possible. Of course obedience to the strict letter of the order varies with the different regiments; it depends largely on the officer commanding. But there are many battalions that adhere to it strictly except in the heat of attack. A company officer told me that his own men shaved daily even while occupying some captured shell holes before new trenches had been dug.

I was with a kiltie battalion which had been at the Front thirty-eight days. That is more than double the usual limit of a "tour," and the men were worn out. Their losses had been considerable; nightly the tally grew. The nervous tension in holding the Front is terrific. But the Jocks were cleaner shaved than some regiments of our own that I have seen occupying comfortable billets, with every facility for keeping spick-and-span.

You will readily discern the motive in all this. Regular shaving is the next best thing to complete cleanliness. It freshens a man, helps to sustain his pride and self-respect; and where bathing is impossible and a real wash cannot be had the razor acts as a tonic. Permit soldiers to grow slovenly and lax and you will soon have them downhearted. Make them shave and they buck up. It aids morale. It is all a part of the scheme of discipline.

The same idea is back of everything in their organization. A layman would naturally suppose that cleaning harness and washing muddied wagons and limbers after a night out was sheer waste of effort, when the same harness and wagons and limbers were due to do the job again immediately. But the Canadians don't look at it in that light; they know that if you ever let down you begin to slip.

The transport lines of one brigade were close to the Vimy Ridge. It had been raining for days—there were regular downpours through the month of August—and mud was everywhere. Wagons and limbers and horses had been out the night before, carrying stuff to the Front, and they returned plastered with muck. Yet by nine o'clock next morning every buckle and wheel was gleaming. They cleaned and oiled the leather, polished the mountings, made the wagons fit for a review, groomed the horses until their coats shone. And they were billed for another night in the rain and slime! You can't beat that spirit.

"This war is eighty per cent spirit and twenty per cent technical, anyway," declared a veteran colonel. "I don't believe in holding troops too long in training before you send them in. There's a danger of their going stale. What's the idea in drilling the Americans until they're letter-perfect? A lot of the stuff they learn will be out of date before they have finished. They're developing new methods every month and junking the old—you can see it all round you. Why, we have schools to which officers are being sent who've seen two years of service over here! That shows you how methods change.

"If they've got discipline they have about all they can acquire except through experience. Get that into them, and then turn them loose against the Boches. They'll do the rest. Spirit is the thing. They may get it in the neck at the outset—Heine will probably spring one of his sweet surprises; but once they've been blooded they'll hammer hell out of him. Certainly they will. I know your men. They're a good deal like ours."

The spirit of the Canadians is superb. Of course they hate the whole foul, insane business—but they will keep on fighting until the cows come home. After three years of war they are more resolute to win than the day they went in, for they have borne terrible losses and they will not see those losses go for nothing. Curiously enough the more recent additions to their army are less cheerful than the men who have been at it since the start. This is made evident by their letters home. What the explanation may be I don't know; probably the newer men's spirits will improve with hardening. But Canadian confidence cannot be shaken. They don't brag that the Boches will be beaten before such and such a date; they have a wholesome respect for the marvelous organization back of Fritz. What they do say, however, is this: "We've got the edge on him. Man for man, we can lick Fritz any old time, and anywhere. And he knows it."

Pride of race surges high in them. They feel as never before the superiority of their Anglo-Saxon to the Teutonic strain. And the beauty of it is that they have proved it on the Boche's hide, not once but a dozen times. When attackers and counter-attackers came together in No Man's Land in the August assault on Lens, and it was body to body, with life for the better man as stakes, which side triumphed? The Canadians cleaned up with them.

Back of the indomitable spirit of the men is the spirit of the women of Canada. To the majority of them, more especially among the well-to-do classes, this is a sacred cause for which no sacrifice is too great. They have a very high sense of duty. In a crisis it becomes the dominating motive of their lives, and so they give up husbands and sons and brothers and sweethearts with heroic fortitude. By jingo, they make them go sometimes! The attitude of Canadian women toward slackers and the moral pressure they brought to bear on them were quite as good as conscription.

An artillery officer explained the psychology of the German courage thus:

"Take a hundred Heines out of one of their best divisions and they're as good as a hundred of ours. But take three Heines, and they're not so good as one of ours. Huh? Search me—I can't tell you the reason, but that's the way they fight. They've got to have the feel of the touch before they will stand up to it. As soon as you make him depend on himself, instead of on mass work, he goes to pieces."

That has been sufficiently evidenced by innumerable captures of detached parties of Boches by greatly inferior numbers of British—often by a single soldier. The fact that some exceptions must be noted of Heines belonging to certain storm battalions, who have given proof of dauntless individual courage, merely emphasizes the rule. "The feel of the touch" seems essential to them.

"Remember!" barked a drill sergeant at Number One British Training Camp in France, as his men got ready to go over the top in a practice charge—"remember—you're a better man than the Boche any day!"

And then they went to it. They weren't the least self-conscious. The yells they emitted were not the half-hearted trebles of a bunch of supers in a Shaksperean play; they charged across into the next trench with the viciousness of a real attack, and they drove the bayonet home with savage strength. It was precisely as though the bag were a foe they hated.

### *Methods That Bring Home the Bacon*

NEVER have I seen such ferocity in training. The instructors worked with the intensity of maniacs; they fairly foamed at the mouth to get the right punch into it. Hoarse, and dripping perspiration, they stormed up and down, driving, cajoling, fuming, cursing prayerfully. If a man was awkward with the bayonet they grabbed his rifle to show him how; another charged alone at the dummies to illustrate the venom that ought to go into sticking an enemy. It was top-speed work, driven by human dynamos of energy; the men were red and eager, up on their toes with the zest of it.

Now those are the methods that always bring home the bacon. Whether it be football, prizefighting or war, hard, rough training turns out the champions. I have watched the work in our own camps, both at home and in France, and I would respectfully recommend this British ferocity.

The soldiers in Number One were not veterans. They had received from three to six months' drill at home, and the finishing touches were being put on before they went into the line. All reënforcements get nine days' polishing in such camps in France prior to going to the Front. If they can get this spirit so quickly, so should our men of the draft. Another significant feature of their training, which tells the way the war is going, is that the Canadians

*(Continued on Page 90)*

# THE DEACON FALLS

## By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

*COME home! . . . Come home! . . . Ye who are weary, come home!"*

The words, faintly wafted by a feeble choir, floated out over a scattered little congregation huddled in irregular rows of rickety folding chairs on a sawdust floor in a weather-stained revival tent.

*Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling: "O sin-ner-r-r, come home!"*

There ensued a dramatic interval of silence and expectance. Would Sinner come?

Yes, he would.

More than six feet tall, with a giant frame, with long arms that reached almost to his knees, with a strong profile and skin dark enough to suggest Indian blood, a man who had recently crept under the tent flap at the back rose and stumbled uncertainly down the aisle. The stranger carried no hat and his most conspicuous article of apparel was a jumper of blue-and-white check. Reaching the front without catastrophe, the stranger sank with an audible sigh into one of the seats reserved for seekers and buried his long face in his hands.

In the rank of chairs immediately behind stood Deacon Stone, a smallish, beardless man of forty with cherubic cheeks and precisely chiseled features; but now the cherubic expression vanished as the deacon's sensitive nostrils sampled the air with an experimental sniff, succeeding which shocked blue eyes looked out through gold-rimmed spectacles and fixed themselves with a condemnatory gleam.

The pillar of the church had become aware of a penetrating odor, not by any means to say fragrance, exhaling from that bowed figure—a smell of hops, malt, distilled grains, tobacco and humanity, mixed in reckless, unequal and unhappy proportions.

As escaping somewhat from this unpleasant vicinage without making his action too conspicuous, the deacon leaned back a trifle and lifted himself, his shoulders, his voice, his nose and his hymn book—yea, all of him, including his own soul, the deacon lifted somewhat. Then, from the superior heights of one who has never lapped up liquor from a bar, nor, since one sad misstep of boyhood that was followed by a very seasick afternoon, ever let his lips be stained with kissing of My Lady Nicotine, Brother Stone looked down in noble Christian pity upon this unfortunate, dejected man. The hymn changed to

*Courage, brother; do not stumble, though thy path be dark as night,*

and Pastor Brockman knelt beside the mourner.

"Come to the Lord, my brother!" he urged in the ear of the bent and motionless figure; but the figure shook a stubborn head.

"I'm not agoin' to mock Him," it whispered hoarsely, with a breath so like the back door of a brewery that the pastor wavered on his knees. "I've got a hang-over to-night," labored the derelict with commendable sincerity. "I'll do it to-morrow."

"To-morrow, my brother, may never come," warned the minister lugubriously.

"Then it's all off," groaned the unconsoled, wretchedly resigned. "I've got to face the Last Day stewed."

Pastor Brockman looked nonplused, hesitated; then edged away, still upon his knees, and thrust his face out into an atmosphere less tainted, where he lifted up an earnest petition for mercy upon the souls of those who die sodden with drink.

After the service, elders, deaconesses and personal workers, with sympathy, curiosity, repugnance and good intentions mingled on their faces, gathered round the stricken soul.

"Brother!" they said. "Brother! The Lord will help. He is faithful and mighty to save. Speak the great word; speak it to-night, brother!"

The penitent lifted bloodshot, pleading, grateful eyes.

"No! No!" he protested. "I'm not agoin' to mock Him. Just leave me alone in the tent to-night. It's like a city of refuge to my soul. To-morrow you can tell me how to seek the Lord."

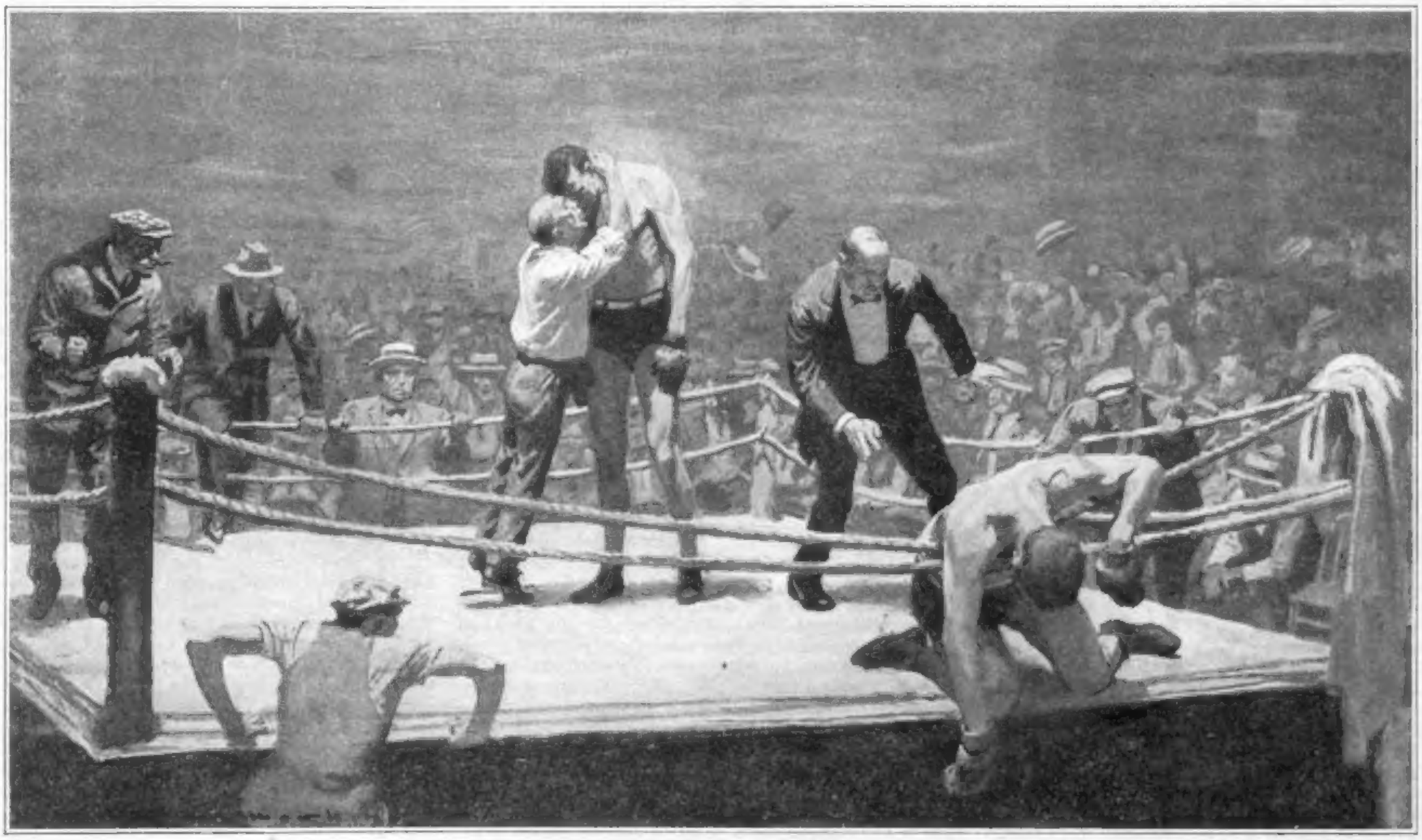
Tactful, sensible people, they took him at his word, and as they went home speculated concerning the Jumper Man; for so, by common consent, they were calling him. Deacon Stone, however, was not one of those who, with vaporings of sympathy, had hovered round the drink-fuddled figure. Instead, he increased the distance from the malodorous one and looked on at the entire encircling group in a mood that was rather cynical. The deacon had much faith in God, but little in humanity. It occurred to him presently that this thing which large-hearted Pastor Brockman had just done had been very indiscreet.

"No telling what that hobo might be up to by now!" worried the deacon.

And finally—anxious, meticulous soul that he was—he turned him about at the very door of his house and went back through the suburban streets, lonely at ten o'clock, all the way to the corner where his pastor, moving out from the staid dignity of a church on the avenue, ten blocks away, was nightly seeking to gas the devil from a front-line trench.

The tent was still and with no more illumination than stole through the canvas sides from an arc lamp on the street; but this was sufficient to reveal dim outlines and ghostly shapes. The deacon parted the flap, crept softly in and stood a moment, testing the silence. Yes, the Jumper Man was there—on the platform. He was moving toward the pulpit; his hands were on it. What sacrilege! Yet it was only to steady his uncertain legs while he leaned down and addressed an imaginary figure kneeling in the sawdust of humiliation at the foot of the improvised altar. The Jumper Man spoke in tones that managed to mingle stern reproach with sadness, though the utterance was thick and the flow of language often interrupted by memory lapses and hiccups.

"Yes, my brother," he began, "you've broke your wife's heart and mauled your children round till now they don't know where you are and hope they never find you. You've drunk yourself out of jobs, out of home, out of lodge, and out of life almost. You're a no-account bum. You're an ex-prize fighter. You're an ex-bricklayer. You're an ex-ex-ex-everything that's good and respectable.



*Bounding Into the Ring, the Deacon Kissed the Big Smeared Face of the Conqueror*

You know it, Tom Crockett! You confess it; and yet the Lord's agoin' to pardon you. He's agoin' to give you one more chance here among these good people. And you ain't agoin' to fail 'em the way you've failed others like 'em. You ain't agoin' to fail the Lord either. Every pug comes to where he's got one last good fight in him; and if he loses that he's done. He can't never come back after that. He's a has-been!

"This is your last fight, Tom Crockett, and you're agoin' to make good. No 'slips, trials over.' You put it across or you bust!

"Amen! So help me God! Selah!"

The Jumper Man stopped talking and got down on his knees. Presently a mumbled cadence floated out over the chair backs. "Now," he said with a great sigh—

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,*
*I pray the Lord my soul to keep;*
*If I should die before I wake,*
*I hope to God my soul he'll take."*

The eavesdropping pillar of the church slipped outside and stood with a strange emotion rising like a mist through all his tissues—a feeling of sympathy with erring flesh that he had never known before; and in this mood he went home again slowly and searching his heart somewhat accusingly as he walked. Next morning he got up earlier than the rest of his family.

Repairing to the kitchen he boiled some eggs hard; he fried some ham; he cut a generous number of thick slices of bread; he made coffee and put it in a bucket, with certain requisite amounts of cream and sugar; and he took all these eatables down to the tent. As the deacon approached, his ears were greeted by the sound of whistling—it was thick and furry, but none the less a whistle. As the breakfast bearer drew near this whistling changed to humming, and the humming quavered out into a song.

The tent flaps were up, the chair rows were straightened, the songbooks lay in neat piles, and the sawdust had been smoothed over with a broom. The Jumper Man sat in a chair on the center aisle, very erect, gazing straight at the pulpit; and while one huge foot beat the time in ponderous blows upon the sawdust floor his ragged barytone voice rang out lustily in

*"Just as-s-s-s I a-a-am, with-o-u-t one plea."*

"Good morning, brother," said Deacon Stone.

"Good morning!" exclaimed the Jumper Man, standing up and tugging at where his cap would have been had he possessed one and had it been on in the tabernacle of the Lord.

"Brought you some breakfast," announced the deacon.

The small brown eyes, set rather deep in the great, strongly carved face, beamed gratitude. At the same time the Jumper Man appeared to recognize in the deacon one who, like himself, was worldly wise.

"How'd you know I'd be here?" he inquired.

"Didn't," said the deacon bluntly. "Took a chance."

"Much obliged," assured the Jumper Man. "I found a quarter in my pocket—all that's left of forty dollars when this spree started—and I been standing in the door, off and on, for an hour, figuring whether I could make it by them two saloons to the sandwich wagon there."

"Wagon's come to you," suggested the deacon.

"Take the quarter," proposed the Jumper Man.

"Couldn't think of it," asserted the deacon.

"Got to think of it," insisted the Jumper Man. "I need the breakfast, but I got to keep my self-respect. When a fellow's down and out ——"

The deacon took the quarter. "First meal I ever sold," he reflected, looking up at the rings in the tiny maintop.

"Best meal I ever got for a quarter," reciprocated the Jumper Man, munching and gulping—especially gulping. "Some coffee that!"

"Made her myself," confessed the deacon. "Extra strong."

"You're a man!" said Tom, looking up with a complimentary light in his eyes. "These sisters and that young palaverin' preacher are all right; but it does a fellow good when he's right up against it to butt straight into a man."

The Jumper Man emphasized his remarks by abandoning his food for a moment to seize the hand of the deacon, which he wrung fervently. As soon as possible the churchman rescued his fingers and gazed at them solicitously, at the same time applying a soft consoling pressure. When the pain had eased he turned somewhat ruefully to contemplate the huge member that, with the gentle clasp of friendship and gratitude, had all but wrecked his own arrangement of digits and phalanges. Despite his pain, however, the deacon was elated with his new rôle and desirous of being still further helpful.

"What's your trade?" he inquired.

"Bricklayer—far as I've got a trade."

"Lots of building going on," hinted the deacon.

"I'll be at work to-morrow," announced the Jumper Man. "Nerves off edge now."

"Better stick here to-day," recommended the deacon, with a nod toward the tent. "I commute in a few minutes, but ——"

"I'll take the dishes home," said the Jumper Man, "if you'll give me your address."

"854 Cedar. Take them home at noon and Mrs. Stone will ——"

But the big fellow stiffened and straightened, waving his hand negatively.

"Self-respect, brother," he reminded, with a grave light in his eyes. "I'll pick up some odd jobs to earn my meals."

"Have it your way," conceded the deacon, and was brave enough to place his hand once more in jeopardy before he departed for his train.

That night all who had been in the tent the evening before came with inquiries for the Jumper Man upon their lips. The answer was given to their eyes. There sat the Jumper Man, aloof from the congregation, as unworthy to sit among them, but with head up, and singing. At the close of the service both men and women fluttered round to shake hands, to congratulate and to importune.

The Jumper Man stood very straight and received with a kind of reposeful dignity which, besides the impression it created, gave all an opportunity to study the landscape of his great face and to perceive that there was something peculiar about it. Features once good had the appearance of having been mauled and pounded as village housewives used to pound steak to make it tender. The lips were unduly thickened; the nose, still high, had once been higher, and now, flattened somewhat at the bridge, carried a decided list to starboard at the point, while small scars pitted the cheeks, the chin and the bony prominences about the eyes. Yet, notwithstanding these minor marrings, the total aspect of the face was appealing. Sincerity, humility, appreciation of kindness, and hope were in the eyes of the Jumper Man. Still he had no public testimonies to offer.

"I've give myself to God in private," he responded to all importunities. "I'm not agoin' to scandalize him by gettin' up here and sayin' a single word till I know whether I've made good or not."

Such considerate prudence increased the regard of the discerning. It won sympathy and respect from all. Every night those who came to the tent looked first and eagerly for a sight of the Jumper Man; and when they saw him in his place their hearts gave a little leap, as if he, like some holy apostolic succession, connected them strangely but effectively with that far-off New Testament line and put the seal of divine power upon their present puny efforts.

For a whole week the Jumper Man remained faithful, each day becoming less retiring, more promising, more anxious to be helpful. He passed the songbooks now, and when men were scarce in the small congregation he even helped to take up the collection. Still he clung to his jumper. Still his tall head towered hatless as if he did a penance, and he continued to hold his new friends somewhat at a distance. Then, one night, his accustomed place was vacant. The sight of that empty chair fell like a pall on the little gathering. There was lead in every heart. The songs refused to rise; the pastor's voice broke down in his prayer, and his eyes watched the tent door so narrowly they lost the place in the Scripture reading.

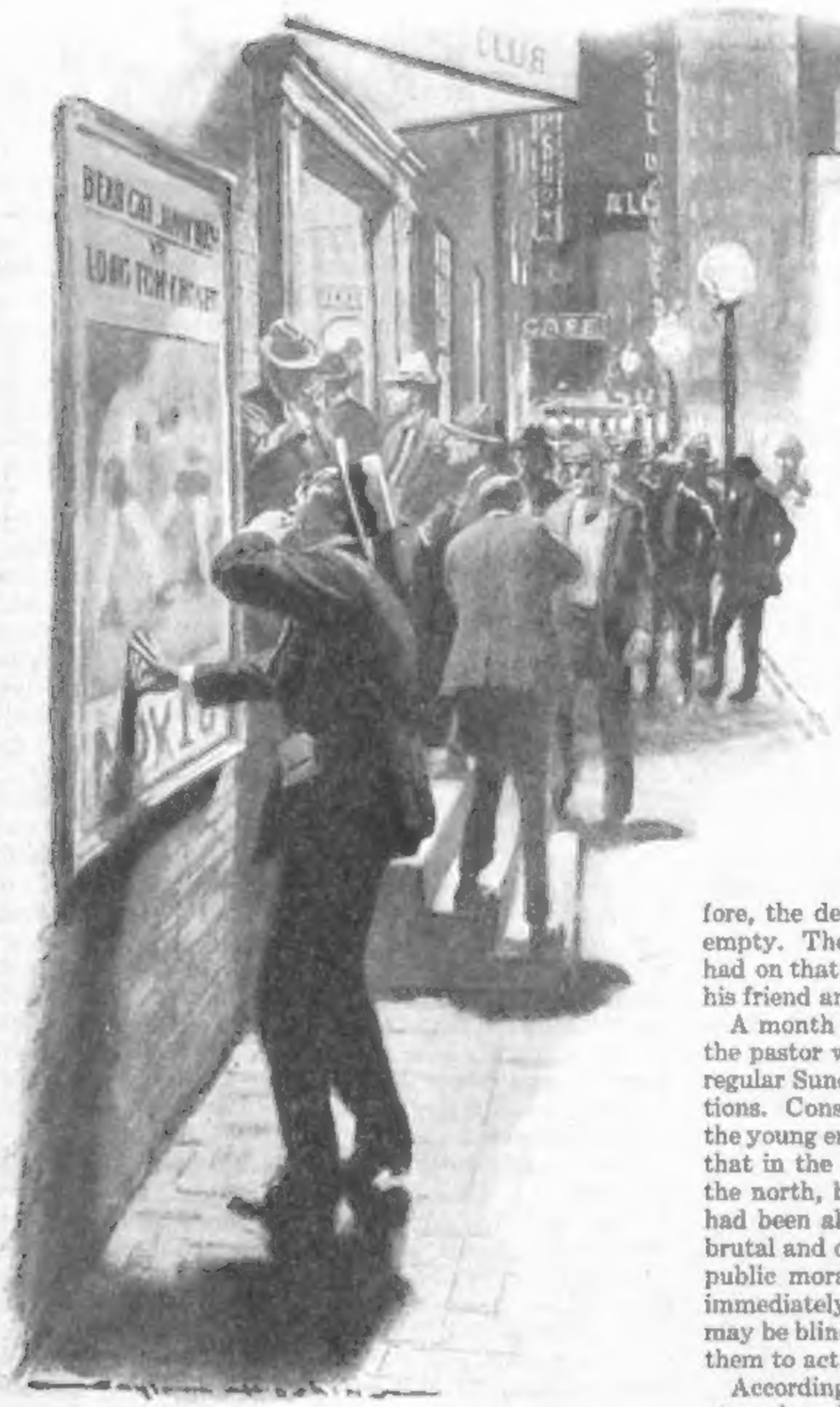
*"It's the Hook for Me, Deacon," He Moaned. "I'm In; All In!"*

For three desert days there was no Jumper Man: and then Pastor Brockman, entering early one evening, looking mournfully, hoping against hope, into the dusk of the empty tent, saw a shadow bowing at the end of a row of chairs, almost out of the chair and yet in it. The minister did not speak; he did not approach immediately, but turned on a single light and then made out the figure better.

It was the Jumper Man. He was in deep woe. The blue-and-white check of the garment that gave him his sobriquet was stained with the mud of the street, and the sawdust of the tent was in his hair, revealing that he had been lying down.

Gently Pastor Brockman approached and laid a hand on the sagging shoulder. The face was unlifted, but the back of the head, with its thick, short black hair, which bristled almost like a mane, was shaken dolefully from side to side. The minister understood. The Jumper Man had fallen and was again stumbling toward the Mercy Seat. As the gathering congregation marked the dejected figure it, too, understood, and many an eye was wet.

After the service sympathizers crowded round. The bent figure was as immobile as Rodin's Thinker; but men laid



"Crockett—Long Tom Crockett! . . . Why, That Must be the Jumper Man!"

their hands on the hunched shoulders in token of concern, and the women, for the most part, looked their own emotion, while they marveled at the strong smell of liquor that pervaded the atmosphere. Sister Macaw, however, ventured to place her gloved hand on the arch of the broad, strong back. It was a soft touch, and the Jumper Man knew it for what it was and thrilled to it; yet not even that could banish his despair.

Last of all came Deacon Stone; and when they two sat alone, to him the Jumper Man lifted his great face. At the sight the deacon shuddered. It was swollen and pulpy; the lips were split and bleeding; discolorations appeared upon the cheeks and the eyes were blackened and half closed. Yet tears streamed from them as they made out dimly the sympathetic, shocked face of one who had proved himself both a brother and a friend.

"I lost my last fight, Deacon," said the big fellow, gulping a sob. "There's no hope for me now; I'm goin' away and drown myself, but I came to tell you that they counted me out on a foul."

The deacon did not comprehend, but he attempted a handclasp of encouragement. This time it was the Jumper Man who flinched and drew away his digits solicitously.

"Mits are swelled up like boxin' gloves," he explained.

The deacon looked at the enlarged joints and distended fingers in a puzzled sort of way.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"That's it! Boxing!" moaned the big fellow dolefully; and then he went on to make the situation clear: "I'm Fitz' old sparring partner. He's training down on the Island for his next big go. I ran into him and some of his crowd three days ago, and he wanted me to go down and work out with him. 'No,' I says; 'I'm at my trade now.' 'Have a drink,' they says. 'No, I'm off that stuff forever,' I told 'em. 'I've give myself to God,' I said. They laughed and kept on kiddin' me. Finally it got down to a bottle of ginger ale. 'All right,' I says; 'just to show there ain't no hard feelin's I'll drink a bottle of ginger ale with you.' I drank it," he concluded mournfully; "and honest to God, Deacon, there must 'a' been something in that glass besides ginger."

The soul of the deacon was fired with a mighty rage. He had always hated prize fighting, hated the pictures of the fighters in the papers, and hated the adulation that was heaped upon the successful pugilist. He had felt that fighting was intrinsically bad, horrible, loathsome and vicious. Now he knew, besides, how heartless and selfish it could be.

"They thought they'd use me for a choppin' block, and they did; but I used them some first," explained the Jumper Man with a certain satisfaction in his tone. "That's what's the matter with my hands. I ain't done any hittin' with 'em in a long time and they was as tender as a baby's."

The big fellow looked down upon the swollen members solicitously as he tried to flex them, and flinched with pain at the effort.

"It's a detestable outrage, Brother Crockett!" declared the deacon. "But you mustn't let it break your spirit. Make it a lesson to you instead. Never exchange a word with such people again—never a word. Now take a fresh start and put more faith in the Lord. Next time you'll make it stick!"

"Never make it stick!" mourned the big fellow despairingly, his voice breaking as he let his head roll wretchedly from side to side. "Never make it stick! I had just one fight in me and I lost that."

The deacon tried to soothe and to encourage, but in vain. He won the big fellow's promise to spend the night in the tent, but that was all; and when, next morning, earlier than before, the deacon was there with breakfast, the tent was empty. The Jumper Man had set the place to rights as he had on that other morning, but he had not lingered to face his friend and benefactor.

A month passed; the revival meeting came to an end; the pastor went back to his church on the avenue, to his regular Sunday services and his weekly round of ministrations. Conscientious and energetic, many things engaged the young enthusiast's attention. One of these was a rumor that in the industrial district, which edged the parish on the north, boxing matches, permissible according to law, had been allowed to degenerate into prize fights, bloody, brutal and degrading, which were as contrary to law as to public morals. Pastor Brockman's zeal for reform was immediately fired, and he reasoned that, though the police may be blind, there is a way to open their eyes and to force them to act.

Accordingly the minister put some amateur detectives at work and laid his plans in secret. Not even the officers of his church knew what was contemplated. Certainly Deacon Stone did not; and, all unconscious, he wandered over on the north side on a certain eventful night with no other intent than to inquire after the well-being of a member of his Baraca class whose unexplained absence for two consecutive Sundays began to give his teacher concern.

The deacon found his young man gone, with no address left behind, and walked along the wide river-front street, musing on the mutability of modern life and the proneness of human nature to frivolity and sin, until, at the corner of a street no wider than an alley, he encountered a cross current, composed entirely of men, sifting out from the main throng and filtering down this narrow thoroughfare. The deacon watched a moment, noticed that the men were mostly young, and imagined a furtive look upon their faces.

"Where are they going?" he marveled; and, led by curiosity, he tagged along to where the line was disappearing in the wide doorway of a huge barnlike structure. Here the good man halted, with the puzzle still unsolved, till his eyes fell upon a three-sheet poster, the center of which pictured a square roped inclosure in which two men, stripped to the waist, faced each other with boxing gloves upon their hands. Above was the announcement:

BEAR CAT JIMMY WELSH
VS.
LONG TOM CROCKETT

Four-Round Go for the Heavyweight Championship of the North Side

"Crockett! Crockett—Long Tom Crockett! . . . Why, that must be the Jumper Man!" The deacon was horrified, and fell at once to sad introspection upon the discouraged, broken, misguided man who, for the sake of a few paltry dollars with which to buy rum, was standing up to be beaten to the floor. But the teacher of the Baraca class, besides being given to introspection, was also a person of some decision of character. Impulsively he resolved to make one last effort here and now to salvage the soul of the Jumper Man, even at the cost of unpleasant contacts for himself.

In pursuance of this resolve the deacon fell in line for the ticket window and parted with three dollars, being surprised to learn that boxing contests came so high; but thereafter, instead of permitting an usher to conduct him to a ring-side seat, in front of which the preliminary combats were now going on, he inquired his way to the dressing rooms where the big fighters were making ready for the fray.

The deacon found Tom in the hands of his seconds, wearing a dingy bathrobe and waiting the call to the ring stolidly. He towered here as he towered above the people in the tent, and on his face, to the deacon's great surprise, was some remnant of that grave dignity and sad reserve with which he had always managed to surround himself. But to-night with that dignity and reserve went an air of hopelessness. If the deacon might be presumed to be any judge of fighters—which, of course, he was not—here was a man beaten before he entered the ring.

"Cheer up, Tom!" he heard one of the seconds saying. "You can lick this guy."

"I'm no quitter," responded Tom with a kind of doggedness, and just then caught sight of the deacon among the little knot of curious who always cluster like flies about a man in fighting clothes.

No flush of shame suffused the swarthy features, and yet there was a kind of shame in the glance of the eye, a sort of recognition that made his humiliation complete, when Deacon Stone found him here.

"No, brother," he responded gravely to the deacon's plea, "I couldn't back out of it now. I may take a lickin', like I did when you was in my corner and I was fightin' the devil, but I never lay down till I'm out."

"But it's brutal, it's sinful. It only contributes further to your degradation," urged the churchman.

(Continued on Page 42)

"To-Morrow, My Brother, May Never Come," Warned the Minister Lugubriously

# THE PEOPLE—By Samuel G. Blythe

WE LEARN through the medium of the press dispatches from Washington that one of the various geniuses who is engaged in inventing this country out of the war has invented an "invisible ship"; preliminary, no doubt, to the contriving of a nondiscernible ocean.

We also are told that the Liberty Truck, completed and set forth in the newspapers as I write, is "the most wonderful truck in the world." We were further informed, a time ago, that the Liberty Engine, for aëroplanes, is "the most wonderful engine in the world." Also that our naval-building program is "the greatest in the world"; that our cantonment achievement is "the marvel of the world"; that our expenditures are biggest in the same institution; and so on, and ditto, and likewise. It is a drear week when we do not present something, or complete something, or start something—that transcends the universe.

Wherefore it seems meet to inquire mildly: What is this—a press agent's war? What is the object of the meeting—publicity for administrators and adhibiters who abide in Washington? Where are we going to fight this war—on the first pages of the newspapers? One has only to watch the perfervid announcements of all our "greatest in the world" stuff and note the eminences attached thereto as chief promoters; or to prowl about in the anterooms of our war-makers in Washington, observing the great stacks of sheets of yellow paper, with press cuttings pasted thereon for the edification of the impersonal laborers, compiled by the publicity persons attached to each outfit, to make the answer to each query an amused and unanimous Yes.

One fancies one of them swanking a bit as he tells a colleague: "I had ten columns in the papers yesterday. How did you make out?" And the chairman of a board, or the administrator of some administration or other, or this, or that—one sees each of him jabbing down the buzzer in the morning and demanding the clippings, so he may observe how far he individually progressed the war the day before, with his particular demonstration of the most wonderful, or the most important, or the most extremely vital development of these marvelous enterprises that are—as we are informed by the publicity departments—"the greatest in the world."

And more closely related to all this than would casually seem is the wailing about the people that is heard in exalted places—and some not so exalted. It comes mournfully to the ears everywhere in Washington. Said a Cabinet personage, with all his tremolos on: "If we only could bring the people to understand!"

So said an Army personage; a Navy personage; a Senator of ordinary prescience, if so be there should happen any other sort; a Representative of some small acumen; so said various wailing deputies of the high, the middle and the low: "If we only could bring the people to understand!"

"Understand what?" I asked of each, severally.

"This war."

Obviously the retort was: "How can you expect the people to understand something you yourselves do not understand?" But why be obvious to the obvious? Pluobvious, rather—and then some.

### *Wise Words to Wailing Washingtonians*

HENCE to all wailing Washingtonians—and their number is great—and to all others who elsewhere wail—greeting, and this homily:

"You exude grief at every pore over the fact, as you state it, that the people of the United States are not fully cognizant of the needs, responsibilities, sacrifices and burdens entailed on them by this war; what this war means, and what it implies in the popular sense. You say they do not understand it or appreciate the vastness or the effort of it. You claim you discover inertia, laxness, failure to comprehend and failure to perform. You say it has not sunk in on the people yet, and that this bodes evil. You demand a solidarity of the people for the enterprise, and deprecate what you deem is the lack of it. You hold that your war-makings are not getting the support they should have, or the understanding they should have; nor are the world situation, and the foundations of it, the fundamentals, assimilated.

"Granting that, for the sake of the discourse, albeit I deny it in its broad meaning—why is this so? May it not be conceivably the case that the people, inundated since this war began—and before—with all this 'greatest in the world' boasting, have come to think that our enterprise is in far better case than it is, as you hold it? What incentive has the individual, or the group of individuals, for active, personal participation when he reads that this and that and thus and so are now in progress, each 'the greatest in the world'? Why should he worry about aëroplanes when we have 'the most wonderful engine in the world,' and presumably all that is required for its exploit and manufacture? What need for him to bother over transportation when we have 'the greatest truck in the world'? Why should he concern himself about the naval end of the war when we are doing such mighty things in such a mighty way; when we have 'invisible ships,' and when, every so often, some person begins running about in circles and announces the discovery of the torpedo deflector and such other marvels?

"Has that not been the case always? Is it not true that every time we launched a battleship it was hailed with these resounding superlatives? The fact of it is that whatever there is of apathy among the people is not due to lack of interest, but is due to a sense of security foisted and fostered by all this boasting and bragging, all this press-agenting, all this anxious seeking after publicity for the man whose little personality happens to be in proximity to the exploitation. The people do not understand the war, you say, and mourn thereat. Whose fault is it? Why should any citizen realize a personal responsibility when he reads, day after day, that his deputies at Washington are doing all these marvelous things for him? Why is it his concern to make the world safe for democracy when he discovers in the news from Washington that the world is being invented safe for democracy, or assembled safe for democracy, or standardized safe for democracy, or conserved safe for democracy—by the giants who are directing all these monumental affairs at Washington? Why should he worry? Why, indeed!"

### *The Progress of the War-Makers*

THAT is a phase of this business, an angle of this situation, that, it may be, has not occurred to the press agents or the press-agented. And the statement of it by no means decries the need for and the use of publicity, for publicity is as essential for the success of this war as armies or money—probably more so. What it does decry is this constant flood of senseless braggadocio that comes from Washington, this greatest-in-the-world piffle, this personal exploitation, this crowding of the fact of who the eminences are who are doing all this, and what they are doing, instead of the conservative statement, once in a time, of what they have done. What a refreshing thing it would be to have something occasionally in the past tense about the progress of these war-makers—something accomplished, something done—instead of all this prophecy, all this confidently-expects line of stuff!

Nor is there the slightest doubt that a good share of whatever apathy about the war there may be in this country comes from this very system, which is peculiarly American. I did not observe any advance notices of "the greatest tanks in the world" before the British put their tanks at work in France. They built them, used them—and talked about them afterward. There was nothing said in the public prints about gas, or about aëroplane improvements, or any of a hundred other innovations; but how different it would have been with us! If we had made a tank, as soon as the model was perfected out would have come a blare about "the greatest tank in the world," and so on. And naturally the people would have gone about their business, for they were entitled to feel secure. Washington was inventing them, and standardizing them, and assembling them, and conserving them, and talking them safely through the war.

Washington is an admirable city. It is an agreeable place to live. It is beautiful now, in many of its aspects, and is comprehensively being improved. Washington has its own atmosphere and its own viewpoint—mostly official. Just at the present time the city is congested with war-makers, brought in from all parts of the country in extra-official capacities.

The curious phase of it all that strikes a person familiar with Washington for many years is the absorbent quality of that atmosphere and viewpoint. Washington gets them all. They come. They move about. They talk and they hear. Presto! They are Washingtonian; a month, and they are done!

One goes here and there in Washington now and listens to these importations—these men from all parts of the country who have been called there to assist. They are all alike. They talk by rote. They assume the stated Washington view. They lose their perspectives, their senses of proportion. From being expansive they become intensive. One wails that the people do not understand. Presently all are wailing that the people do not understand. And, as the regular-official class views it, the people never do understand; which attitude may have its virtues, for if the people really understood it may be there would be shifts in the regular-official class—goings out not to return. The Cabinet is misunderstood, the Congress is misunderstood, the army departmental officials, and the naval similars—all are misunderstood; and, tremendously, this war is misunderstood by the people.

Now is it? From a Washington intensive viewpoint it may be. But how about the broad aspects of it, the necessities of it; and, most of all, how about the readiness of the people to meet those necessities? I have been across this continent, since we declared war, four times from coast to coast. I am ready to admit that in the strict Washington sense there are plenty of people who do not understand this war; but what is there about the actions, the reflexes, the responses or the loyalties of the people that brings out this continuous wail in Washington? Plenty of Washingtonians have been asked that, and their support of their contention has been vague.

Let us take a concrete case: Suppose, for example, this Government should demand of the people that all who own automobiles should place those automobiles at the disposal of the Government. What would happen? I asked that of a chief wailer one day. He thought for quite a time, and admitted that practically every automobile owner would turn over his machine without question. How about horses? How about factories? How about capital? How about any commodity produced? How about the greatest sacrifice of all—sons? He gave the same reply.

Then what did he mean about the people not understanding the war? It seems to me that any father and mother who give a son have a fairly adequate understanding of the war; possibly not of its technic, but certainly of its requirement for sacrifice and devotion. He did not get that view. He was obsessed by the idea that the great underlying postulates of the war are dim in the minds of the people. Again, that may be so, but the concrete responsibilities are not; and there are those of us who place the unhesitating giving and doing, after the manner of our people since this war began, far ahead of any necessities for understanding any of the mere tenuous philosophies or technicalities of it.

The situation in this country before we went into this war was this: We were citizens of a great nation, but we did not live in it. Instead, we lived in localities. The Boston man lived in Boston, the New York man in New York, the Chicago man in Chicago, the Kansas City man in Kansas City, the Salt Lake City man in Salt Lake City, the Dallas man in Dallas, the San Francisco man in San Francisco, and the Seattle and Portland and Los Angeles men in their habitats. Thus it went, down to the very smallest communities. Each man was a citizen of his own habitation, and not a citizen nationally at all. The affairs of Philadelphia were of no concern to the St. Louis people. What Denver did did not interest Detroit. Buffalo went along in bland unconcern over Atlanta's demonstrations or those of New Orleans.

### *The Let-George-Do-It Idea*

WE WERE a nation of almost segregated groups of people, tied together, to be sure, in a federal, or governmental, homogeneity, but heterogeneous in reality, because there were few national interests that we bothered about and because all our energies were devoted to the particular section in which we lived. Once in four years we got together in a presidential campaign—that is, voted for men to represent us; but even then there was plenty of sectionalism and plenty of segregation, both of class and of mass. There was a distinct lack of nationality. It is true enough that great railroads brought us into communication, and that interstate commerce was extensive; but with all that we lived in localities, thought locally, acted locally, and existed locally in the main affairs of life.

A nation of villagers, some foreigner said, and that was so true it hurt—a nation of segregated groups. I was in a city not far from the Mississippi a month or so after war was declared, talking to a leading citizen, so held. "I reckon," he said, "that we are safe out here. Even if the Germans do get to the coast, their big guns won't shoot this far! And what do we care about New York or San Francisco anyhow? We've got troubles of our own."

There was a good deal of that spirit to be discerned—a good deal. There was no great enthusiasm for the war. The let-George-do-it idea was prevalent. The Middle West was, and would be, perfectly content to have the East finance and fight the war; and the Pacific Coast would be glad to have the Middle West do it all. It left the East fairly cold.

That wasn't due to any lack of intrinsic Americanism. It was due to the provincial habit and practice of us, which was stronger at the time than the intrinsic Americanism, and owing to the criterion of success and the crown of effort that we had established for ourselves—money. We had arrived at the place where a man's accomplishment, in whatever line, was measured by the amount of money he made and had—secured. Real success was riches, so held and esteemed. Consequently there was no time for concern with national affairs, no call for real Americanism; for all

the efforts of the citizens of any locality were, and were compelled to be, devoted to the accumulation of money, to getting ahead of neighbors, to prospering in whatever line they were engaged in.

This precluded any real attention to national politics or government, or theory or policy thereof, by any save the politicians who sought to get their money success in that way. Now and then there rose earnest bodies of citizens who tackled great problems, but these soon waned into efforts to have a better automobile than a neighbor, or more automobiles, or a bigger house, or a larger bank account. The only persons who remained constantly at the job of our politics were the politicians, seeking not the good of politics or of the nation, but the good of themselves. All this required local concentration. All this inhibited national view or activity. We had national organizations innumerable of course; but these did not alter the individual fact or widen the individual aspiration or ambition. Each man strove for himself in his own place, and did not get much beyond the boundaries.

### *Making Up*

COMBINED with that was a faulty system that turned out into the active competition of the country great numbers of young men and young women who were as parochially educated as they were parochially situated. We had somesmattering of United States affairs, to be sure, but beyond that our view was negligible. World politics and world responsibilities were as foreign to the bulk of our people as the other parts of the world are foreign to us geographically. Our country was so great, its resources were so tremendous, its need for development was so compelling, that we looked within, and let what was without go with neither heed nor consideration. We lost our command of the seas because we had our inland systems of transportation and distribution to develop. We localized ourselves because our own new localities needed all our efforts. We restricted our view because there was so much to look at at home; and the result brought us to the beginning of this war with scant knowledge of what the countries meant that were primarily engaged in it, let alone what it was all about.

"What a Thanksgiving Dinner That Bird Would Make!"

Geographically we were remote. Educationally we were remote also. Nationally we hoped to remain remote. It was no affair of ours. We had our own matters to attend to. Then began that swirl of events that irresistibly forced us to the vortex of it; and after more than two years we found ourselves in it, and in it tremendously. Meantime the news of it, the writings about it, the word from it, had their great effect in broadening the view of an appreciable portion of the people.

It reached many a parochial sentience that the isolation of this country from other world affairs was more apparent than real, and there gradually came a dawning of the knowledge that a country occupying so considerable a portion of the world's surface as ours does cannot consider itself a world sufficient to itself—a knowledge of world responsibility. This was not general, but it was appreciable and it expanded.

The idea of war was repugnant to us; and the incentive of making this world we had discovered, after a fashion, safe for democracy was not particularly exciting. We are democrats, to be sure, and believe in democracy—but in our own democracy, and with scant urge for conferring democracy on other peoples. However, for want of a better incentive, as phrased to us, we went in, and went in in quite an American manner—in a large American way. It hadn't dawned on us then—what has come home profoundly to us since—that the real reason for our entering this war is not, especially, to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe to us and for us. When we localized the reason we began to appreciate it. There was a certain sentiment in fighting for the French, and a certain admiration in fighting for the British; but—and here is the main point—there was a large, local necessity for fighting for ourselves.

We didn't know that at first—or feel it. We had grievances, certainly. We had been flouted and insulted and imposed upon by Germany, our national honor impugned and our good faith abused. Still, to the bulk of us the war at first consideration seemed to be a sort of eleemosynary enterprise on our part to aid the Allies in a good work they were attempting to do—whip the Germans. Lafayette and Rochambeau had fought with us. England, despite our disputes with her, had kept the seas open for us all during the first years of the war. Belgium had been violated; and the insistent, pressing-in knowledge of the course of the Germans there had its effect. All in all, there were good logical reasons enough for us to go into the war—especially after those reasons had been so forcefully stated by the President.

The war preparations began. The draft came. The Congress began dealing in sums of money so vast that there was no comprehension of them. The taxes were laid. The bonds were compellingly offered. The boys began to go away to camp. We sent men to France. Our naval ships joined the English ships on the other side of the Atlantic. The war began to sink in. Full appreciation came slowly. We were not used to thinking nationally. Our splendid isolation had been dinned into us. We felt ourselves safe; it wasn't our quarrel. We quickened to it by degrees. We were lulled by all this clamor of greatest-in-the-world claptraps. Making the world safe for democracy was a powerful abstraction, but we needed something we could set our teeth in. Then it came. Nationally we began to see the real reason for going to war—not all at once—dimly, vaguely. We began to absorb it. We began to know that our soldiers in France, or elsewhere, will not be fighting for France or for England, except conjointly. It began to dawn that our soldiers in France, or elsewhere, will, primarily, be fighting for us—for the United States—our country; and if they do not win it isn't England or France or any other nation that will lose most, but this country—our country—the United States—in terms that mean most to us. We began to localize it, to put it in our understandable usage, in our language. We began to interpret it in our own way, in the accustomed terms. We set it down in our local vernacular thus: "If we don't whip Germany, Germany will whip us." And widely and splendidly our localization of the matter became a nationalization of it.

We translated it into our own manner of thinking and conceiving, and then transmuted it into terms of America. We got it—in a way. And we are getting it stronger and stronger every day.

### *Whip or Be Whipped*

THERE is no rhetoric about it, no phrasing, no international hypothesizing—not a syllable. Out across the country, from one end to the other, the American people are beginning to take this thing to themselves, to assimilate it in the manner of thinking they do, and put it in the language they understand. If we don't whip Germany, Germany will whip us. That's all there is to it—a bald and simple fighting proposition. That proposition, understandable to all of us, is sinking in; and when it gets entirely absorbed Germany will have acute cause to regret her activities in and against this country. We wanted to be peaceful, but now we are going to fight.

Understand it? Possibly not—at least, not in the terms of the Washington wailers. What of that? We shall presently understand this much: There is a job to be done. It is a job wherein the future of the country depends on the doing. We can do it. We shall. That is all there is to that end of it.

I am speaking of the great bulk of the American people, the great mass of our hundred millions. I know what I am talking about, for I have been at pains to find out, first-hand, by going among the people and talking to them. Nor is my judgment a snap one. I have taken time and traveled thousands of miles to get at the nubbin of it. Furthermore, I am well aware of the reason for most of the wailings of the people who say that America is either inert or recalcitrant. The explanation is simple. A concrete instance will be the Senate of the United States, a body composed of ninety-six men, two from each state in the Union.

Considered as a legislative body the Senate of the United States, as at present constituted, is a rather mediocre assemblage. It has few big men in its membership.

(Continued on Page 105)

# PEACHES AND CREAM

## By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YOU would know the king of Spain, would you not?" Nimbly Count Francisco Miguel de Llargo y Jiminez plunged his aristocratic right hand up to the wrist watch into an inside pocket and brought out a photograph. This he placed deferentially under the wide-eyed, pink-and-white face across the table. Lora Hollis drew in her breath and gazed, all dazzled, upon the likeness.

In the good-humored, loose-jowled Hapsburg features she clearly recognized Alfonso, lord of Castile and Aragon.

"How perfectly, perfectly wonderful!" she told him in her infantile voice. She was glad that Tanquay's fashionable orchestra had stopped playing for a moment, so they could pitch their conversation to a confidential key. Again she took in Alfonso's scraggly smile, blazoned above with towers and lions. It was as though she had been introduced already to this nice kind king; and she read the royal message below the picture, boyishly scrawled, that served to establish the handsome Spaniard firmly in her regard:

*Felicidad, mi Francisco!*
*Siempre su amigo,*
*Alfonso.*

"You do know him awfully well, don't you?" she chirped.

Being by his own acknowledgment an envoy extraordinary from a foreign court, Count Francisco received the compliment with the repression proper to ambassadors. His long olive face, which somehow reminded Lora of a beautifully decorated egg, showed no expression save that of his agate-colored eyes, which drooped languidly as he reached across for the photograph.

"You must remember, señora, that the house of Llargo y Jiminez has been long associated with the court of Spain."

"Oh, yes!"

He had said that to her several times during their brief but miraculously growing acquaintanceship. And now again he was launching forth upon a pleasant historical voyage which, though it conveyed a fascinatingly regal impression to Lora, yet confused her with its proud allusions and hard foreign names. It was always difficult for her quaint little mind to concentrate on anything. Tanquay's orchestra was making a great to-do over the Humoresque, and Lora's thoughts went skipping amiably and aimlessly.

It gave her a pleasurable thrill to tell herself again that this handsome foreigner was a count in his own country. The portrait of Alfonso brought courts and crowns very near; and his noble mien confirmed the patrician ideal that she had built in her New England village home to coincide with all the books she had borrowed in youth from the New Balaam, Connecticut, public library. She glanced nervously round the room, fearful that her husband might have dropped in by some pernicious chance. Claymore would be furious, of course. He had never understood her yearnings to break into the society column; and he would doubtless scold her because a genuine count, ripe from the tree, had dropped into her lap!

"But ah, señora"—the dulcet Francisco had got somehow back to the personal note—"it is refreshing in this so strange country to meet one lady all aristocratic like those ladies of that Spain!"

"Honest, count," she protested with just the suggestion of a titter, "I'm not so much on family. We're ——"

It was on her tongue's end to confess that her father still kept a hardware store in a small New England town and that her husband was a divorced dentist. Upon second thought she decided not to drag in Claymore W. Hollis, the able treater of wealthy teeth. Clay had caught her flirting with the count the night before at a restaurant dance and had referred to the interloper as a Spigotty.

"I'm only a country girl," she confessed at last.

"Ah, but that is distinguished—the great *hacendados!*" He sang this to her in his rich notes, apparently determined to confer nobility upon the house of McClosky. She remembered having heard her father boast his descent from a gentleman named Brian Boru.

Francisco was now launching floridly upon a description of hidalgos he had known. She admired his eyes as he talked, fascinating jewels that could contract to little black shoe buttons or be soft and limpid as the fallow deer's. It was those eyes that had led her out of her weak discretion last night when he had presented his graceful impudence and asked her to dance, right under the nose of her husband. Her acceptance, of course, had been in the way of a reprisal; for she and Clay had been quarreling all evening about Winifred's alimony, now due again. Ye Muses, how this count could dance! He had led her into shambling, languid, unconventional steps that were rapture to her little joy-loving soul. And, dancing, he had explained to her how the step she followed was all the rage in court circles of Madrid, how he was in America on a secret diplomatic mission, how he had escaped for the evening from the padded plush palace of Mrs. de Flingpillar Mawe and gone forth alone, like Haroun the Good, to see New York enjoy itself. At the end of the dance he had whispered "Tanquay's at one," and swooning in the spell of imported Granada she had nodded her foolish head.

So here they were; and Lora, all bound round with a magic string, sat wondering what this fairy-book prince wanted with the likes of her.

The count, meanwhile, was taking full advantage of his time, speaking English fluently with a Latin gurgle.

"As His Majesty the king of Spain said to me so shortly before I boated to this America"—here the affable grandee lowered his voice to a pitch of reverence—"'Francisco,' he said, 'there is a distinction to the American woman!'"

"How—how well do you know the king?" she asked at length brashly.

"Señora!" Count Francisco Miguel de Llargo y Jiminez drew the royal photograph halfway out of his pocket. It was as though the picture were about to bow and smile and say "My friend, Francisco."

The count became at once autobiographic. He had been born to court life. The house of Llargo y Jimines was, ah! so influential! Always the king's superior at outdoor sports, he had taught the game of marbles to his royal playmate. They had been college chums at Barcelona. Later they had taken up aviation together; and when the young king's airplane was in full flight over the Pyrenees the quick-witted Francisco, who occupied the extra seat, saw in a flash that the king had fainted at the wheel. It had taken but an instant for the lesser noble to scramble through midair, snatch the controls from the hand of the unconscious monarch ——

Lora sat giddy with the picture and with admiration of this lithe, catlike aristocrat who, effeminate in appearance, yet possessed the lion's heart in the face of danger.

"It was natural then that I should be chosen to come to Washington with the mission," he confessed modestly.

"What—just what is this mission?" Lora Hollis puckered her fine brows and tried hard to concentrate on a subject which, she felt sure, would be full of hard words.

*"In Such Cases It Is Customary for the Applicant to Make a Small Deposit—to Pledge Good Faith, You Know?"*

The count glanced keenly round ere he leaned far over and whispered: "To arrange the new Spanish loan!"

"Oh! Is Spain doing it too?"

"The reasons I cannot divulge," intimated Francisco mysteriously. "Perhaps I have already said too much. But I can trust in the señora's common sense?"

"I suppose so." Lora said it quaveringly. To be accused of common sense was as novel to her, perhaps, as to be reminded of her noble birth and breeding. But her miraculously growing intimacy with this diplomat inspired her with a flashing hope. Here was one not only illustrious in affairs of the old world, but courted by the society of the new. Poor little Lora Hollis, who had so often dragged her husband to the Metropolitan Opera House that she might gloat from afar upon the bulging tier where basked the jeweled great, sat here en tête à tête with one who could be master of them all. Her surreptitious luncheon with the count hadn't seemed quite right at first; but now, at one stroke, she could do a mighty favor for her Clay. He was always mentally comparing her with the first Mrs. Hollis—he had always treated her like an expensive, adorable, profligate doll. Now he should see what the charm and beauty that had made woman a power in the court of Louis XV could do for an ambitious dentist of Riverside Drive.

"It must be wonderful to know the king of Spain." She came rapidly back to her subject, employing her most infantile voice.

"Ah, señora, kings are but human. It is the common popular soul of Alfonso that is to be admired. At heart he is what your great Wilson call 'Safe from democracy.' It would be so easy for one so beautiful like you to be—what you call?—entirely the show in our court."

"You think so?" upspake Lora, brightening visibly.

"Señora, I will tell you why I am here so long in New York." He leaned at his intimate angle and his eyes came down to their shoe-button focus. "It is señor, your husband, I am after."

Lora was alarmed. She had heard that these Spaniards were deadly swordsmen, and she had no faith in her Clay's ability to handle any weapon more deep-cutting than an electric burr.

"Your husband is very distinguished dentist, is it not?"

"He's one of the best," she responded with a promptitude born of natural pride.

"I will tell you something more, Señora Lora." Considering the brevity of their friendship his address seemed just a shade familiar; but there were garnet sublights in his remarkable eyes and his voice was running smoothly, like a trickle of sirup over a plateful of ripe *r*'s.

"Last night when I was so bold to address myself to your table I was charmed first by the beauty—*qué linda!*" He said the word thrillingly. "Then I was brave because you dance so well like the Castilian feet! But must I confess it? Your husband was entirely observed by me all the time."

"Clay's jealous," she informed him.

"Jealous! That is nothing." Between an aristocratic thumb and finger he snapped away the memory of a hundred duels. "I do not watch men for that. The reason why I keep my eye over your husband wherever he appears is far more international than jealousy."

"Well, what is the reason?" she asked obligingly like an interlocutor.

"Spain."

He spoke the monosyllable and edged a little closer, his slender fingers bent back in their pressure upon the tablecloth.

"It was part of my instructions before arriving to this America," he told her in a still, slow voice, "to watch out for one distinguished scientist who would come with me to be court dentist to the king."

Ah, she knew it! From the first she had suspected that this romantic stranger had something up his sleeve for her and hers! Court dentist of Spain! She grew suddenly light-headed, as if under the influence of her husband's laughing gas. And poor, blind Clay had sneered and called this man a Spigotty.

"Does the king of Spain need a dentist?" she at last found breath to ask.

"But that is apparent, señora." Again he brought the photograph half out of his pocket, revealing the irregularity of the monarch's smile. "His Majesty suffers the intensity—his malformation you will notice. He has the tooth of the Hapsburgs. And when Count Andreo de Todos los Toros died recently he left poor Alfonso quite desolate—*apesarado*—because Count Andreo had always been such fine dental scientist. Count Andreo, you understand, was American—Andrew Kelley by name. The title was given by distinguished service. The king depend very affectionate upon Americans for—what you call it?"

Count Francisco pantomimically drew the point of his long forefinger round his gums.

"Bridge work," Lora supplied. A rapidly expanding thought was bumping the walls of her narrow little brain.

"Do you think my husband runs a chance for the job—the appointment?"

"My recommendation can do much, señora," he informed her under the fire of his somber eyes.

"And will they make a count of him?"

"Probably. That is to be seen."

"Oh!" She eyed him narrowly. His noble honor, no doubt, prevented his promising too much; but his manner conveyed the hope that her Clay could look forward to rapid advancement and titles.

"Would—would I be in the court too?"

"*Segura!* The lady of the court dentist must hold the official rank of Dentina."

That settled the matter once and for all in her mind.

"I'll speak to Claymore as soon as I get home," she eagerly assured him.

"Not so fast, señora! In such work of *la diplomacia* we must not shove too many matters all together. And yet everything must be done swiftly, because I sail for Spain to-morrow."

"I'm sorry," she said quite sincerely. This miraculous contact with nobility was more thrilling than anything that had happened to her since the dentist's whirlwind courtship in New Balaam three years ago.

"This matter has held me here a week longer than I should," he went on rapidly. "I have had to consider so many. Doctor Anderson and Doctor Fortesque were highly recommended ——"

"They're not nearly so smart as Clay," she broke in mendaciously, remembering with what respect her husband often spoke of the above-mentioned lights of dentistry.

"So I have found," he assured her with a wise smile. "And it is so that I have come to you for a little help in the matter."

"What can I do?" she was all too ready to offer.

"It may sound a foolish matter." The orchestra had set in again and Francisco must needs tune his notes skillfully to a confidential pitch just above the hair-cutting motif from Samson et Dalila.

"I must have the guaranty before noon to-morrow."

"What guaranty?" she chirped.

"Of course you would not understand the usage," he began in a tone that conveyed a kindly toleration. "In such cases it is customary for the applicant to make a small deposit—to pledge good faith, you know? The Spanish Government pass his name or reject it—the money is then returned to the applicant. It is old-fashioned Spanish form."

This was the first fly that had buzzed into her ointment of romance. Dr. Claymore W. Hollis was getting tighter and tighter in money matters, poor dear; and he had cursed aloud, for the first time in her presence, when the bill had come in last month from the Bowe Peepe Shoppe—that fascinatingly misspelled trap for feminine vanities. There would be another bill from that same source, arriving perhaps to-day. Also, that disgusting Winifred's must be paid. How could she ask Clay for more money?

"How much will it cost?" she asked in her crudest upstate voice.

"A very little." The vulgarity of the question seemed to offend, for he twitched slightly. "A deposit of fifteen hundred dollars will be much sufficient."

Her hands dropped to her side. He might as well be asking Claymore for the full sum of the Liberty Loan.

*It Was a Horrible Reminder, and She Could Not Get Rid of the Feeling That Madame Florence Was Outside Waiting to Grab Her*

"You couldn't make it a little less, could you?" she was so bold as to query at last.

"Señora! I am assured that fifteen hundred dollars is very small to ask for so great honor. Less, I am afraid, would look—what you call him?—stingy to the court chamberlain, who would handle the deposit."

"I might possibly be able to raise a thousand," she temporized, embarrassed to be haggling with this fine spirit.

"*Bueno!*" he shrugged all the way from his slender waist to the tips of his ears. "It is a small matter. It cannot be less than fifteen hundred dollars. But I tell you! You bring one thousand. I will put in five hundred from my own account."

"Oh, count!" His generosity struck her dumb.

"It is my desire to see your husband promoted to court," he assured her with one of his languid smiles.

Lora Hollis pushed back her chair and began putting on her gloves. She was thinking rapidly if not deeply. She might raise part of the money on her fur coat and some of her gowns. No—it must be her jewels. The baroness of romance always pawns her jewels, never her fur coat.

"Of course I could go to Claymore and explain ——"

"No, no, no!" The negatives came rapidly, like bullets from a Lewis gun. "Your question is natural, but it would not do. Let us keep the happiness from him as one keep—what I say?—Christmas present. I can only recommend his name, you understand. Suppose the king do not accept it?"

Lora had never thought of that.

"This would make—how you say?"—he went dexterously through the motions of tying a knot—"out of simple diplomatic situation. I confide in you, señora. Let us keep it close beside us until the appointment is announced."

Lora took her beaded bag from the extra chair and rose.

"I'll—I'll see what I can do," she faltered.

"Could I have the honor again to-morrow?"

"If I can raise the money I'll be here at noon ——"

"If I might ask," he persisted courteously, "could it be at the Claremont-on-the-Hudson? That is a more out-of-place restaurant and you have the intellect to know how valuable is secrecy."

He took her hand as they parted in the foyer. She was puzzled as to just what he intended doing with that hand, as he didn't shake it but continued slowly to raise it toward his chin.

"Don't!" she gasped, snatching it away. She had read in delightful books about courtly hand-kissings; but confronted by actuality she blushed to the roots of her yellow hair and glanced hastily through the glass partition. She was horribly nervous, conscious that all New York must be looking at her.

She bade her count a hasty au revoir and bounded forth to the Hollis town car, which the carriage man had called for her.

## II

THE little car nosed its way up Fifth Avenue toward Riverside Drive and the Gigantic Apartments, where the Hollises showed an ornate front to the world. The Gigantic was symbolic of Lora and her attitude toward the life she had wheedled out of her middle-aged husband. Since the day when the sentimental Doctor Hollis had whisked her off the McClosky porch in New Balaam and transported her on a magic carpet to the Gigantic she had

*It Was Then That a Naughty, Tempting Thought Tickled the Corner of Lora's Conscience*

eaten into luxury like the graceful, insatiable pink-and-white weevil that she was. Never having had much to spend before, the drive had been overwhelming to her until she got used to it. To put on an evening gown almost every night and be whirled beside her white-fronted husband to a fashionable café had been, at first, intoxication enough for her. Then her silly head had cooled and she had cast her eyes in a fatal direction—eastward across the roofs toward the other side of Central Park. Why didn't she get her picture in the paper or her name among those present at the De Flingpillar Mawe fancy-dress ball? It couldn't be because her Clay was divorced. That was quite the thing, she had learned from Sunday supplements; then vaguely she began associating their obscurity with Winifred and that awful monthly alimony.

A little more than three years ago Dr. Claymore W. Hollis, then a prosperous dentist with a past, had whirled through New Balaam on a fishing trip, had paused to mend a leaky tire and stayed to soothe a broken heart. From the honeysuckled depths of the McClosky porch Lora had smiled upon his rakish gray roadster, with the result that he had spun her for two excited hours round the countryside and they had returned in time for strawberry shortcake at the McClosky table.

The temperamental dentist fished very little that summer, because he himself was caught. About the time Mr. McClosky began referring to the able Doctor Hollis as Lora's young man New Balaam started speculating on the date of the wedding. No one denied that Lora was the prettiest girl in town; she wasn't brainy—in fact, local gallantry had referred to her more than once as a nut; but there are nuts that give anodyne to unhappy men.

When Claymore W. Hollis put the question Lora had giggled lightly—a way she had when under the stress of strong emotion. It was as though the Secretary of the Treasury had opened all his money vaults and handed her a shovel. After it was all settled her dentist had cleared his throat and further explained:

"It's only fair to tell you I've been divorced."

"It was her fault, wasn't it?" she had asked promptly.

"It wasn't anybody's fault, I guess," he had subtly informed her. She was a simple village maiden then, and she had thought him terrifically intricate and worldly. "I think we must have outgrown one another. She was cut out for a business woman; not the type for a masterful man. And when she asked for her freedom—well, I paid her way to Reno. You understand, don't you?"

"I suppose so," Lora had replied, thinking that fashionable men like Claymore must require more divorces than common folks.

"Was she pretty?" Such a question, of course, would come next in the feminine mind.

"You see she'd be considerably older than you," he had parried. "She never could have been like you."

In the fair face of Lora he might have been forgiven a greater disloyalty to his earlier infelicity. The countywide renown of her beauty had driven two or three young men to drink, and at least one to prohibition. "Well"—Lora had tried to dismiss the former wife at the end of Claymore's first confession—"she won't bother us, I guess."

"She won't," he had agreed somewhat bitterly; "but her lawyers will."

Lora had gaped blankly at this and her lover had specified.

"Winifred's alimony has to be paid on the first of every month."

That was the first time the other woman's name had been pronounced to her, and through the ensuing years she had associated the disagreeable combination—Winifred and alimony.

So they had married and gone straight to New York. Doctor Hollis took his second wife to the pompous near-onyx foyer of the Gigantic and didn't explain to her, at first, how the rent and the fixtures and the added servants were somewhat more than he could afford; that the late Winifred had been contented with an old-fashioned apartment on West End Avenue. Lora's greed for luxury seemed to strike the fires of profligacy from him. He had seemed always eager to spend money on her; and she had always kept at least a nose ahead of him in the dangerous race. She was raised in New Balaam, where the best restaurant dinner cost forty cents a plate. It took her less than a year to complain properly over the quality of food in a Fifth Avenue establishment where a little affair for four came to upward of forty dollars. She graduated from homemade into tailor-made, from dresses into frocks. Everything was on the grand scale whose limit is bankruptcy; and Lora's all too doting husband had aged visibly in the last few months.

Lora's small mind had learned the arts of wheedling and of sulking. Schooled in the tactful science of teeth, Doctor Hollis had been patient. When she cried for the moon he promised to hire a taxi-plane and bring down the shining bauble. She didn't see why their names never got into the papers. She didn't see why he didn't trade in his old car for a 1918 model. She didn't see why that woman Winifred should have her alimony so promptly on the first of every month. It was only the mention of Winifred that caused Hollis to bridle. Lora suspected that he cared more for her than he pretended. He was so touchy about that alimony, which, month by month, Lora saw slipping beyond the reach of her slender, grasping fingers. Then there was a letter that she had shaken one day out of an old desk. Her flighty memory had retained the words, after innumerable readings:

*Dear old Boy:* I understand. We're not going to spoil things by a lot of recriminations. I've got my work to do and you've got yours. That never occurred to you, did it—my work? For heaven's sake, be happy and sensible. You were never cut out to live with your intellectual equal. You've taken your daily bread without thanks. What you want is peaches and cream. Don't marry the kind that thinks. Choose one that's fluffy—one that always wants you to buy her something, that keeps you in a stew all the time. If I hadn't tried to economize and keep something ahead for you I verily believe we'd be cooing still. Take care of yourself, old man—and pick out a girl who needs taking care of. Do you know, that idea makes me just a little jealous? WINIFRED.

"She talks like his mother," was Lora's first spiteful thought; to which she added: "I never heard of a mother's demanding alimony."

Since then she had been on one splendid spending contest with the phantom Winifred. About alimony time each month she had entered upon a career of profligacy. Of course there comes an end to every carouse. When Madame Florence had come to town and opened up the frivolously misspelled Bowe Peepe Shoppe in the lower Thirties Lora had descended thereon and outstripped all previous records. Claymore W. Hollis had looked over the bill, blanched visibly, groaned and sat down.

"I suppose you want to save some more for old Winifred!" she had twitted.

That had been last month, and another bill would be coming soon. To-day as Lora got out at the Gigantic and entered the ornate splendors of her apartment she knew too well how useless it would be to ask him for the money she must have before to-morrow noon. However, desperation makes heroes out of fools, and vice versa. At the telephone in her rather staring gray-and-blue bedroom she waited a nervous while for Clay to answer. She knew that it made him furious to be interrupted in the midst of a dental operation.

"Yes?" came his voice at last, gentle and cutting like one of his fine instruments of torment.

"This is Lora, dear," she began in her most wheedling tone. "Sweetheart, I can't tell you everything at once. But I wonder if you could do me a really truly great big favor."

"But, darling, there's a man waiting in the chair with his mouth propped open and ——"

"I'm so sorry! It will only take a minute to tell you what I want."

"Can't it wait till to-night?"

"Oh, no! That would be awfully too late. Listen, Dodo."

"I'm listening."

"Can't you put off that old alimony just this once and let me have the money?"

"Oh, dearie, please!" She knew then that it was just as good as lost. "Do you want me to go to jail?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," she sulked by wire.

"Now, Lora, if you'll ask anything reasonable ——"

She banished him by the simple expedient of banging the receiver on the hook. No good trying that tack, she thought indignantly; and she wished she had told her hateful Clay just what she wanted the money for and let him make the most of it.

"Of all the old things!" she sniffed as she whisked across the room and seated herself at her fussy little dressing table. She stared into the mirror and was dissatisfied with the peevish mood that had roiled her unusually placid beauty. She began to smile vacantly, as she always did in contemplation of herself; lovingly she patted her strands of honey-colored hair and with a slender forefinger outlined her fine yellowish eyebrows, her wide eyes reflecting crystal from the glass.

The room in which she sat was a lavish affair, paneled in gray with spotty blue medallions here and there; an approximated Adam interior, which she had gotten a decorator named Addelheimer to do for her in imitation of a musical comedy setting she had once admired. Lora loved this room, which was superficial, satiny, modish, somewhat shoddy—it expressed her with a subtlety it could never claim for itself.

Turning the peachblow of her cheeks from side to side she admired and, admiring, dreamed. When she became dentina of the court of Spain, she thought with a sudden return of gayety, she should have a tiara to wear on state occasions. Reflectively she picked two rhinestone combs from the tray in front of her and stuck them, tiara-fashion, into her brilliant hair. She took a queenly pose, turning her little empty head this way and that, with the effect that she did look queenly; or like a naughty spoiled princess about to do the wrongest thing that ever she knew how.

She sighed. There was no good telling him what she wanted the money for. It would be just like poor old darling grumpy Clay to laugh at her for her folly; when the summons from a royal court came to him it would be her time to laugh! Thus she constructed her Spanish cloud castles as she went rummaging for valuables to pawn.

Lora opened the top drawer and brought out her jewel box. It was a sizable casket, finished in gold wash. The trinkets she produced from its satiny depths made quite a double handful; a string of pearls that looked genuine and had cost her forty dollars; some seed-pearl earrings that Clay had inherited from some of the female Hollises and had handed over to her; a garishly set ring with a large ruby and four good-sized diamonds; a diamond-and-sapphire bar pin; a pair of earrings set with large pearls—genuine; an elaborate platinum filigree brooch with many inferior diamonds; a corporal's guard of insignificant pins. Surely, thought Lora as she weighed the baubles, a few of these would bring a thousand dollars, and Clay could be evaded until they were redeemed.

She remembered a pretty pawnshop she had often passed on her trips to Madame Florence's Bowe Peepe Shoppe. She liked this place because it had a shiny front like a real jeweler's, and there were no revolvers, razors or musical instruments scattered among the tidy rows of gems displayed in the window. She was sure the keeper of the place must be a nice man at heart, no slovenly Shylock who would grind the face of the poor. Therefore she ordered up her car, decided on her hat with the golden feather, and set forth upon her first venture into finance.

(Continued on Page 70)

"My Party Ain't Here? Well, it Ought to be Here," the Pin-Checked One Kept Explaining

# The Collapse of the Superman Myth—By William Roscoe Thayer

A FEW years ago a strange myth went up and down the world. We were told that the Germans were Supermen; and as they themselves said so which of us could doubt it? For the Germans had once a high reputation for scientific precision, and it could not be supposed that either this or their native modesty would permit them to magnify, by even a hair's breadth, their virtues or their attainments.

If you repeat a declaration often enough the world either dismisses you as a bore or kills you as a fanatic or ends by believing you. In one way or another it gets rid of you. So the German claim was believed without a thorough sifting of the evidence.

If in a company of ordinary men all but one should shrink to Lilliputian size, that one simply by keeping his natural proportions would be a giant among them. This is what the German Gullivers assured us had happened; and appearances seemed to confirm them.

In the course of a generation the Germans had surpassed the other nations in applying science to industry. In some commodities their brands were the best; in nearly all their average was better than that of their competitors. Though they made few of the cardinal discoveries in science or in invention, they quickly caught up, and adapted or improved the discoveries of others.

They organized a system of education as complete as that of the Jesuits and quite as far-reaching; for it took the German child from the time he left the kindergarten and guided him until he left the university. It developed his mental faculties to work most efficiently according to the commands of his official masters; it taught him reverence for discipline; it revealed to him the importance of patient labor on subjects which seemed infinitesimal or irrelevant. During the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century this German education had also scientific accuracy, or truth, as its aim; and it was so fruitful that scholars from Europe and America went to Germany to profit by it, while German professors strode over the earth investigating, taking notes, and adorning the landscape with their robust—if not always Apollonian—figures.

*Getting the Habit*

### *Millions of Unloaded Rifles*

GREATER than any discovery in science, however, was the German discovery that if you have many millions of persons all trained by the same method you can treat them as you could so many million empty rifles—you can load each with your favorite cartridge and aim it at whatever target you choose. And this is what actually happened. When German education had reduced, or raised, the Germans to the level of perfect machines, their master, swollen with military ambition and with dynastic ends, came along and loaded them for his own purposes. In old times every American colonist kept his gun within easy reach, lest he should need it to shoot at an unexpected Indian or bear. Wonderful is it to think that ten million or more Germans, living flesh-and-blood Germans, stood ready, like so many mechanical weapons, devoid of will, judgment or choice—empty barrels—to be loaded and fired in whatever direction their master aimed them.

When the Germans saw that other peoples lacked their own astonishing organization they began to feel contempt for them; and this contempt reacted so as to puff up their own self-esteem. They drew the unsafe deduction that all methods except theirs must be bad. Which of us has not had the privilege of listening to the German *Gelehrte*, the sum of whose talk, lecture or harangue has been: "What I don't know isn't knowledge"? And, in truth, is Gulliver to be blamed for perceiving that he is a giant in comparison with the Lilliputians round him? Gulliver had no reason for suspecting that his eyes were out of order; why should the Germans suppose that they were suffering from unbridled vanity—that disease for which no oculist has a remedy? If they applied scientific tests they got results that confirmed them, for to them science had become a mirror that reflected their own figures. Cold statistics proved that they were beating their competitors in industrial progress; that they had the largest number of available soldiers in proportion to population; that they excelled in the details of municipal government; that they counted fewer illiterates than their neighbors; and so on—each proof serving to stimulate their megalomania.

We ordinary mortals, who have never had the slightest reason for supposing that we are taller than our fellows, must not be too harsh toward the Teutons, who suffered from this illusion. Each of us doubtless cherishes his particular vanity—small, of course, in proportion to his non-German size. If we are immune from megalomania the credit is due to our insignificance, for that malady attacks only the great; and therefore the Germans, more than any other people to-day, are likely to catch it. In their case it had become epidemic by the year 1914. So far as it appears, no single German remained to say then: "Brethren, perhaps we are really not so colossal as we think. Let us take a foreign yardstick and measure ourselves again." Instead of this the gospel of the Superman was shouted into every Teutonic ear. The Prussians remembered that they had won three wars, and they knew that in all the world they had the most powerful military organization, prepared for use at a moment's notice. The supremacy of German music, of German education—but why specify?—of German everything, needed no demonstration. Even Peasant Michael exulted in the conviction that he was a Superpeasant and that he enjoyed the luxury, unknown to his class in other countries, of eating Superturnip and Supersausage.

### *The War God*

OBVIOUSLY the Superman could not be satisfied with the philosophy, ethics or religion by which ordinary men lived. The giant must have the giant's robe, not the swaddling clothes of an infant. So the prophets of Supermania devised a philosophical and ethical system which embodied its ideals, and they created a deity they called Gott—a strangely composite creature who, when analyzed, turns out to be four parts war god of the Goth-and-Vandal type and one part Frederick the Great. The care of Gott they confided to their supreme Superman, the Kaiser, who had been assuring them for twenty-five years that he knew better than anyone else what Gott wished. Even mortals admitted that it was proper that the mere Almighty should be in charge of the Almightiest.

The epidemic of Supermania among the Germans might have been no more than a grotesque diversion in the humdrum of life—as when children at their play make believe that they are ogres and giants, kings and emperors—had it not been that the Supermen were taught that they must prove their superiority by subduing or by destroying their neighbors; that war was the normal exercise of Supermen, the only exercise, in fact, by which they could prosper. If you tell a man you are a Hercules and he shakes his head doubtingly you need simply to kill him in order to kill his doubt. As long as you let him live you will be haunted by the thought that there is at least one person who does not take you at your own valuation. In civilized countries, however, the individual who resorts to this simple means runs the risk of being tried and hanged for homicide.

*"It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,*
*A brother's murder."*

Nevertheless, when a nation of Supermen adopt the precedent of Cain they expect either to exterminate their victims or so to crush them that there will be no reprisals. Cain, it should be said, seems to have been a hot-headed youth who killed his brother in a fit of anger; the German Superman, on the contrary, does nothing without premeditation. His Kaiser having revealed to him the inmost purposes of Gott, and German science having confirmed the Kaiser's revelations, the Superman puts them into action. It is as easy as pulling the strings of a jumping jack.

Again let us not be too hard on the Germans for becoming infatuated with the gospel of Supermania! Suppose that we Americans were told by our rulers, statesmen, prophets, philosophers, captains of industry, drummers, editors, parsons, professors, statisticians, for thirty years together, that we are the Chosen People, could we resist the flattering imputation? Do we always close our ears when political spellbinders let loose the American eagle amid a whirlwind of patriotic eloquence? Probably not; and yet all the spellbinders in the United States could never persuade all the Americans to think alike at any given moment. Therein Americans and other civilized peoples differ from the Germans. But let us not be conceited over this; whatever credit there is belongs to Nature, who made Yankees each with an individual thinking piece which secretes daily its necessary supply of thoughts.

Nature delights in variety, however, and so she made Germans each with a thought cavity in his skull—a cavity that remains empty unless the agent of the Kaiser, or State, comes round every morning with canned thoughts, which he pours into it just as a housewife fills her lamps with oil or a chauffeur his tank with gasoline.

So much for what we may call the potential Superman; so much for the estimate that the Germans put upon themselves and caused even foreigners to accept. Let us now see how far these Supermen in action have come up to expectations.

At the end of July, 1914, William II and his advisers if, indeed, he allows anyone to advise him—believed that the enemies against whom they had long been plotting were so unprepared that it would be easy to crush them by sudden attack. For several weeks Germany had been making such preparations for mobilizing her armies as she could without exciting suspicion. Naturally, at the beginning of August, when the German troops invaded France and Belgium, they took the French and Belgian forces almost by surprise. Alone among the forces of the Western Allies the British Fleet was mobilized. The German Supermen swept through Belgium and Northeastern France, outnumbering the hastily assembled troops of their adversaries three or four to one: but even this disparity in their favor would not have given them their swift success if it had not been for their gigantic howitzers, which demolished fortifications supposed to be impregnable.

### *The Real Supermen at the Marne*

SO FAR it appears that neither in those early combats nor later did the German soldiers win in open fight against an equal number of foes. The same was true in the war of 1870. This is a strange record for Supermen! A German Superman, we might innocently think, ought to be a match for at least three or four French or British fighters. It turned out, however, that it was the German readiness, the superior equipment and, above all, the surprise which gave the Kaiser his immense and immediate advantage. And yet with all these elements and Prussian prestige—which had become a legend—in his favor, he was not able to achieve his purpose. His triumphal entry into Paris—to celebrate which, with true German thoroughness, he struck a medal before the war began—never took place. At the end of the first week in September the French, under Manoury, made a sudden dash on the German right, which upset Von Kluck's plans and so thoroughly dislocated the entire strategy of the German General Staff that on September ninth Foch's army drove like a thunderbolt through the German center, saved Paris, sent all the Kaiser's forces in full retreat eastward and northward, pricked the Supermen's dream of World Dominion and saved civilization.

Here again we are perplexed. Which were the Supermen—the German center of Prussian Guards and Saxons, who crumbled before Foch's Frenchmen, or those Frenchmen themselves? Would it be correct to define a German Superman as one who cannot stand up against a mere ordinary foreign man? The ninety-three professors who certified to the moral not less than to the military perfection of Germany would dissent from this; and yet how does it profit you to be a Superman if you run before any smaller variety of men?

Looking back, we see that the German occupation of Belgium and Northeastern France was due to preparation and surprise, and not to any superhuman quality; and this is true of all the Teutonic successes during the first two years of the war. The Germans invariably had either larger forces or far superior equipment, or both. They accomplished their great drive into Russia at a time when the Russian supply of munitions was exhausted. For the Germans to sweep almost defenseless masses of Russians before them was, therefore, a scarcely more glorious feat than it was for the Spaniards to put to rout the Aztecs, with their bows and arrows, or for the heroic ranchmen who drop from the fatigue of slaughtering rabbits in a drive. Search where we will, we find nothing Supermannish in such victories.

Ah, but does not the perfect preparation indicate the Superman? Let us examine. If you had spent your life from boyhood up using dumb-bells, should you expect to qualify as a Superman if in a competition with your neighbors, who had devoted themselves to golf and tennis and yachting, you should lift with ease the heaviest dumb-bell, which the strongest of them could not stir? Hardly. Well, for fifty years the Prussians had made militarism the chief business of life; wherever possible they applied each new invention to improving their arms and equipment; they indulged in three wars, which gave them invaluable practice. They foresaw that logistics would be not less important than strategy or tactics in the conflict they were secretly preparing for. Nor should we minimize the stimulating effect which the knowledge that he would be called upon to serve in an enterprise for the glory of the Fatherland, and with certain success in sight, produced on each recruit.

None of this militarist training went on in Great Britain, where the army in peacetime, composed of volunteers, numbered less than .02 per cent of the population, and since the Crimea had never faced a European enemy. France, on the contrary, had been compelled by the German menace to maintain a large armament; but, her purpose being defense and not aggression, she conscripted relatively fewer men than did the Germans; and her population numbered less than forty millions, while Germany's was nearly seventy millions. Her military system was also less efficiently carried out. Russia, likewise, and Italy had conscription and imitated German methods, but without German thoroughness.

It is not unfair to say, accordingly, that when Germany sprang the test of ordeal by battle on her European neighbors they were scarcely less ready than were the competitors of our expert in dumb-bells to cope with him. To argue from their enemies' unpreparedness that the Germans were Supermen would violate any logic based on reason. And here a grotesque conundrum suggests itself: If it took the Germans, by devoting their chief attention to militarism, forty years to organize a magnificent army, and if it has taken the English, a nonmilitarist nation, two years to organize an army equal and in some respects superior to the German, who are the Supermen?

Perhaps I am not deferent enough to the Superman; but I deny that anything—whether made of flesh and blood or of steel—should be an object of reverence, much less of worship. If I were hunting for a Superman I should look for him in someone who achieved great victories against great odds. This has not been true of the Germans in the present war. Hindenburg in East Prussia and Poland, Mackensen in Galicia and the Balkans, Falkenhayn in Rumania, and the generals who led the dash into France and Belgium—all had great odds in their favor. As soon as the Allies rose anywhere near to an equality with them the German spectacular successes ceased.

### *Germany's Natural Advantages*

EVEN the fact that at the beginning of the war the total available man power of the Germans was only one-half that of the Allies does not entitle them to pose as Supermen, for their geographical position and the abundance of their means of transportation more than doubles—probably it trebles—their military potentiality. No other country in Europe has so fine a natural defense as Germany with Austria bound to her. The fringe of neutral states, Holland and Denmark, protects her from attack by sea; the ridges of Alsace and Lorraine, accessible only through two or three gaps, which have been splendidly fortified, fend her from French invasion on the west; neutral Switzerland serves as a bulwark on the southwest, Austria lies between her and Italian or Slavic aggression on the southeast; and her eastern frontier, dotted with lakes and marshes, can be reached by Russian invaders only after they have crossed long stretches of country. Five German strategic railways can rush German troops by the hundred thousand to protect that frontier at any point from the Russians, against one railway available for carrying the Russian armies westward.

The girdle of neutral states which have clandestinely furnished Germany with food and military staples, thereby prolonging the war by at least a year, should also be counted as an immense help to her. If those states had been integral parts of Germany that help could not have been rendered.

To the incalculable advantage due to geography must be added that which the Germans enjoyed by seizing Belgium and Northeastern France—a seizure that involved the breaking by the Germans of solemn treaties, and pilloried them as outlaws from civilization. We can hardly contend that the surprise and deceit and the outrage on morals and humanity which were the elements of their western invasion can qualify them as Supermen, unless we agree that the ruffian who bludgeons his victim from behind at night is a Superman.

Instead of calling Supermen the German troops who were shuttled from east to west and from west to east in admirably appointed railway trains, which took along with them artillery, food and munitions, I should apply that term to Napoleon's Army of Italy, which marched on foot from Paris to Venice, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-equipped—a mob rather than an army—led by the "little puppet with disheveled hair," and which wiped out three Austrian armies of much larger numbers, commanded by Austria's most renowned generals. Similarly, was not Napoleon's assembling of the host with which he invaded Russia in 1812 a more astonishing task than that of mobilizing the

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# A RECRUIT—By Norman Springer

ILLUSTRATED BY
ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Say, Feller, I Can Make Them Guys Keep Her Blowing Off All the Way Across," He Asserted

THE moment the Poland's first assistant engineer clapped eyes upon him, in the shipping commissioner's office, he knew Kelsey was a hard case. This first assistant knew a hard case when he saw one. He was a hard case himself, and his days were largely passed in subduing and ruling other hard cases—such as Kelsey—with weapons that ranged from a flaming tongue to a twenty-four-inch monkey wrench.

But if his first glance told him Kelsey was a hard case, it also informed him that Kelsey was a skilled fireman, an old hand on the cellar floors of steamships. The cut of Kelsey's jib proclaimed it; his huge fire-scarred hands; the manner in which he hugged the red-hot stove in the warm room. Skilled firemen are rare treasures in these days when all the turbulent hobos of the beach are attracted to sea by war wages. The first assistant had been anxiously looking for such a specimen to arrive at the office, and he lost no time in crossing to Kelsey's side.

"Want to ship?" he asked abruptly.

"Maybe," answered Kelsey shortly.

He regarded the other with a crafty sidelong glance, his little bloodshot eyes hostile, and a certain bitter insolence in his expression. The engineer's own eyes narrowed as he studied his man. A hard case, right enough; but just the fellow he was looking for. And he flattered himself he knew how to handle the breed.

"You're a fireman, all right," he stated.

"Huh?" said Kelsey.

"The Germans got you bluffed?" continued the first assistant.

Kelsey's lips curled. "Say, feller," he replied, "I been across eight times this last year, and Fritz ain't got me yet."

The first assistant smiled covertly. He was on the right tack.

"Afraid of a stiff job?" he inquired.

Kelsey was openly hostile.

"There ain't no job on the Western Ocean too stiff for me!" he proclaimed flatly.

"She's a hot one," added the engineer.

A faint tinge of red showed in Kelsey's pallid cheeks at this subtle insinuation that he was afraid of the heat. It was no less than an insult thus to suggest that a ship could be too hot for a hard-case fireman like Kelsey. He would have shipped willingly on the devil's own packet, bound for the infernal regions, to nail this canard. A hot one!

"There ain't no job afloat so hot I can't keep the smoke coming out of her!" he said.

The first assistant nodded, satisfied.

"Yes, I guess so," he concluded. "I guess you know your work, all right, and can do it. But here—and this is what I'm driving at—just size up that gang over there." He indicated the throng of men loafing at the farther end of the room, men who had already signed on for the Poland's black gang. "A nice-looking outfit—hey? Bunch of bums! You can handle a hot, stiff job, all right; you can keep the smoke coming out of her; but how about that crowd of breezy stiffs?"

"Huh! Not more than three or four good men in the gang," agreed Kelsey, eying the mob.

"Well, now, do you think you could handle a watch of them?" said the first assistant. "Do you think you could get the steam out of them? Hey?"

A rather unholy light dawned in Kelsey's eyes and he grinned.

"Say, feller, I can make them guys keep her blowing off all the way across," he asserted.

"All right," responded the other. "Then I'll ship you as water tender."

II

SO KELSEY signed on as water tender and drew his advance. As was his custom he got drunk before he went on board. Next morning he was very dry and broke. It was sailing day and there was much work to do: work that required his supervision. But work could not hold Kelsey when West Street lay beyond the dock.

He slipped away from work and investigated the forecastle. He found a drunken snoring shipmate in a bunk, extracted a dollar bill from his pocket, and then dodged past the dock guard. The ethics of the thing did not bother him in the least. Might is right! was Kelsey's creed. If the theft were brought home to him he was quite willing to fight the man he had robbed. Just now he was dry, had money in his pocket, and across the street was a saloon. He laid his course for the swinging door, with thought of a drink or two and a bottle to fetch back on board.

He had come ashore in his working clothes, well clad for the stokehold, but ill clad for the bitter March day outdoors. An icy wind ruled West Street and drove snow stingingly into his face. Kelsey was a man who felt the cold; the stokehold had thinned his blood. So he bent his head to the gale and hurried, careless of passing traffic.

He walked straight into an oncoming motor car. Not a severe collision, for the car was slowing up before the dock gate; but the force of it was sufficient to knock Kelsey several feet distant and spill him upon the frozen cobbles.

He got to his feet unhurt, but angry and cursing. The liveried driver of the car grinned at him, and this adding of insult to injury made Kelsey furious. He hated a flunky, anyway. He stepped close to the car, his fist doubled, quite resolved to revenge himself upon this insolent chauffeur by punching him on the jaw.

But then the door of the car opened and a lady got out, followed by a nurse carrying a baby. They alighted by Kelsey's side; and when he saw them he stopped swearing and his fist uncurled.

It was not the evident fact that these were cabin passengers joining his ship which hushed Kelsey. He was quite ready to blackguard even a Supreme Court Justice did occasion demand—such occasion as the present, for instance. Nor was it chivalry—Kelsey knew not the word. Nor was it the bright eyes with which the lady regarded him; though, had his heart been aught but a burned-out clinker, those eyes might well have held him quiet. She was but a girl, this lady: a radiant young mother. The pride of place was in her bearing. She glanced at Kelsey with the careless compassion one might bestow upon an unlucky stray dog; though a bit of curiosity did creep into her eyes as she noted the man's gaunt tremendous body and bitter brutal face.

"You are not hurt?" she asked. Kelsey shook his head negatively. "You know, my man, it was your fault. You should have looked where you were going," she added.

Kelsey nodded. He had been looking over her shoulder; but now he lowered his eyes and allowed them to play over the lady's figure, inspecting each detail of her attire. His gaze was insolent, offensive; and the lady's lips were compressed. She opened her purse and fingered a coin.

"Cut that out!" said Kelsey harshly.

There was a sparkle of anger in the lady's eyes. She was not used to such a voice. She was not used to such a man. The world of work was wont to uncap before her. She closed the purse with a snap and her chin lifted a trifle.

Thus they faced each other, standing on the frozen street—she from the parlor of society; he from the cellar. Their hands might touch each other, but a gulf as wide as humanity separated them.

Then Kelsey's eyes dismissed her and he looked over her shoulder again. This stirred the mother in the lady; she forgot her anger and smiled as she turned her head and followed Kelsey's gaze. For he was looking at her baby.

In truth, he was looking at her baby; looking with intense and dumb amazement. It was the baby who had checked his oaths. Kelsey was experiencing a new sensation. The swaddled, squirming bundle in the arms of the scandalized nurse was exhibiting a strong friendly interest in his uncouth self. The rosy little face beamed at him; the little arms waved in frantic appeal to him; the tiny puckered mouth gurgled friendly vowels for his ear alone.

Now Kelsey was not used to friendly glances of any sort. Some few men despised him; nearly all feared him, and he had no close friends. The women he met loved only his money. And babies—well, they were of another world.

He could not remember when he had been so close to a child in arms. He could not remember any child ever looking at him with other than fear and aversion. The unaccountable friendliness of this little mite had struck him speechless with surprise. He was curious too.

He leaned closer and extended one of his big sooty arms. The baby immediately encircled the arm with its tiny mittened hands, and essayed to wriggle loose from the nurse's grasp and into Kelsey's arms. Kelsey felt the little fingers sinking into his hairy flesh—an astonishingly strong grip for such a little thing.

The indignant nurse, with a horrified gasp, backed hurriedly away, dragging her charge from its handhold. The mother, too, was displeased. "Come, Anna!" She spoke sharply to her servant, and the two women trailed after the chauffeur, who was carrying the hand luggage into the dock. But the baby declined to make part of this cavalier departure. While the women were in sight the little face peeped above the nurse's shoulder and the mittened hand waved to Kelsey.

Kelsey stood staring blankly for a long moment after they disappeared. It had been such an astounding incident—this strange little thing trying to make friends with him! He didn't know whether to swear or laugh; so he did both.

Then his vacant eye encountered the car. He looked it over, his face resuming its usual grim expression. It was an expensive car, with an air of wealth and caste about it—qualities which flaunted red before Kelsey's eyes. He was of the stuff that mans barricades; his only religion was an ingrained, bitter, unreasoning hatred of rich gentility. As he stood eying the car, some words gleaned from a soapbox thunderer rolled off his tongue.

"Damn' parasites!" he muttered.

As he continued his way to the saloon his thoughts found further expression:

"Little rich brat! And I ain't good enough to touch it! Huh! Like to wring its blasted neck!"

But strangely there was little rancor in these last words; and, as he absently rubbed the spot on his forearm where

the baby had gripped, the smile that played about his mouth was not so bleak as usual.

III

THERE was a long, resounding whistle blast, and then a clanging of various gongs, which completed an alarming pandemonium. Kelsey woke out of a sound sleep, rolled out of his bunk, and while pulling on his boots relieved his surcharged feelings with a burst of white-hot words.

It was hard lines, indeed, mused Kelsey, when a guy couldn't snatch a couple of hours' undisturbed sleep on the bloody packet! A hot job, and his blasted head being worked off; and then they wouldn't let him sleep when he came up from the hold! Here he was doing most of the work of the cursed stiffs down below: cleaning their fires, shoveling their coal, putting the fear of God into them, besides tending water and watching the steam; and when he finally crept into his bunk for a little rest the triple-dashed galoots on the bridge turned him out for boat drill! And that when Fritz wasn't within six hundred miles of them! Boat drill three times a day since leaving port! It was a disgusting outrage! said Kelsey.

He said its uselessness got most on his nerves. Why did they haul him to boat drill? The gold-braided bone-heads! If Fritz got them—well, they needn't expect that Kelsey would waste the precious moments lowering away boats filled with damn' parasites! If Fritz got them Kelsey would look out for number one—you bet!

So Kelsey Steered and Spurred the Rowers With a Flaming Tongue

But the forecastle did not tarry on Kelsey's words. No time. The forecastle had decided it was no time to lag when that long blast sounded from the whistle. Fritz may-hap was close alee. Fritz, to that ship's company, was ubiquitous; no stick, no porpoise, no drifting seaweed passed the Poland without first being called a periscope. Boat drill, since it might very well be the real thing, was a ceremony attended with flying feet. So the forecastle heeded not Kelsey's tirade, but tumbled out hurriedly and departed for the deck half dressed, slipping into life preservers as they ran.

Not Kelsey, however; he was too old a son of the stokehold to brave the wintry day unprepared, though all the submarines of Germany surrounded his ship. Kelsey was not much afraid of submarines, anyway. He had been at sea too long to be other than a fatalist; and he wasn't much afraid of anything—except the cold. He was afraid of that.

No sky pilot could ever frighten Kelsey with threats of a burning hell; but the threat of a hell of ice would make him pause. The cold wind had a way of stabbing through his baked vitals. So he stayed in the warm forecastle until he was prepared for the day outdoors.

He pulled on two thick guernseys and a pilot coat. Then, having no overcoat of his own, he borrowed one from a neighboring bunk. When it was buttoned, and the collar turned up, he went to boat drill, carrying his life preserver in his hand.

Kelsey's station was at Number Three lifeboat on the starboard boat deck. His job as water tender gave him the rating of petty officer; at boat drill he was supposed to man the after-boat davit and attend to the boat falls. A quartermaster attended to the forward davit. The third officer was in charge of the boat.

This third officer was standing by Kelsey's station when Kelsey made his tardy appearance. It was not the first time Kelsey had been late to boat drill and the officer greeted him quite explosively:

"Say, you! What's the matter with you? You are always the last to arrive and the first to leave. Put on that life belt! Don't carry it."

Kelsey leered insolently; this third mate was a nice young man, but he was not of bucko breed, and Kelsey knew just how far he could go with him—which was very far indeed.

"Well, I was kind of sleepy. And you can't expect me to be first both ways, can you, sir?" he drawled, reaching out a careless hand and taking the tackle rope from the officer's hand.

The third mate flushed at the words and the tone; but he didn't see what he could do about it. He had tried reporting this man for insolence the first day out, and the Old Man's reproof had not had the least effect. These stokers were unmannerly roughnecks, anyway; and a gentleman must not demean himself. So the third mate said nothing more to Kelsey, but sternly posed himself on a space of open deck where his new uniform showed to advantage, and awaited the signal that would end the drill.

Kelsey yawned and also composed himself to await that welcome signal. Then he commenced to shiver, for the day was gray and cold, and not all the clothes he had covered himself with could shield his fish blood from the biting wind. He hunched his shoulders and stared bitterly at the passengers drawn up in the shelter of a canvas windbreak.

Blasted parasites! mused Kelsey. Everything made soft for them! That big fat Jew, for instance. A steward had told him the fat Jew was making all kinds of money out of the war. The guy looked as if he didn't know what work was. Kelsey would like to get him into the stokehold for a watch or two—you bet! He'd lose his big belly and his happy look!

The gentleman in question wore a rich greatcoat, fur-lined; and Kelsey eyed this garment with bitter envy. He thought if he had a coat like that he needn't fear the cold.

The lady was standing next to the Jew, warm and beautiful in sables. Kelsey stared at her; and in his starved, brutalized soul there was only hatred of her beauty.

Pretty soft for her! he thought. Another parasite! She could run her automobile over him and then treat him as if he were a dog; wasn't good enough to touch her kid! Even now she didn't know he was in front of her; she didn't know he was a man; he was just a piece of ship's furniture, like the boat davit. And they expected him to stand by while she was being saved!

Not good enough to touch her kid! That thought kept recurring to Kelsey. He turned his eyes to the nurse, who was holding the baby, and commenced the little game he always played at boat drill.

For the nurse did not ignore his presence. She returned his stare with indignant hostility. At the first boat drill after leaving port the nurse inadvertently stood close by Kelsey's side; and the baby, as on the dock, tried to climb into Kelsey's arms. Now she stood at the other end of the boat; but she couldn't escape the tough's bold, blazing eyes.

Kelsey winked at the baby and bared his yellow teeth in terrifying smiles.

The little thing smiled back and crowed and wriggled and stretched out its arms to him. This pleased Kelsey mightily. He told himself he didn't care about the kid he'd like to heave the little rich brat overside; but his actions made that haughty nurse angry, and out of the corner of his eye he even caught a disapproving glance from the lady herself. Kelsey told himself that in thus flirting with the baby he was subtly sabotaging against the peace of mind of these she-parasites. It wasn't that he enjoyed playing with the kid—you bet!

He told this to his acquaintance, the steward, as he was going forward after boat drill ended. "Fine little tike, that!" said the steward. "Taken a great shine to you. Gawd knows why!"

"Huh!" grunted Kelsey. "What is it—boy or girl?"

"Gawd knows," replied the steward. "But the mother is a proper lady, I say. Kind of haughty; but she never bawls a bloke out. The nurse tells me she has all kinds of money; more money than that Jew I was telling you about. The nurse says she is going across to be with her husband, who's with the Canucks, and got wounded."

"Huh! She's a damn' parasite!" asserted Kelsey. "And if Fritz plugs us she needn't think I'll lend a hand to save her."

IV

THOUGH the bitter cold of a North Atlantic winter gripped the decks, it was tropic enough down below to suit the taste of the devil himself. In the heart of the ship, in that noisy inferno where the steam was made, men were working stripped to the waist, and the streaming sweat made pale streaks upon their coal-blackened bodies.

They were a profane crew, these sweating men. As they worked they cursed their ship for being a hot job; themselves for joining such a job. Especially did they curse their ship; for the Poland had but one ventilator leading to the stokehold, and this ventilator was blocked from to-day's breeze by the smokestack. Though a half gale was zipping over the sea, a man must stand just beneath the ventilator pipe to fill his smothered lungs with pure air.

The firemen of the watch were congregated at this spot now, inhaling cold air and rheumatism from the pipe. They stood with uplifted faces, gulping the wintry blast as though they were drinking. They had just finished cleaning the fires and they needed a breathing spell.

They were all there save Cockney and Kelsey. Cockney had not yet finished his heartbreaking task. He stood before an open furnace door prying at a three-foot clinker with a smoking slice bar. Cockney was having trouble. He was not used to this fierce heat that surged out upon him from the fire. It stole his strength. Moreover, he had rashly slaked his burning thirst with ice water just before commencing to clean this fire, and now the cramps had seized him.

Kelsey stood a few paces distant, watching Cockney. You would never find Kelsey gulping cold air beneath the ventilator; a dash of cold wind was like a knife thrust to him. Rather would you find him huddled against a boiler front, absorbing the warmth. He had served the fires so long he was heatproof.

He watched Cockney's futile struggle with the clinker with a sardonic eye. He knew from the convulsive motions of the flame-lighted body that Cockney had been seized by the cramps.

Well, he reflected, some of these stiffs would never learn. He had warned this guy what would happen if he drank ice water. Never catch Kelsey swilling ice water on a hot watch; a small piece of coal beneath the tongue kept his mouth moist. But he supposed he would have to lend the guy a hand or the fire would never be cleaned. And to think this Cockney was going home to join the army! All the fool was good for—to stand up and be shot at!

The pointer on the steam gauge dropped back.

"Put your back into it!" shouted Kelsey. "You swab—you are taking the steam!"

Cockney made a last desperate effort to upend the clinker and collapsed across his slice bar. That bar had been in the coals too long. It was hot; and it burned a hole in Cockney's sweat-soaked singlet and seared the flesh of his heaving stomach. But even this sharp agony could not put the strength of pain into him. Cockney was burned out, as the stokehold says.

Kelsey grasped the slice bar and elbowed Cockney out of the way. No helping hand; no word of pity. Let the guy suffer! Which he did; for he fell upon the coal pile and rolled, his hands clutching his middle.

Kelsey finished cleaning the fire—child's play for him. No clinker ever froze so tight to the grate bars that it could defy Kelsey's strength.

He stood wide-legged before the open furnace door, his great gaunt body fully exposed to the heat, the hairs on his forearm curling and withering; and he drove the long chisel-pointed poker through and through the heart of the fire. Then he discarded the slice bar for the hoe and yanked the waste out upon the floor plates. As the mass came tumbling out, white-hot, a coal passer wetted it down with a hose. Steam and choking gas fumes arose from the hissing heap, half strangling the coal passer; but Kelsey moved and worked in this unholy mist without a sign of discomfort. He pressed close to the fire, against the very furnace door, feeling the back of the fire box with the hoe; then he backed away, hauling the hoe with him and dragging the dirt to the front.

At such moments he found the helpless Cockney in his way; so he trampled upon him as carelessly as though it were the floor plates, and not a man's flesh, beneath his feet. The job completed, however, he did have a word for Cockney.

"Haul him to the ventilator," he told the coal passer. "Rub him." Then, as he noted the steam gauge, he swore at the idle firemen: "Fire up, you —— ——! Can't you watch the steam?"

The men beneath the ventilator scattered and attacked their fires. They worked with desperate haste, the quicker to have the doors shut again upon the flames; the quicker to taste again pure air. Kelsey grinned at them. Oh, they were a rotten bunch, a lot of stiffs! But he was getting the steam out of them!

Mr. Nietzsche would have approved of Kelsey. Not that he was a superman, but he was on the road to being one. In his soul's evolution Kelsey had arrived at that stage in the *Kultur* of self-sufficiency where selfishness was his philosophy of life. To be indifferent to the rights and sufferings of others was his habit. To look out for number one was his gospel.

He was hard—was Kelsey; a harder case than even the first assistant had supposed. His hardness was the sum of his life. The stokehold does not make men soft. These fires he had spent his manhood in serving had burned out his bowels of compassion. "Devil take the hindmost!" said Kelsey. He had no weaknesses of sentiment; home was nothing, country was nothing, Kelsey was everything.

It pleased him to be head man of his watch. It meant more money than he made as a common fireman, and more money meant more whisky when he got on shore. Also though he had no love for authority, as its representative he could tyrannize over his watchmates to his heart's content. He liked to dominate; he was the bully of that ship.

He had promised the first assistant he would get the steam. He was getting it. The engineer, being wise in the ways of the stokehold, did not inquire closely how he got it and could truthfully say he did not know. But the watch knew. Kelsey was getting the steam out of their very hearts' blood. Oh, they hated him! But more than they hated they feared him.

They were a fine variety of men, these, who dared the Hun and took the Poland eastward. And they possessed reasons as various as their characters for being afloat on the Western Ocean in the wintertime. Some were there because of plain greed. They would take chances with torpedoes because of the war wages and the bonus. No passion for an abstract idea stirred them; no notions of self-sacrifices for the common good, no sense of duty, brought them to sea. They were looking out for number one. War wages and a bonus meant a fine spree ashore. Kelsey could understand these men. Their reason for making the voyage was his reason.

But there were men of a different type in this stokehold. They did not know the fires, these men; yet they labored cheerfully in this unfamiliar hell of heat, sustained by the ideas that possessed them. They were men who thought last of number one. They puzzled Kelsey. "Mushheads!" he called them.

Cockney, for instance, was now lying on the floor plates, beneath the ventilator, gasping for breath, while the coal passer kneaded his writhing, agonized muscles. Why was Cockney here at all? He had no heart for the heat and he didn't care about the money; yet he worked willingly, as well as he could, until the heat knocked him over.

Why was Cockney going through all this? Why had he hoboed all the way from Texas to face the horrors of the stokehold? What was he going to get out of it? Kelsey knew: a bullet—no less! For Cockney was going home to join the army. He was going to "do 'is bit"-in the trenches. "Hevery bloke should do 'is bit for the Hempire," sang Cockney.

"Bah!" Kelsey would sneer. "You'll do your bit all right while I got you in my watch. Stop gassing, guy, and bend your back!"

Cockney annoyed Kelsey; but even more was he annoyed by the coal passer, who was now rubbing Cockney's cramps away. This gay lad boasted that he came from a college to shovel coal in the black, cavernous bunkers. Another mushhead! He was going abroad to join the Foreign Legion, he said; to do his bit for civilization; to pay his debt to France. "Every man should fight for freedom these days" was his refrain.

This wild talk irritated Kelsey. These new ideas adrift in the stokehold stuck in his craw. He could not digest them. They took no account of number one. Mushheads! They were talking this way now, gathered about Cockney. Kelsey stepped close to overhear.

They were talking about the menace, of course—the ever-present menace that occupied the fore part of each man's mind; for they had already passed the danger line and to-morrow the Poland would sail through the heart of that zone where Bloody William's iron sharks were thickest. So these mushheads were talking about it and about their personal conduct if they were subbed.

"If they get us," said the college youth, "we must not let panic get the best of us. You know the rule—passengers first!"

At this there was an approving murmur from the circle. But one hand, an old fireman, who perhaps resented a coal passer's telling him what to do, voiced an objection:

"It's all right to look out for the women, says I; but let the men look out for themselves. You fellers don't understand this thing. If Fritz gets us there won't be any time, like there would be in a collision or going aground. Why, when we got it in the Jason Wright last year she went down from under us in five minutes! No time to lower boats. The women and kids got the worst of it that time. I grabbed a grating and jumped."

"Hah! You're right, guy!" applauded Kelsey. "Grab a grating and jump. That's the idea. Look out for number one!"

"But—passengers first!" insisted the learned coal passer. He appealed to authority in Kelsey's person. "Isn't that the rule?"

"Damn the rule!" said Kelsey.

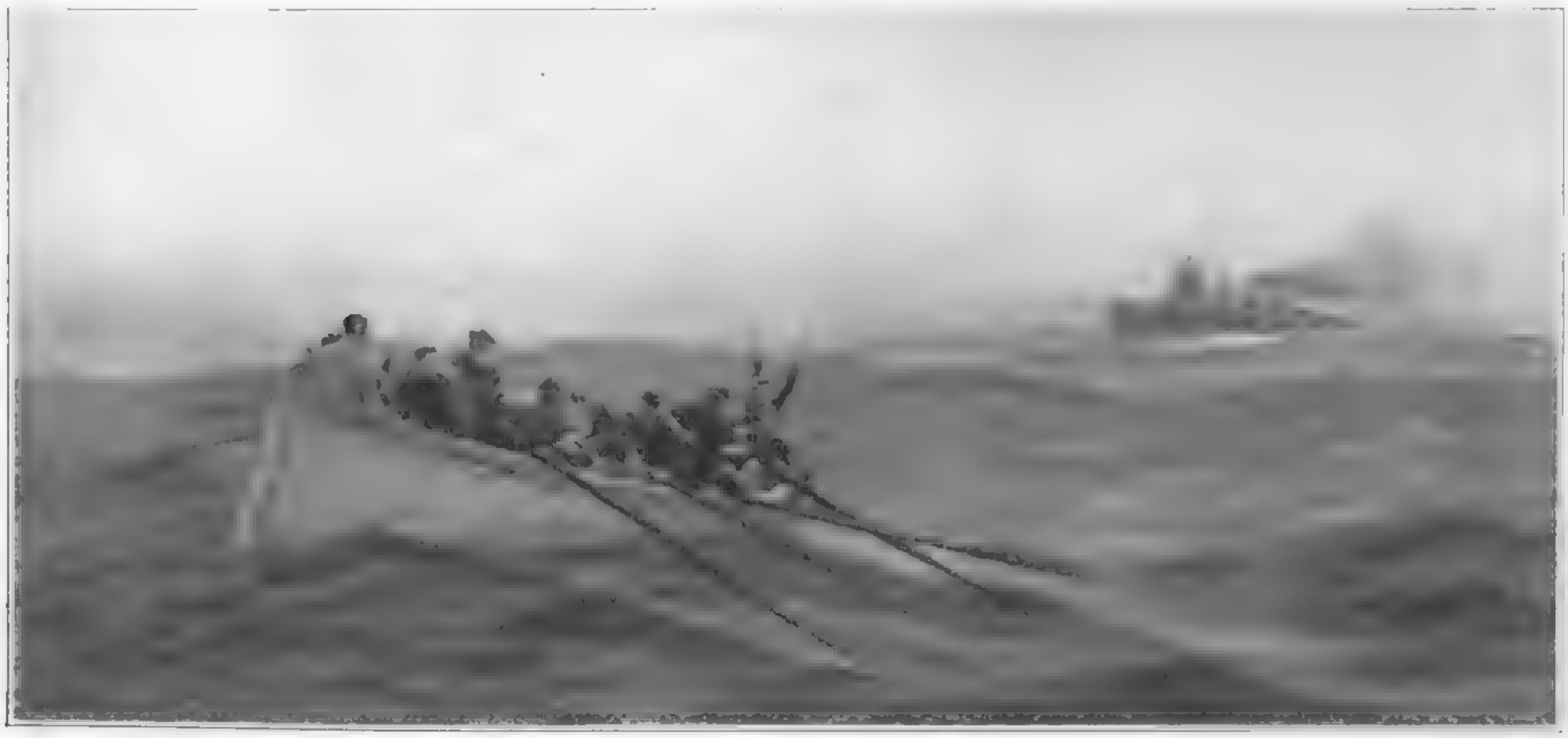
He looked down at the college youth pityingly. A rotten coal passer, and such a soft guy! He had observed him at boat drill solicitously hovering about that pretty baggage with the kid. By rights he was a blasted parasite himself! Aye, he would stand aside for the cabin folk, no doubt. And go to Davy Jones for his pains!

He held out his huge calloused hands and bade the youth regard them.

"You see them?" he demanded. "Well, all I ever got in my life I got with them. Them toffs up in the cabin never give me anything. And you say I should stand aside for them? Let the cabin sink! says I. Grab a grating and jump, or find yourself a place in a boat. Look out for number one! That's what I say. I tell you, if Fritz plunks us, and anybody is saved, Kelsey'll be among them."

The college youth looked up at the grim, bitter face above him with curious eyes. He could not account for Kelsey. He was fresh from the seats of learning; but the wise men had not prepared him for a world that produced such men as Kelsey. Here was a man who was a bully, but no coward; a man who would trample upon the helpless to save his own wretched life, and boast of it; a man who had no conception of honor other than that it was a weakness. Had the hulking brute no spark of self-sacrifice in his wizened soul? It was to a war against this same brutish ruthlessness he had dedicated his life, reflected the youth.

In college this youth had flirted with that philosophy which leads one beyond good and evil. He had come back from that flirtation appalled. He did not like a world with love squeezed out of it. So he accepted a philosophy of service by which to order his life. His cardinal belief was



*Before the Dawn Three Men, Each More Warmly Clad Than Kelsey, Gave Up the Fight*

that all men were good at the bottom. No man could be so hard that he did not have a soft spot. No man could be so selfish that he did not have a tiny tenderness for something or someone beyond himself. Surely the spirit of duty was universal! He could not believe that Kelsey was in earnest in his assertions.

"But it is a matter of duty, Kelsey," he argued. "The passengers rely upon you. It is part of your job to look out for them. If we were torpedoed, now, wouldn't you stand by the boat and help them away?"

"Let them help themselves," said Kelsey. "They never done nothing for me. Why should I stand by for them?"

"But the women?" urged the youth. "Think of the two women in our boat. That little mother!"

"T' hell with them!" responded Kelsey. "Couple of damn' parasites—them."

"Then that little baby," said the youth; "that little shaver who is so friendly toward you, always holding out its little arms to you. Would you let the baby drown?"

"Aw, quit your gassing!" answered Kelsey. "Come on, now; shake a leg and get some coal out on the plates. You guys—fire up!"

V

ON THIS cold, gray afternoon Kelsey came up out of the stokehold at four o'clock. He washed the grime from his body, shifted his working clothes for his off-watch rig, and set out from the forecastle to the mess room for his supper.

It was at this moment the expected—the thing all hands were looking for and dreading—happened to the Poland. A torpedo struck the ship just abaft the beam and exploded.

There was no warning blast from the whistle; no ringing of gongs. It just happened. One instant Kelsey was walking along the 'tween-deck alleyway toward the mess-room door; the very next instant he was lying upon his back on the deck, half stunned, his ears filled with an appalling roar.

He lay there for the space of a third instant; yet this brief time was sufficient for his sea-tested wits to revive and receive and analyze several clear impressions of the event.

That the ship had been submarined was, of course, his first thought. The great continuing roar he heard was not, however, the detonating of the torpedo. He had heard that roar too often during his sea life to be mistaken about it. It was the roar of escaping steam. The ship had stopped dead. Undoubtedly, then, the torpedo had wrecked the engine room or stokehold—perhaps carried away the steam lines. That it was no mine, no accident, but Fritz who had got them, Kelsey never doubted.

The ship listed suddenly to starboard and Kelsey rolled against the starboard bulkhead of the alleyway. At the same time a fire extinguisher hanging on the port bulkhead fell to the deck and bounced against him. The shock of this double collision brought Kelsey to his feet with a catlike bound, and he fled for the ladder that led to the open deck above.

As he passed the mess-room door a man with a bleeding head stumbled out of the mess room and ran on ahead of him. This fellow staggered and impeded Kelsey's progress; so Kelsey caught him by the neck, jammed him against the wall, and passed him. At the foot of the ladder he encountered a knot of men in panic, struggling against each other to be first on deck. Kelsey plowed through them like a football star through the opposing line.

He stepped out upon the open forward deck. The cold wind blew through him and made him cringe, despite his haste. He had first thought of seizing a grating or a hatch cover and trusting his life to this improvised raft; for his seaman's instinct told him the ship was going down quickly, and he knew that what lifeboats could be launched would be overladen. But the Arctic blast and the sight of the leaden water overside drove this thought away. Afloat on a grating would mean a slow freezing for a period of hours, and then a wet death. He would try the boats.

He hurried to the starboard boat deck, not from a sense of duty that drew him to his lifeboat station or from force of habit, but because he knew from the ship's heavy and increasing list to starboard that the port boats were unlaunchable.

He found a method in the confusion and haste of the boat deck. Discipline was still in control there. Some of the officers were supervising; and the captain, from the bridge, was bellowing encouraging words through a megaphone: "Take your turn, and don't get excited! Women and children first!" Overhead the wireless was crackling.

Number One lifeboat was being lowered away, jammed full. Kelsey thought of leaping into it, but immediately decided that it was too full. He would take his chance with his own boat—Number Three.

He saw some of the passengers assigned to his boat lined up on the deck as at boat drill the fat Jew, palsy-kneed

(Continued on Page 98)

# THE LAST SPY OFFENSIVE

## By Carl W. Ackerman

ON ONE of the main streets of Tampico stands a solid one-story cement building which, according to a large sign ribboned across the top like a banner, is the Agencia Comercial y Maritima. The members of the firm, judging from an announcement in equally prominent letters, are Heynen, Eversbusch y Cia. A smaller placard near one of the entrances states that this is the Consulate of the Imperial German Government; and under the glass cover of the bulletin board, also on the outside of the building, are notices to German citizens regarding service in the Imperial Army.

I shall not describe the structure further, except to remark that it stands on the sunny side of the street and that it is the chief German banking institution in this section of Mexico. The description is not important, except to fix in the reader's mind the cementlike reality of the narrative the events of the war have woven about the place, for this imposing edifice is one of the chief way stations on the spider's web of the German Secret Service in the republic south of the Rio Grande.

Before the United States Congress declared war against the Berlin Imperialists, Señor and Herr Carl Heynen was one of the active German agents in the United States and Mexico. So important was he considered by the United States Government, whose detectives found him in the United States when war was declared, that he was placed in an internment camp, where he lives to-day in peace and quiet. Herr Eversbusch, the other member of the concern, being the German Consul at Tampico, always remained in that city, to direct the financial transactions of the institution and protect Germany's interests.

Before America was a belligerent the Agencia Comercial y Maritima communicated in code with banks and individuals in the United States. When a censorship was established these messages were stopped; but the pause was only temporary. The State Department announced one day that those concerns having business of a confidential nature in the United States and Mexico might, by filing a copy of the code with the United States censors, continue to communicate as in the pre-war days.

At the time this pronouncement was made the American Consul, Mr. Claude I. Dawson, was in Washington, and a young vice consul was acting in his stead. One day a representative of Herr Eversbusch appeared at the Consulate with a code of this bank and the statement that, inasmuch as the bank did business with American concerns in Houston, Texas, and in New York City, it was entitled to the use of its code. The secret document was filed with the American authorities and for an indefinite period—the authorities are not quite certain how long—this German bank and the German Consul in Tampico sent and received secret messages to and from the United States. The practice was not interrupted until Consul Dawson returned to his post.

Of course it required considerable faith on the part of Herr Eversbusch in the inability of the United States to discover such an obvious scheme at deception; but in this faith in Uncle Sam's advertised laxity the German official was disappointed. He was found out and this line of communication was cut, as have been most of the lines between German agents throughout the world and the Berlin Government.

I cite this instance to show that, though Germany has planted and selected her secret-service operators in every country on the globe, the allied and American Secret Service offensive against the lines of communication between enemy spies and their Berlin headquarters has been so successful that one may, for the first time during the war, speak of the checkmating of the enemy's intelligence service. Battles in the air have been more spectacular, those on land more intense, and those on the seas more baffling than the secret battles between the belligerent intelligence departments; but few have been more important. What, for instance, could be more important, so far as the United States is concerned, than the checking of the last German spy offensive in Mexico, which had for its object a military clash between that republic and the United States?

The last spy offensive marked the climax to German operations on the American continent, just as the discovery of German-paid intrigue to force peace in Europe has shattered the imperial plans for an imperial peace.

Undoubtedly Germany still has her trusted agents and their bribed assistants in Washington, London, Paris, Rome, Petrograd and other cities; but most of them are like a swarm of wingless bees miles away from the hive. The Allies and the United States have had to fortify themselves against spying as against military attack, and their defenses to-day are almost flawless. They have succeeded in discovering if not in destroying the channels through which information was sent to and from Berlin. Sometimes, seemingly by mere chance, a link has been broken, as in the case of the wireless operator on an interned Teutonic liner who escaped to Mexico before Congress declared war. When I was in Mexico City, and even before I left the United States, I heard reports about secret German wireless stations; but I was unable to establish the location of any German tower that was not deaf and dumb, and that had any other sign language as a substitute.

After diplomatic relations between Washington and Berlin were severed the chief wireless officer on one of the Hamburg liners formerly tied to a Hoboken wharf dismantled and took apart the plant on his ship, packed the essential parts in trunks and suitcases, and boarded a train for Mexico. Before April fourth he was safely across the international border, bag, baggage and all.

This wireless operator had been ordered to Mexico to construct one of the links in the proposed chain of communication between this hemisphere and the Kaiser's agents in Spain and Germany. But he was only one of many suspected Germans who escaped from New York before this country was formally at war with the autocratic enemy. There were many others, who were to spread the nets of German intrigue in Cuba, Mexico and Central America, and who left at the same time. By June these men were scattered in all the leading cities of the South, there to begin their operations upon orders from abroad.

It is perhaps not necessary to state that before this wireless operator packed his instrument he invoiced and carefully examined it to make sure he had all the parts needed. Those that were missing he bought through an agent; so when he left Hoboken he was certain that every part needed to make the wireless plant a success, with the exception of the tower and the electric power, was securely registered in his baggage.

When he arrived in Mexico City he reported to his All Highest officials, and within a short time was ordered to rebuild the plant he had taken from the interned liner. With true Teutonic plodding thoroughness he assembled the parts, only to discover that one of the pieces he was certain he had packed, because it would be impossible to get a substitute in Mexico, was missing. He searched his baggage, reëxamined the parts, consulted his lists, and to his astonishment and amazement learned that one of the most important features of his instrument was missing. A closer inspection of his baggage showed that it had been opened.

Someone—perhaps it is not necessary to say who, but someone who evidently knew his scheme—had entered his baggage and removed such an essential part of the machine that it could not be used in Mexico unless the part was imported from the United States. And by this time the United States was at war with Germany. This man tried through many agents to get this part from the North; but at the time I left Mexico City, in September, he was still seeking the missing link.

Someone was just a little bit more clever than he; and that someone must have been an enemy.

Perhaps it was the United States Department of Justice, perhaps the British; or it might have been the New York detective service. It really does not matter who did the work; but it has meant a great deal to the United States to have it impossible for this German subject to erect his wireless station in Mexico.

German efforts in Mexico were divided into three classes: the press propaganda; the business intrigue; and the political endeavors. The press work was placed in the hands of Herr von Lubeck, a wealthy German merchant, who collected three hundred thousand dollars from Germans in Mexico City as an initial campaign fund.

About a year ago it was discovered that these various organizations were not only making detailed reports to Berlin, but that they were receiving instructions from headquarters there. This correspondence, which was written as confidential, was intercepted; and one document, which I obtained, discloses in a general way the activities of the German agents.

In order to make possible an efficient secret service it was necessary for Germany to spread a net over Mexico, as she did over the United States; but in casting this net in

the well-known German secret manner, it struck snags, and the holes torn were so great that the German service in Mexico has lost its effectiveness. All the German agents in Mexico are known to the Allies. Every movement is traced, though sometimes it is exceedingly difficult to do so; and, though there are Germans traveling throughout Mexico all the time, their plans are nipped before they are well under way. Mexico, which was to be the Spy's Paradise, has become the German Spy's Hades.

Traveling on Mexican trains, I met a large number of Germans. On some railroad lines there were more Germans than Americans. When I boarded the train at Monterey for Tampico there were four Germans aboard and two Americans. The remainder were Mexicans. Travelers in the interior declared that German agents were traveling in various parts of the country—on business; but through the loyal coöperation of American business men and British commercial agents these men are so effectively tracked that, even before they can do anything to cause trouble, their plans are exposed or placed before the Mexican Government.

At one time Germany tried to place German officers in the Mexican Army. At one time there were forty active German officers in that army. A few days ago they were discharged. The Mexicans discovered that they could not be trusted in their posts, because, though they were employed to drill the Mexican Army, it was learned that their ulterior motives and their constant propaganda against the United States were inimical to the best interests of the Mexican Government and people.

There is a great difference between American and German activities in Mexico. Time was when the Mexicans feared the Americans; when the Mexican Government suspected American motives and American plans in Mexico. And though that time is not past, most Mexicans are beginning to realize that, with the exception of a few big financial and business interests in the United States, no one, from the Government to the majority of the American people, desires or would sanction American military intervention in that country. But the German plans are, almost without exception, made with military ends in view.

### *Plot, Intrigue and Propaganda*

EARLY in 1915 there was organized in Mexico City a Union of German Citizens. On April sixteenth, 1916, the following report was sent from this Union to the Deutscher Wirtschaftsverband for Central and South America, with home offices at Potsdamerstrasse, 28, Berlin. The significant statement was made at that time, less than one year before the United States broke off relations with Berlin: "It is not practicable for us, to aid Germany by force of arms." A bold confession, indeed, that they had been thinking of military coöperation; but because of the small number of Germans in Mexico it was not practicable to do anything which might aid Germany against the United States!

"This is to advise of the organization of this society as far back as June sixteenth last year"—1915—the report began. "As your association is occupied in Latin-American countries, our society will pursue the same course here. It is not practicable for us to aid Germany by force of arms; so our main intention will be to aid all possible in an economic manner.

"The society was founded June sixteenth, having 164 members; and the first committee was chosen October twelfth, at which time the propaganda was circulated in the capital and throughout the interior. At the same time 245 Germans of the Empire joined in the capital and 113 from the interior, making a total of 522.

"As you can readily see from reading our statutes, we will accept none as members save native-born Germans, and their nationality must be proved beyond doubt. That proscription also permitted the imperial authorities to recognize the nationality of sixty Germans. Moreover, a great number of Germans who, for various reasons, 'by not observing the ancient regulations, lost their nationality,' have regained their standing as Germans, and have been rehabilitated under the new liberal laws of the association. It is to be hoped that excellent results will emanate from this source.

"Up to the present a great number of publications on the war have been circulated in the cities and throughout the country, dealing with the German viewpoint, by the Ausschuss für Verteilung von Aufklärungs-Material, who have been working for three months; and a great number of Mexicans have been convinced that we are in the right in the methods of conducting the war and in our spirit of German culture.

"Also, the following technical works and serials have been distributed: The Great War in Description; The Actual War; The Discourse of the Chancellor, September 12, 1915; and The War and the Right, by Dr. Ed. Llorens.

"The stories contained in the Herald, of Hamburg, received here in December, met with great approval.

"The circulation of the propaganda will be assured by means of twenty-nine local committees, and other members throughout the country; and we are hopeful of the greatest results.

"Free courses in German have been instituted in the German schools by Mexican instructors without special effort on the part of our association, though a part of the general plan of the committee, and have been received with great approval by the public, and add to our propaganda. By this means the public will be given to understand Germany and to receive the true communications of our General Staff on the happenings of the war. The public will be disposed to accept our announcements.

"It is desired to begin the immediate construction of a German hospital, which will be a great impulse to our colony and will demonstrate to our following the power of German science, German ability, and the German spirit of organization. If the Empire approves and gives aid it will be a great point for our propagunda. A committee of physicians has this matter under study from the scientific point of view.

"The colony of Germans of the Empire here is relatively small and the economical setbacks of the country for the past five years have greatly hindered our spirit of enterprise against the economic strength of our enemies.

"Address correspondence for the president to Herr Ad. Christliebsen, Apartado 58, Mexico, or to the secretary, Hugo von den Steinen, Apartado 1221, Mexico City."

When this communication was discovered en route to Berlin another avenue of German intrigue was opened up; and, in view of the disclosures in the letter from former Minister of Foreign Affairs Alfred Zimmerman to the German Minister in Mexico City, it is easy to see what use the Imperial Government could have made of the twenty-nine branches of the Verband Deutscher Reichsangehöriger in case Germany's efforts had succeeded in influencing Mexico to invade the United States. Also, in view of the Zimmermann letter, one can understand the statement of this society in April, 1916, that "it is not practicable for us to aid Germany by force of arms." The society, at that time, was just being organized, and was, therefore, not powerful enough to carry on military operations. Evidently Doctor Zimmermann thought the German citizens in Mexico could violate Mexican neutrality as easily as the German Army scrapped the treaty with Belgium.

One can draw a remarkable contrast between this method of organizing foreigners in Mexico with that of the American business men who, during my stay in the capital, planned an American Chamber of Commerce. The prospectus, published and signed by the leading American business men and bankers, declared:

"It is proposed to establish a purely commercial and nonpolitical organization, which will foment the friendly trade relations between Mexico and the United States."

Among the benefits to be derived from such an organization were cited these:

"Increase of the market in Mexico for American goods of all kinds;

"Increase of export of Mexican products to the United States and encouragement of production in Mexico by enlisting capital and creating new markets or improving present ones through better methods;

"The establishment of a much-needed bureau of business information about Mexico, its resources, opportunities and impediments, for the benefit of Americans in the United States who wish such information but at present cannot get it from reliable sources."

Instead of being a secret report, as in the case of the German *Bericht* to Berlin, the American report was published and widely circulated. No mention is made of military operations, intervention, and so on, and the object of the chamber will be as beneficial to Mexico as to the United States. That is the Great Divide between American enterprise in Mexico and German intrigue. The object of the one is to develop honest business; the Teutonic object is to spread propaganda and convince Mexicans that the German methods of conducting the war are right.

### *The Truth Kept Him Awake*

IT MIGHT have been stated at the beginning of the war, because of the cleverness of the German spies and the spotless organization, that everything they did was in the dark—at least, so far as the enemy was concerned. Those were the days when inconspicuous Belgian billboards, advertisements in French and British newspapers, direct telegrams and letters from Russian traitors, and official documents from Italy were messages and reports from intelligence officers. To-day one might as correctly assert that the sun never sets on German intrigue, for practically every great scheme by which Germany has sought to embroil neutrals, destroy ships of friendly states, stir up discontent within belligerent nations, and make peace, has been discovered by the United States or the Allies before these plans, plots and military dreams came true.

One day I was sitting in the lobby of my hotel in Tampico, chatting with an American editor, when two young men entered, greeting my companion.

"Mr. Blume and Mr. Nieno," he said, introducing them.

We sat round the table and discussed the war, when my companion remarked that I had been in Germany and had written some articles about that country; then, turning to one of the guests, he said to me:

"Herr Blume, here, is head of the German Secret Service." Then he smiled.

"So," remarked Blume in good English, "you have been writing those lies about Germany! I have read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for many years; but when the war broke out I stopped reading everything about Germany. None of your magazines will publish the truth. The other night I read every article in the POST, except one about Germany. I did not want to read that one; but I couldn't sleep because it was so hot that night, and I read that article about one-thirty in the morning. It made me so angry I didn't sleep all night!"

"Well," I replied, "you ought to read everything that is written about Germany, and maybe you couldn't sleep for a week! But what are you going to do when Germany becomes a democratic nation?"

"Germany is democratic," he answered; and then the conversation followed other, less belligerent, channels.

Though it would not be safe to assume that because Herr Blume is considered by some of the foreigners as the chief of the Kaiser's service there, the fact that the allied foreigners can select one or more men who do His Majesty's work is significant in that it shows how even the ordinary citizen, at home and abroad, is a member of Democracy's secret service. In fact, what work is being done in Mexico to-day for the United States and the Allies

*Concluded on Page 50*

*The Presidents of Mexico Since Diaz. From Left to Right: Diaz, De la Barra, Madero, Lascurain, Huerta, Carbajal, Gutierrez, Garza, Chazaro and President Carranza. For a Time Suppressed, These Cartoons Can Now be Purchased in Many Bookstores in Mexico City*

# THE CRIME AT PRIBBLES

"I Thought of Course He'd Come Up. But He Didn't"

## By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MR. AND MRS. PRUITT were awakened at about the same moment by the persistent ringing of the telephone. "Why don't you see what 'tis, Alonzo?" Mrs. Pruitt complained, as though it was clear that he failed to answer the call simply in order to annoy her.

He slipped dutifully out of bed and groped his way through the hall to the instrument.

It proved to be a message from Cousin Hiram Chubbuck over at Colvert, saying Aunt Martha Chubbuck had passed away that afternoon and the funeral would be on Monday; of course Mrs. Pruitt should come, even though Mr. Pruitt couldn't; she could take the early-morning train at Dale.

An hour after sunrise the next morning Mr. Pruitt drove her over there in the shiny, rubber-tired top buggy that showed their inveterate conservatism, when even the more prosperous tenants on the Pruitt and Chubbuck farms owned automobiles.

The pair snugly filled the buggy seat, Mrs. Pruitt occupying two-thirds of it. This being Sunday, Mr. Pruitt wore a high-crowned, stiff black hat, and his wife's massive shoulder came up to the brim of it. Her face was broad, wrinkled and extraordinarily flat, with a lumpy brow and a mere thumb-end of a nose. The brow and nose were characteristic of the Chubbucks, and it had long been a staple subject of comment thereabout that all the Chubbuck women were terrible naggers.

The fat bay mare ambled over the crown of the hill and down the opposite slope, where the village of Pribbles, with four hundred peaceful souls, sprawled at ease, and then onward through a pleasant rural landscape with fields of green corn and small grain, rolling pastures where cattle grazed and clumps of wood. Mrs. Pruitt kept up a steady flow of conversation, much like the mechanical, jogging gait of the horse; and every subject she touched upon developed a grievance.

Mr. Pruitt was a wiry, undersized, bandy-legged man with gray, stringy side whiskers and an ample brow, quite bald over the dome of his head. He held the lines loosely in his left hand, and as he pursued his own teeming thoughts—as much as his wife permitted him to—he now and then stroked down the right-hand whisker, or ran his fingers through it, or brushed it over to his mouth and bit its ends; every minute or two he stirred a little in his seat. His subdued but restless motions might have reminded one of the nervous tension of an alert dog.

"Land sake! Can't you set still a minute, Alonzo? You don't pay any attention to what I'm saying anyhow!" exclaimed Mrs. Pruitt, in the last degree of exasperation.

As though the machinery had been turned off, Mr. Pruitt's motions ceased and he took the lines in both hands. "I better get Fan shod in front to-morrow," he observed, as though they had been talking about horseshoes.

The drive to Dale was five miles, and it was nearly eight o'clock when Mr. Pruitt, returning alone, reëntered their square two-story white house with green blinds—nominally in Pribbles, but in fact on the opposite slope of the hill and concealed from the village by the hill's crown.

He entered with a kind of luxurious deliberation and walked slowly through all the rooms on the ground floor, looking about as though every object were not as familiar as his own hand. To-day all seemed strangely different.

It was the first time in twenty years that he had been separated from his wife for more than a very few hours, and now she would be gone at least two days. An ineffable peace seemed to pervade the house. A wonderful sense of liberty possessed him. Invisible walls fell away on every side; a free world seemed to expand endlessly under the genial June sun and to invite him mysteriously. The very air he breathed was different, reaching to the bottom of his lungs. And presently, as this sense of peace and freedom expanded in his brain, he felt a powerful but aimless urge to do something or other unique and exciting—such an urge as youth feels when the sap runs strong in its veins.

At ten o'clock, as a matter of course, he walked over the crown of the hill and down on the other side to that one of the three village churches to which he and his wife militantly adhered. The church edifice, the congregation and the sermon bored him.

He returned home about noon. It seemed sad and intolerable that this rare day should pass drably by like any other day. He could go to such and such a neighbor's, he could read, he could sit on the veranda, he could walk down to Chubbuck Lake, through the sloping pasture that lay back of his house. All of those commonplace ideas afflicted him; that urge to do something or other unusual titillated his brain. His cold and solitary midday meal at the kitchen table constricted his heart with a vague self-pity.

Sometime after one o'clock he went down cellar with a tin cup in his hand. Over in one corner stood a keg with a fat spigot in it. The keg contained cider that Mrs. Pruitt's art had preserved in a sweet state well through the winter; but now fermentation was far advanced. With a thumping heart and an awful suspense in his mind, Mr. Pruitt filled his cup, sipped at it and drained it off. With his lifelong habits, that was about the furthest expression of emancipation that he could imagine.

For many years he had nourished a secret pride in his oratorical powers, always eagerly taking such occasions as came his way for addressing an audience, and he never heard an audience addressed by inferior ability without a mournful regret. He dreamed that but for some inadvertence on the part of Fate he would have been a senator.

At sometime indefinitely further along that afternoon he stood in a corner of the cloistral parlor, with its black-walnut and horsehair furniture. His Sabbath white bow tie had come undone and straggled over his shirt front, on which something had been spilled; his whiskers and hair were awry; his eyes rolled frenetically, and with impassioned eloquence he addressed a vast but invisible audience on the subject of patriotism—his brain retaining just enough cunning to cause him to moderate his tones. He had no flag; but a bandanna handkerchief answered just as well.

Still later he paid one more visit to the cellar; and then such diminishing inhibitions as habit had imposed upon his disordered mind were swept away. He emerged unsteadily from the outside cellar door, waving his handkerchief, and moved on and on through a fantastic world.

"I've Got a Claw," He Said Under His Breath

### II

ABOUT nine o'clock Monday morning Constable Bill McCabe hitched his chair closer to Mr. Pruitt's and spoke confidentially, with subdued excitement.

The gist of his message was that on the afternoon before four boys of the village had gone down to Chubbuck Lake to swim. They had loitered in the woods until the sun set and then taken the short cut through the pasture. There is a long swale with scrub oaks and a little thicket of huckleberry bushes; a pond stands there in wet weather, and it is always marshy. The two older boys—aged thirteen and fourteen—kept to the west of the swale; but the two younger, eight and nine, chose to go through it. Rounding the thicket of huckleberry bushes in the dusk, they nearly fell over the body of a man lying sprawled, with arms extended and the whole upper part of his head smashed and bloody.

The frightened youngsters ran until they overtook the older boys, who—with the natural tendency of thirteen and fourteen to depreciate mere infants of eight and nine—said it was only a shadow. The youngsters persisted, however, and presently the elders—presumably with some secret trepidation, for the dark was increasing—considered it their manly duty to investigate. They went about it rather gingerly, making a detour, while the younger boys waited shivering at a distance.

Rounding the thicket of huckleberry brush, the boys came unseen upon a man and a woman who between them bore the inert body of a man. They were so near as to be perfectly certain of that, in spite of the dim light. The woman was of large figure and they were moving in the direction of the red cottage. The startled boys watched them out of sight, then hastened to the village; but an hour passed before the news reached Constable McCabe.

Mr. Pruitt listened to this recital excitedly, stirring nervously in his chair, now and then sticking his fingers through his side whiskers. He gave a decisive little nod, saying: "I've been half expecting something like this almost ever since those people moved into the cottage. The sheriff should be notified at once. I'll telephone him right now."

Hopping from the chair, he went into the square white house and called up Dale, the county seat.

The premises known as the red cottage lay just beyond Pruitt's, on the side opposite to the village. For years they had been occupied by a crabbed and unsociable German, so people thereabout instinctively thought of the cottage as a place to be shunned.

An apple orchard stood between the road and the house, which sat far back, half hidden by the trees. The little one-story house had once been painted red, but time and weather had reduced it to an indeterminate shade. Behind the cottage and garden stood a latticed structure forty feet long by twenty wide and five high in which the German had grown ginseng—an outlandish industry. Back of that was a tool shed. A hedge had screened the place all along the south side—toward Pruitt's.

The eccentric owner had died five years before, and since then the place had been occupied only occasionally, for

short periods, by summer tenants, for whom the proximity to Chubbuck Lake with its fishing, bathing and boating was an attraction. It was unkempt now. Blight was beginning to attack the unsprayed and unpruned apple trees—to Mr. Pruitt's intense disgust and indignation, for the ailment might spread to his own prize apple orchard adjoining. Rank grass grew beneath the untended trees and there were gaps in the hedge. Thanks partly to these gaps, however, Mr. Pruitt—standing beneath his speckless apple trees or working in his garden or sometimes spying from the upper windows of his house—was able to note the new tenants and their doings rather closely.

Returning from the telephone, with these notations swarming in his head, he addressed the constable confidentially:

"All I know about the man and wife is that their name's Barnes. They moved in a month ago. From the first they didn't strike me as people I'd care to cultivate. The woman and her husband put on boxing gloves and fought. One day he nearly knocked her down. You'd have thought she liked it. She laughed and went at him and nearly knocked him down—a loose fish, I should say."

He considered a moment, looked the constable hard in the eye and lowered his voice. "There's another man down there. I saw him one day after the couple had been in possession about a week. The husband wasn't at home that day. This other man's there yet." He pressed his lips together and gave his head an affirmative jerk. "He sleeps in that shed back of the ginseng bed. I found that out! Barnes disappears now and then. When he's away the other man comes out. He and the woman carry on together. I've seen her kiss him."

He had hardly intended to tell Bill McCabe that much. It had rather seemed to him that saving it up and telling it to the sheriff first would give him a more important rôle in the drama. But thrilling interest in the affair had carried him away.

Constable McCabe also had been saving something up to tell the sheriff. He discussed the case with Mr. Pruitt for some further time, and then an intense interest in it carried him away. His lean and wrinkled face—barred by a bushy gray mustache that seemed some sizes too large for it—puckered up with the stress of his excitement. He bent forward and put a bony finger on Mr. Pruitt's knee.

"I've got a clew," he said under his breath. "When I heard the boys' story last night I took a lantern and went down to the pasture and had them show me just where they first saw the body. I couldn't see any blood round; but the ground's marshy and soggy there anyhow, so probably you wouldn't see any. But I found something else—a pocketknife and a bunch of keys on a ring, layin' right on the ground where the body was. They'd fell out of the man's pocket. When we find out who they belong to we'll know who the man was. The boys promised not to say anything about it."

Mr. Pruitt, listening intently, nodded approval. His eyes shone eagerly as the constable reached into his trousers pocket and drew forth the articles he had named.

At sight of them Mr. Pruitt experienced a fearful sensation of sinking; his heart stopped; his nerves turned to water. He instantly recognized them as his own; and it flashed upon him with a deadly conviction that the sprawled body with bloody head that the small boys had seen must have been himself with the red bandanna handkerchief over his face.

He had wakened abruptly with a sensation of pain in his side as though he had been struck a blow, and with a dim impression of people about. It was quite dark and he sat up bewildered, his head splitting and a grievous illness in his stomach. A hazy recollection came to him and he got to his feet, gaping into the dark. After wandering a moment, with a painful numbness in his brain, he found that he was beside a hedge, and got his bearings sufficiently to make his way home and creep to bed.

Monday morning as he attempted with a cleared and contrite brain to reconstruct his Sunday experiences he surmised that he must have gone through the swale and probably fallen down there, for his shoes and clothing were muddy; but as he had wakened on high ground a considerable distance from the swale he supposed he had wandered round and finally fallen asleep over by the hedge. Two things had rather puzzled him, however: One was a small black-and-blue spot on his left side; certainly he had been struck there. The other was that on undressing he found the bandanna handkerchief stuck under a suspender on his shoulder—a very strange and inconvenient place for him to have put a handkerchief, even in the disordered state of Sunday afternoon.

He was now stricken with a paralyzing belief that he had fallen asleep in the swale with the handkerchief over his face; that a man and a woman from the red cottage had carried him to the higher ground, sticking the handkerchief through his suspender and, having laid him down, had presumably, as a final kindness, waked him up with a little kick in the ribs.

At once the awful implications of the situation rose upon him. In the course of their discussion Constable McCabe asked him whether he had noticed anything unusual at the red cottage Sunday afternoon or early evening. He replied that directly after dinner on Sunday he had walked over to Wesley Bennett's, at the upper end of Chubbuck Lake, spending the afternoon and early evening there—a statement that investigation would at once disclose to be false. Many people—but especially Mrs. Pruitt—could identify his knife and key ring. How could he explain their having been found in the swale where the sprawled body lay? In the kitchen early Monday morning he smelled a peculiarly nauseating odor which seemed to come from the cellar. Going down there he found that he had left the spigot open and a kegful of hard cider had run out on the floor. He had scrubbed the floor diligently, and was just about to go to the village to buy vinegar to refill the keg when Constable McCabe appeared.

It all rose crushingly upon him and he sat paralyzed, experiencing the pangs of dissolution. Fortunately, Constable McCabe almost immediately took his leave, to await the sheriff over at Pribbles.

Sheriff Megee had said he would drive over as soon as he could arrange to leave court, which was then in session. Doubtless he would be there within an hour. Naturally he would confront the people in the red cottage. Naturally they would explain that they had found Alonzo Pruitt dead drunk in a marsh and carried him to higher ground. And they could prove it too.

A more awful situation Mr. Pruitt could not imagine. As he pondered it, in an ecstasy of horror, only one ray of hope appeared to him: Occupancy of the red cottage suggested a lean purse, and his purse was one of the longest in those parts.

With this idea in mind he ran into the house in panicky haste, put the check book in his inside coat pocket, and went rapidly down through his apple orchard, his life trembling in the balance. Of course he would go to the back door, out of sight of the road.

Skirting the hedge he thrust his small body through a gap in it and stood before the Barnes woman. She was on the little back porch by the open kitchen door, talking to somebody inside; but she looked round as he squeezed through the hedge.

He had often observed her at some distance—sometimes working in the little garden, plying spade or hoe with the strength of a man. She used the implements inexpertly, as his experienced eye quickly noted, yet kept at it tirelessly, pausing now and then to toss the tumbled reddish-brown hair out of her eyes with a shake of her head or to brush it aside with her wrist, her hands being soiled with her work. He had allowed that she was a well-set-up young wench, with a tall, lithe body and shoulders of a grenadier. At close view he saw that her features were regular, and she looked down at him with a ready good-nature. As she stood on the porch, which was two feet above the ground where he stood, she towered to his upturned eye. In his panicky haste he went at the business plumply:

"I came over to tell you that the sheriff will be here any minute. I'd like to see your husband if he's home." There was the note of nervous agitation in his voice.

The color in her face faded, her lips parted and her blue eyes grew brilliant with alarm; she turned her face to the kitchen as though dumbly appealing to someone inside.

A long-limbed, square-browed young man, the lower part of whose face was blue from dense beard roots, came quickly out of the kitchen, his forehead wrinkled in a belligerent frown.

"What's that you say?" he demanded.

Mr. Pruitt, with some astonishment, repeated his statement.

Then a second man appeared in the kitchen doorway—the one whose clandestine presence Mr. Pruitt had reported to the constable. He seemed younger than the other two, though he already inclined to corpulence. Brown hair curled tightly over his round head. His forehead was unusually high, and across its base the eyebrows were drawn in two dark straight lines. His nose was indented in the middle as though it had been broken early in life, and his chin was short. He was not an ill-looking young man, yet there was such an unusualness in his features that no one, having seen him, would be likely to forget his face.

He was pale and Mr. Pruitt was immediately impressed by something oxlike in him—a sort of slow, steady ponderousness. He stepped forward to the edge of the porch, folded his hands and addressed Mr. Pruitt with a quiet deliberateness: "All right; I'm ready."

The Barnes woman's tall figure drooped and her face drew as though she had received a blow. She came forward beside the clandestine young man and put her arm

*The Boys Came Unseen Upon a Man and a Woman Who Between Them Bore the Inert Body of a Man*

over his shoulder with a woman's fond, compassionate yearning.

Her husband rubbed his frowning brows and said to Mr. Pruitt with baffled anger: "It was really an accident. . . . If they'll only give him a fair show. . . . Of course he oughtn't to have run away. That's where he made his mistake."

The Barnes woman, her arm over the clandestine man's shoulder and her pale face drawn, addressed Mr. Pruitt:

"Anybody'd know Carl never would 'a' meant to do it!"

Her voice was deep for a woman's and rather throaty, but pleasant to the ear. It pleaded for Carl.

Carl himself then spoke with his heavy deliberateness, as though his brain moved slowly, like his body:

"He kept badgering me to go to the river with him. I tried the best I could to get out of it; but when he'd made up his mind to anything there wasn't any use trying to get out of it unless you was ready to have a fight with him."

The woman cut in hotly: "He never was anything but a big rotten bully! You ask anybody at Three Forks that ever knew Nick Ahrens and they'll tell you the same thing. I guess I knew him! I handed him a couple that loosened up his teeth before he let me alone!"

"In the three years I worked for him I did the best I could to keep him good-natured," said Carl very gravely. "I'm sorry now I didn't quit long ago. But you know how it is—a fellow don't like to give up a good job. He was always stringing me along, promising me something better. He strung everybody." He hesitated a moment, refolded his hands by putting the other one on top and added with round-eyed solemnity: "I'm the last man in the world that ought to say a word against him now; but there wasn't a straight hair in his head." He made the statement as though regard for truth compelled it.

"The whole trouble was, everybody was afraid of him," said the husband with energy. "Of course, I only met him two or three times; but the first time I saw him I made up my mind what he needed was some man to stand up and dent his face in."

"He was a good salesman," Carl interposed, as though justice must be done the man. "He held a big trade in Three Forks and all round there. I suppose the brewery figured that as long as he sold a lot of beer it didn't matter what kind of man he was. But that's where they fooled themselves. When I first went there I saw he was holding out on his collections. He'd always be a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars behind.

"You see," he explained, with his slow, careful ponderousness, "he had the brewery agency there and I was working for him, so it wasn't any of my business whether he held out or not. But I've thought afterward that maybe he was bound to keep me because he thought a new man, who saw how he was holding out, might blab about it so it would get back to the brewery. The last year he was holding out more and more. I think he got into some kind of speculation. I'm sure he was ten thousand dollars behind, and it may have been more.

"That seemed to make him harder to get along with. He was worried, I guess, and wanted to take it out on everybody round him. I was going to quit two, three times; but then he'd always come round and promise me everything and argue with me to stay. He had a way when he went at you—well, you just had to do it or fight. It was that way this day. You see, the law for bass run out that day and he was bound to go up above Newton's and have a try at 'em before dinner. I tried to get out of it, but it was no use.

"We got in his car and drove up above Newton's—about seven miles—and started fishing, me rowing and him casting. It was all fine until we'd been out a while and it come on toward sunset and I wanted to go back. Then he began badgering me. Seemed like there wasn't anything a man could think of to say to another man to make him sore that he didn't say to me."

He lifted a puffy hand to his short chin, staring. "I ain't a quick-tempered man. I guess I'll stand as much as anybody to keep out of a row. But when I get mad—well, I'm mad clear through. I told him to shut his mouth; I'd had enough. And I turned the boat round to row back to where the car was. We was along the edge of the water lilies and he was standing up in the stern, casting. He looked me in the eye—and said something to me, and I hit him with the oar and he went over."

The young man paused a moment and refolded his hands. The Barnes woman looked down. Her husband also looked down, and the muscles of his jaw stiffened. His round, solemn eyes fixed steadily upon Mr. Pruitt's amazed face, Carl went on:

"I thought of course he'd come up. But he didn't. It was terrible—waiting for him. It sort of came to me that he wasn't going to come up—he'd been under too long. I hit him only on the shoulder; but I knew the bottom was weedy there. He must have got tangled. Seemed like it was a million years.

"It was twilight then. There was another boat with two or three men in it a ways up the river. I thought they must have seen me hit him. You see, my head was all in a jumble. I knew I'd waited so long, hoping he'd come up, that it must be all up with him. I rowed back and got into the car—just like a log of wood, as you might say, without a wit in my head. Of course I'd knocked him over and I was responsible. I thought the law wouldn't pay any attention to how he'd badgered me. Seemed like I couldn't go back to Three Forks. I got out of the car again and walked over to Newton's—that was only a mile—and took an interurban trolley. I remembered that sister had come to this place. I wanted to get to her. So I came here."

(Continued on Page 81)

# THE FALSE FACES

## A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF

XIV

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS hardly possible to watch Mr. Blensop functioning in his vocational capacity without reflecting on that cruel injustice which Nature only too often practices upon her offspring in secreting most praiseworthy qualities within fleshy envelopes of hopelessly frivolous cast.

The flowing gestures of this young man, his fluting accents, poetic eyes and modestly ingratiating mustache, the preciosity of his taste in dress, assorted singularly with an austere devotion to duty rare if unaffected.

Beyond question, whether or not naturally a man of studious and conscientious temper, Mr. Blensop figured to admiration in the rôle of such a one. Seated, the shaded lamplight an aureole for his fair young head, he wrought industriously with a beautiful gold-mounted fountain pen for fully five minutes after Lanyard had stolen into the draped recess of the French window, pausing only now and again to take a fresh sheet of paper or consult one of the sheaves of documents that lay before him.

At length, however, he hesitated with pen lifted and abstracted gaze focused upon vacancy, shook a bewildered head and rose, moving directly toward the windows.

For as long as thirty breathless seconds Lanyard remained in doubt; there was the barest chance that in his preoccupation Blensop might pass through to the garden without noticing that dark figure flattened against the inswung half of the window, in the dense shadow of the portière. Otherwise the game was altogether up; Lanyard could see no way to avoid the necessity of staggering Blensop with a blow, racing for freedom, abandoning utterly further effort to learn the motive of Karl's impersonation of Duchemin.

He gathered himself together, waited poised in readiness for any eventuality—and blessed his lucky stars to find his apprehensions idle. Three paces from the windows Mr. Blensop made it plain that he was, after all, not minded to stroll in the garden. Pausing, he swung a high-backed wing chair round to face the corner of the room, switched on a reading lamp, sat down, and selected a volume of some work of reference from the well-stocked bookshelves.

For several minutes, seated within arm's length of the trespasser, he studied intently; then with a cluck of satisfaction replaced the volume, extinguished the light and went back to his writing.

Then presently he checked with a vexed little exclamation, shook his pen impatiently and fixed it with a frown of pained reproach. But that did no good. The cussedness of the inanimate was strong in this pen: Since its reservoir was quite empty it mulishly refused more service without refilling.

With a long-suffering sigh Mr. Blensop found a filler in one of the desk drawers, and unscrewed the nib of the pen.

This accomplished he paused, listened for a moment with head cocked intelligently to one side, dropped the dismembered implement and got up alertly. At the same moment the door to the hallway opened and two women entered, apparently sisters—one a lady of mature and distinguished charm, the other an equally prepossessing creature much her junior, the one strongly animated with intelligent interest in life, the other a listless prey to habitual ennui.

To these fluttered Mr. Blensop, offering to relieve them of their evening wraps.

"Permit me, Mrs. Arden," he addressed the elder woman, who tolerated him dispassionately. "And you, Mrs. Stanistreet. I say, aren't you a bit late?"

"Frightfully," assented Mrs. Stanistreet in a weary voice. "It must be all of midnight."

"Hardly that, Adele," said Mrs. Arden with a humorous glance.

"Dinner, the play, supper, and home before twelve!" commented Blensop, shocked. "I say, that is going some, you know."

"George would insist on hurrying home," the young wife complained. "Frightfully tiresome. We were so comfy, too ——"

"The Crystal Room?" Dissembled envy poisoned Blensop's accents.

"Frightfully interestin'—everybody was there. I did so want to dance—missed you, Arthur."

"I say—you didn't, did you, really?"

"Poor Mr. Blensop!" Mrs. Arden interjected with just a hint of malice. "What a pity you must be chained down by inexorable duty while we fly round and amuse ourselves."

"I must not complain," Blensop stated with humility becoming in a dutiful martyr, a pose that he saw fit quickly to discard as another man came briskly into the room. "Ah, good evening, Colonel Stanistreet."

"Evening, Blensop."

With a brusque nod Colonel Stanistreet went straightway to the desk, stopping there to take up and examine the work upon which his secretary had been engaged; a gentleman considerably older than his wife, of grave and sturdy cast, with the habit of standing solidly on his feet and giving undivided attention to the matter in hand.

"Anything of consequence turned up?" he inquired abstractedly, running through the sheets of pen-blackened paper.

"Three persons called," Blensop admitted discreetly. "One returns at midnight."

Stanistreet threw him a keen look. "Eh!" he said, making swift inference, and turned to his wife and sister-in-law. "It is nearly twelve now. Forgive me if I hurry you off."

"Patience," said Mrs. Arden indulgently. "Not for worlds would I hinder your weighty affairs, dear old thing, but I sleep more sound o' nights when I know my trinkets are locked up securely in your safe."

With a graceful gesture she unfastened a magnificent necklace and deposited it on the desk.

"Frightfully tiresome," her sister commented from the doorway. "As if anybody would dare break in here."

"Why not?" Mrs. Arden inquired calmly, stripping her fingers of their rings.

"With a watchman patrolling the grounds all night ——"

"Letty is sensible," Stanistreet interrupted. "Howson's faithful enough, and these American police dependable, but second-story men happen in the best-guarded neighborhoods. Be advised, Adele: leave your things here with Letty's."

"No fear," his wife returned coolly. "Too frightfully weird." She drifted across the threshold, then hesitated, a pretty figure of disdainful discontent.

"But really, Colonel Stanistreet is right," Blensop interposed vivaciously. "What do you imagine I heard tonight? The Lone Wolf is in America!"

"What is that you say?" Mrs. Arden demanded sharply.

"The Lone Wolf! Fact—have it on most excellent authority."

"The Lone Wolf," Mrs. Stanistreet drawled. "If you ask me, I think the Lone Wolf nothing in the world but a scapegoat for police inefficiency."

"You wouldn't say that," Mrs. Arden retorted, "if you had lived in Paris as long as I. There, in the dear old days, we paid that rogue too heavy a tax not to believe in him."

"Frightful rot," insisted the other. "I'm off. Night, Arthur. Shall you be long, George?"

"Oh, half an hour or so," her husband answered abstractedly as she disappeared.

With a little gesture consigning her jewelry, heaped upon the desk, to the care of her brother-in-law, Mrs. Arden uttered good-nights and followed her sister.

Blensop bowed her out respectfully, shut the door, returned to the desk.

"What's this about the Lone Wolf?" Stanistreet inquired, sitting down to con the papers more intently.

"Oh!" Blensop laughed lightly. "I was merely repeating the blighter's own assertion. I mean to say, he boasted he was the Lone Wolf."

"Who boasted he was the Lone Wolf?"

"Chap who called to-night, giving the name of Duchemin—André Duchemin. Had French passports, and letters from the home office recommending him rather highly. Useful creature, one would fancy, with his knowledge of the right way to go about the wrong thing—what? Ought to be especially helpful to us in hunting down the Hun over here."

"Is this the man who is returning at midnight?"

"Yes, sir. I thought it best to make the appointment."

"Why?"

"He said he had crossed on the Assyrian; said it significantly, you know. I fancied he might be the person you have been expecting." Stanistreet looked up with a frown. "Hardly," he said; "if, that is, he is really what he claims to be. I wonder how he came by those letters."

"Does seem odd, doesn't it, sir? A confessed criminal!"

"An extraordinary man, by all accounts. Those other callers ——"

"Nobody of importance, I should say. A man who gave his name as Ember and got a bit shirty when I asked his business. Told him you might consent to see him at nine in the morning."

"And the other ——"

"A young woman—deuced pretty girl—also reticent. What was her name? Brooke—that was it—Cecelia Brooke."

"The devil!" Stanistreet exclaimed, dropping the papers. "What did you say to her?"

"What could I say, sir? She refused to divulge a word about her business with us. I told her ——"

Warned by a gesture from Colonel Stanistreet, Blensop broke off. Walker was opening the door.

"Well, Walker?"

"A Mr. Duchemin, sir, says Mr. Blensop made an appointment with you for twelve to-night."

"Show him in, please."

The footman shut himself out. Blensop clutched nervously at Mrs. Arden's jewels.

"Hadn't I better put these in the safe first?"

"No—no time." Stanistreet opened a drawer of the desk—"Here!"—and closed it as Blensop hastily swept the jewelry into it. "Safe enough there as long as he doesn't know, at all events. But don't forget to put them away after he goes."

"No, sir."

Again the door opened. Walker announced "Mr. Duchemin." Stanistreet rose in his place. A man strode in with the assurance of one who has discounted a cordial welcome.

Through a gap which he had quietly created between the portière and the side of the window Lanyard stared hungrily, and for the second time that night damned heartily the inadequate light in the library.

The impostor's face, barely distinguishable in the upthrown penumbra of the lamp shade, wore a beard, a rather thick dark beard of negligent abundance, after a mode popular among Frenchmen, above which his features were an indefinite blur.

Lanyard endeavored with ill success to identify the fellow by his carriage; there was a perceptible suggestion of a military strut, but that is something hardly to be termed distinctive in these days. Otherwise he was tall, quite as tall as Lanyard, and had much the same character of body—slender and lithe.

But he was Karl beyond question, confederate and murderer of Baron von Harden, the man who had thrown the light bomb to signal the U-boat, the brute with whom Lanyard had struggled on the boat deck of the Assyrian though the latter in the confusion of that struggle had thought the German's beard a masking handkerchief of black silk.

Now by that same token he was no member of that smoking-room coterie upon whom Lanyard's suspicions had centered. On the other hand, any number of passengers had worn beards, not a few of much the same mode as that sported by this nonchalant fraud. Vainly Lanyard cudgeled his wits to aid a laggard memory, haunted by a feeling that he ought to know this man instantly, even in so poor a light. Something in his habit, something in that insouciance that so narrowly escaped insolence, was at once strongly reminiscent and provokingly elusive.

Pausing a little ways within the room, the fellow clicked heels and bowed punctiliously in Continental fashion, from the hips.

"Colonel Stanistreet, I believe," he said in a sonorous voice—Karl's unmistakable voice—"chief of the American bureau of the British secret service?"

"I am Colonel Stanistreet," that gentleman admitted. "And you, sir ——"

"I have adopted the name of André Duchemin," the impostor stated. "With permission I retain my incognito."

Colonel Stanistreet inclined his head slightly. "As you will. Pray be seated."

Aided by the Surprise of His Onslaught, Lanyard Succeeded in Disarming the Spy

He dropped back into his chair, while Karl with a murmur of acknowledgment again took the armchair on the far side of the desk, where the lamp stood between him and the secret watcher.

"My secretary tells me you have letters of introduction ——"

"Here." Calmly Karl produced and offered those purloined papers.

"You will smoke?" Stanistreet indicated a cigarette box and leaned back to glance through the letters.

During a brief pause Blensop busied himself with collecting together the documents which had occupied him and began reassorting them, while Karl, helping himself to a cigarette, smoked with manifest enjoyment.

"These seem to be in order," Stanistreet observed. "I note from this code letter that your true name is Michael Lanyard; you were once a professional French thief known as the Lone Wolf, but have since displayed every indication of desire to reform your ways and have been of considerable use to the Intelligence Office. I am desired to employ your services in my discretion, contingent—pardon me—upon your continued good behavior."

"Precisely," assented Karl.

"Proceed, Monsieur Duchemin."

"It is an affair of some delicacy. Do we speak alone, Colonel Stanistreet?"

"Mr. Blensop is my confidential secretary."

"Oh, no objection. Still—if I may venture to suggest those windows open upon a garden, I take it?"

"Yes. Blensop, be good enough to close the windows."

"Certainly, sir."

Stepping delicately, Blensop moved toward the end of the room.

Again Lanyard was confronted with the alternatives of incontinent flight or attempting to remain undetected through adoption of an expedient of the most desperate audacity. He had prepared against such contingency—he did not mean to go; but the feasibility of his proposed maneuver depended entirely upon chance—its success in any event was forlornly problematic.

Karl remained hidden from him by the lamp; so he from Karl. Colonel Stanistreet, facing his caller, sat half turned away from the windows. Everything rested with Blensop's choice, which of the two windows he would elect first to close. A right-handed man, he turned, as Lanyard had foreseen, to the right, and momentarily disappeared in the recess of the farther window. In the same instant Lanyard slipped noiselessly out between the window frame and the inner edge of its portière and dropped into that capacious wing chair which Blensop had thoughtfully placed for him some time since.

Thus seated, making himself as small and still as possible, he was wholly concealed from all other occupants of the library but Blensop; and even this last was little likely to discover him unless suddenly again assailed by that passion for exact knowledge which had previously driven him to consult a work of reference.

He was not. He closed and latched the farther window, then that wherein Lanyard had lurked, and ambled back into the room with never a glance toward that shadowed corner.

And Lanyard drew a deep breath, if a quiet one. Behind him the conversation had continued without break. It was true, he could see nothing; but he could hear all that was said; he had missed no syllable, and now every second was informing him to his profit.

"Your secretary, no doubt, has told you I am a survivor of the Assyrian disaster."

"Yes."

"You were, I believe, expecting a certain communication of extraordinary character by the Assyrian—to be brought, that is, by an agent of the British secret service."

After an almost imperceptible pause Stanistreet said evenly: "It is possible."

"A communication, in fact, of such character that it was impossible to intrust it to the mails or to cable transmission, even in code?"

"And if so, sir ——"

"And you are aware that of the two gentlemen intrusted with the care of this document one was drowned when the Assyrian went down and the other so seriously injured that he has not yet recovered consciousness, but was transferred directly from the pier to a hospital when the Saratoga docked?"

"What then, Monsieur Duchemin?"

"Colonel Stanistreet," said the impostor deliberately, "I have that communication. I will ask you not to question me too closely as to how it came into my possession. I have it; that is sufficient."

"If you possess any document that you conceive to be so important to the British Government, monsieur, and consequently to the Allied cause, I have every confidence in your intention to deliver it to me without delay."

A note of mild derision crept into the accents of Karl.

"I have every intention of so doing, my dear sir. But you must appreciate I have incurred considerable personal danger, hardship and inconvenience in taking good care of this document, in seeing that it did not fall into the wrong hands—in short, in bringing it safely here to you to-night."

A slightly longer pause prefaced Stanistreet's reply, something which he delivered in measured tones: "I am able to promise you the British Government will show due appreciation of your disinterested services."

"Not disinterested—not that!" the cheat protested. "Gentlemen of my kidney, sir, seldom put themselves out except in lively anticipation of favors to come."

"Be good enough to make yourself more clear."

"Cheerfully. I possess this document. I understand its character is such that Germany would pay a round price for it. But I am a good patriot. In spite of the fact that nobody knew I possessed it, in spite of the fact that I need only have quietly taken it to Seventy-ninth Street tonight ——"

"Monsieur Duchemin! Your price?"

"Sorry you feel that way about it," said Karl with ill-concealed insincerity. "You must know thieving is no more what it once was. Even I too often am put to it to make both ends ——"

"If you please, sir—how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

Silence greeted this demand, a lull that to Lanyard seemed endless. For in his fury he was trembling so that he feared lest his agitation betray him. The very walls before his eyes seemed to quake in sympathy. He was aware of the ache of swollen veins in his temples, his teeth hurt with the pressure put upon them, his breath came heavily, and his nails were digging painfully into his palms.

"Blensop ——"

"Sir?"

"How much have we on hand, in the emergency fund?"

"Between ten and twelve thousand dollars, sir."

"Intuition, monsieur, is an indispensable item in the equipment of a successful *chevalier d'industrie*. So, at least, the good novelists tell us ——"

"Open the safe, Blensop, and fetch me ten thousand dollars."

"Very good, sir."

"I presume you won't object to satisfying me that you really have this document, before I pay over your price."

"It is this that makes it a pleasure to deal with an Englishman, monsieur—one may safely trust his word of honor."

"Indeed?"

"Permit me: Here is the document. Use that magnifying glass I see by your elbow, monsieur; take your time; satisfy yourself."

"Thanks. I mean to."

Another break in the dialogue, during which the eavesdropper heard an odd sound, a sort of muffled swishing ending in a slight thud, then the peculiar metallic whine of a combination dial rapidly manipulated, finally the dull clank of bolts falling back into their sockets.

"Your *coffre-fort*—what do you say?—strong-box—safe—is cleverly concealed, Colonel Stanistreet."

There was no direct answer, but after a moment Stanistreet announced quietly: "This seems to be an authentic paper. Monsieur Duchemin, what knowledge precisely have you of the nature of this document?"

"Surely monsieur cannot have overlooked the circumstance that its seals were intact."

"True," Stanistreet admitted. "Still ——"

"I trust monsieur does not question my good faith?"

"Why not?" Stanistreet inquired dryly.

"Monsieur!"

"Oh, damn your play-acting, sir! If you can be capable of one infamy you are capable of more. None the less, you are right about an Englishman's word: Here is your money. Count it and—get out!"

"Thanks." The impostor's tone was an exact imitation of Stanistreet's. "I mean to."

"Permit me to excuse myself," Stanistreet added; and Lanyard heard the muffled scrape of chair legs on the rug as the Englishman got up.

"Gladly," the spy returned; "and ten thousand thanks, monsieur!"

The secretary intoned melodiously, "This way, Monsieur Duchemin, if you please."

"Pardon. Is it material which way I leave?"

*"Ah' Aftuh Yo' Done Gone In He Ast What Is Yo' Name"*

"What do you mean?" Stanistreet demanded.

"I should be far easier in my mind if monsieur would permit me to go by way of his garden."

"What's this?"

"In these little affairs, monsieur, I try to make it a rule to avoid covering the same ground twice!"

"You have the insolence to imply I would lend myself to treachery?"

"I beg monsieur's pardon very truly for suggesting such a thing; nevertheless one cannot well be overcautious when one is a hunted man."

"Blensop, be good enough to see this man out by the garden gate."

"Yes, sir."

"Again, monsieur, my thanks."

"Good night!" said Stanistreet curtly.

Blensop passed Lanyard's chair, unlatched and opened the window, and stood aside. An instant later Karl joined him, swung on a heel, facing back, clicked heels again and bowed mockingly. Apparently he got no response, for he laughed quietly, then turned and went out through the window, Blensop mincing after.

With a struggle Lanyard mastered the temptation to dash after the spy, overtake and overpower him, expose and give him up to justice. Only the knowledge that by remaining quiescent, by biding his time, he might be enabled to redeem his word to the Brooke girl, gave him strength to be still. But he suffered exquisitely, maddened by the defamation imposed upon his nickname of a thief by this brazen impostor.

Nor was wounded *amour propre* mended by an exclamation in the room behind his chair, the accents of Colonel Stanistreet thick with contempt:

"The Lone Wolf! Faugh!"

*He Seemed to Recall a First Impression of a Shambling Figure With Nose Flattened Against the Druggist's Window*

### XV

PRESENTLY Blensop came back, closed the window, and passed blindly by Lanyard, his reappearance saluted by Stanistreet in tones that shook with contained temper.

"You saw that animal outside the walls?"

Mildly injured surprise was indicated in the reply: "Surely, sir!"

"And locked the door after him?"

"Yes, sir—securely."

"Howson anywhere about?"

"I didn't see him. Dare say he's prowling somewhere within call. Do you wish to speak to him?"

"No. But you might, if you see anything of him, tell him to keep an extra eye open tonight. I don't trust this self-styled Lone Wolf."

"Naturally not, sir—under the circumstances."

Stanistreet acknowledged this with an irritated snort. "No matter," he thought aloud; "if it has cost us a pretty penny we have got this safe in hand at last. I've not had too much sleep, I can promise you, since the report came through of Bartholomew's death and Thackeray's disablement. Nor am I satisfied that this Monsieur Duchemin came by the document fairly. Confound his impudence! If he hadn't put me on honor, tacitly, I'd not hesitate an instant about informing the police."

"Rather chancy course to take in this business, what?"

"I don't know. That American invention known as the frame-up would easily make America too small for the Lone Wolf without the British secret service ever being mentioned in the matter."

"Yes, but suppose the beast knows the contents of this paper, suspects the authorship of the frame-up—as he instinctively would—and blabs? Messages have been unsealed and copied and resealed before this."

"That one consideration ties my hands. Here, my boy, take this and put it in the safe—and don't forget Mrs. Arden's things, of course. Good night."

"Trust me, sir. Good night."

A door closed with a slight jar, and for half a minute the room was so positively quiet that Lanyard was beginning to wonder if Blensop himself had not gone out with his employer, when he heard a low and musical chuckle, followed by a soft clashing as the secretary scooped Mrs. Arden's jewelry out of the desk drawer.

Itching with curiosity Lanyard turned with infinite care and peered round the wing of the chair, thus gaining a view of the wall farthest from the street.

Blensop remaining invisible, Lanyard's interest centered immediately upon the safe, the ingenuity of whose concealment had excited Karl's favorable comment—and with much excuse.

One of the portraits, that upon whose merits Blensop had descanted to Karl earlier in the night, was, Lanyard saw, so mounted upon a solid panel of wood that by means of hidden mechanism it could be moved sidelong from its frame, uncovering the face of a safe built into the wall.

This last now stood open, its door, swung out toward Lanyard, showing a simple arrangement of dials and locks with which he was on terms of contemptuous familiarity; only the veriest tyro of a cracksman would want more than a good ear and a subtle sense of touch in order to open it without knowledge of the combination. With all its reputation for efficiency and astuteness the British secret service intrusted its mysteries to the keeping of antiquated contraptions such as this!

Humming a blithe little air, Blensop moved into Lanyard's field of vision and stopped between him and the safe, deftly pigeonholing therein the docketed papers and Mrs. Arden's jewels. Then, closing the door, he shot its bolts, gave the dial a brisk twirl, located a lever in the side of the frame and thrust it into its socket. With the same swish and thud that had puzzled Lanyard at first hearing, the portrait slipped back into place.

Rounding on a heel Blensop paused, head to one side, a slight frown shadowing his bland countenance, and stood briefly rooted in some perplexity of obscure origin. Twice he shook a peevish head, then smiled radiantly and brought his hands together in an audible clap.

"I have it!" he cried in delight and, dancing briskly toward the desk, once more disappeared.

Now what was this which Mr. Blensop so spontaneously had, and from the having of which he derived so much apparently innocent enjoyment? Wanting an answer Lanyard settled back in disgust, then sat sharply forward, gaze riveted to the near sash of the adjacent window.

In showing Karl out Blensop had moved the portières, exposing more glass than previously had been visible. Now this mirrored darkly to the adventurer a somewhat distorted vision of Blensop standing over the desk, seemingly employed in no more amusing occupation than filling his fountain pen. But undoubtedly he was in the highest spirits, for the lilt of his humming rose sweet and clear and ever louder.

To this accompaniment he pocketed his pen, two-stepped to the windows, drew the portières jealously close, returned to the desk, switched off the reading lamp, and left the room completely dark but for a dim glow from the ash-filmed embers of the fire.

But before he went out the secretary interrupted his humming to laugh with a mischievous *élan* that completely confounded Lanyard. He was not unacquainted with the Blensop type, but the secret glee that seemed to animate this specimen was something far beyond his comprehension.

As the door softly closed Lanyard moved silently across the room and bent an ear to its panels, meantime drawing over his hands a pair of thin white kid gloves.

From beyond came no sound other than a faint creaking of stair treads quickly silenced. Opening the door Lanyard peered out, finding the hallway deserted and dimly lighted by a single bulb of little candle power at its far end, then scouted out as far as the foot of the stairs, listened there for a little, hearing no sounds from above, and reconnoitered through the other living rooms, at length returning to the library persuaded he was alone on the ground floor of the house.

A patent lock was fixed to the library side of the door. Lanyard released its catch, insuring freedom from interruption on the part of anybody who lacked the key, crossed to the side door, left this on the latch and, having thus provided an avenue for escape, turned attention to business—in brief, to the safe.

Turning on the picture light overhead he found and operated the lever, with his other hand so restraining the action of the panel that it moved aside without perceptible jar. Then with an ear to that smooth, cold face of enameled steel he began to manipulate the combination. From within the door a succession of soft clicks and knocks punctuated the muted whine of the dial, speaking a

language only too intelligible to the trained hearing of a thief, synchronous breaks and resistance in the action of the dial conveyed additional information through the medium of supersensitive finger tips. Within two minutes he had learned all he needed to know and, standing up, twirled the knob right and left with a confident hand. At its fourth stop he heard the dull bump of released tumblers, grasped the handle and twisted it strongly. The door swung open.

Systematically Lanyard searched the pigeonholes, emptying all but one, examining minutely their contents without finding that slender roll of paper. Mystified, he hesitated. The thing, of course, was somewhere there, only hidden more cunningly than he had hoped. It was possible, even probable, that Blensop had stowed the cylinder away in a secret compartment. But the interior arrangement was disconcertingly simple. Lanyard saw no sign of waste space in which such a drawer might be secreted. Unless, to be sure, one of the pigeonholes had a false back.

He began a fresh examination, again emptying each pigeonhole and sounding its rear wall without result till there remained only that in which Blensop had placed the Arden jewels. It was necessary to move these, but Lanyard long withheld his hand, reluctant to touch them, for that same reason which had influenced him to avoid them in his first search. Jewels such as these he both worshiped and desired with the passionate adoration of a connoisseur and lover in one. He feared violently the temptation of physical contact with such stuff.

For his was no thief's errand to-night, but a matter, as he conceived it, of his private honor, something apart and distinct from the code of rogue's ethics that guided his professional activities. He had pledged his word to Cecelia Brooke to keep safe for her that cylinder of paper, to return it on her demand for whatsoever disposition she might choose to make of it. It was no concern of his what that choice might turn out to be, any more than it was his affair whether the document were a paper of international importance. But she must and should, if act of his could compass it, be given opportunity to redeem her word of honor if, as one believed, that likewise were involved in the fate of the document.

He had stolen into this house like a thief because he had given a pledge and perforce had been made false to that pledge, because he had been despoiled of the concrete evidence of the trust reposed unasked in him, and because he had learned that his spoiler was to meet Stanistreet in this room at midnight. He was here solely to make good his word, to take away that cylinder, could he find it, and to return it to the girl—not to thieve. Never that!

Slowly, reluctantly, inevitably he put forth his hand and selected from among those brilliant symbols of his soul's profound damnation the necklace, a rope of diamonds consummately matched, a rivulet of frozen fire, no single stone less lovely than another.

"Admirable!" he whispered. "Oh, admirable!"

Hesitant to do this thing that to him, by the strange standard of his warped code, spelled dishonor, he would and he would not; and while he faltered he was visited by an oddly vivid memory of the clear and candid eyes of Cecelia Brooke, seemed veritably to see them searching his own with their look of grieving wonder—the eyes of one woman who had reckoned him worthy of her trust.

Almost he won the victory in this fight he was foredoomed to lose. Under the level and steadfast regard of those eyes his hand went out to replace the necklace, moved unsteadily, faltered.

Beyond the windows an incautious footfall sounded. In the darkness out there someone blundered into a piece of wicker furniture and disturbed it with a small scraping sound, all but inaudible, but to the thief as loud as the blast of a police whistle. Instantly and instinctively, in two simultaneous gestures, Lanyard dropped the necklace into an inner pocket of his coat and switched off the picture light. With hands now as steady and sure as they had been vacillant a moment since, he closed the safe door noiselessly, shot its bolts, and was yards away, crouching behind an armchair, before the man outside had ceased to fumble with the window fastenings.

If this were the watchman Howson, doubtless he would be satisfied with finding the room dark and apparently untenanted, and would go off upon his rounds unsuspecting. If he did not or if he noticed the displaced panel, then would come Lanyard's time to break cover and run for it.

With a faint creak one of the windows swung inward. Curtain rings clashed dully on their pole. Someone came through the portières and paused, pulling them together behind him. The beam of an electric flash lamp lanced the gloom, and its spotlight danced erratically round the room.

Now there was no more thought of flight in Lanyard's humor, but rather a firm determination to stand his ground. This was no night watchman, but a housebreaker, one with no more title to trespass upon those premises than himself; and at that an unskilled hand at such work, the rawest of amateurs, practicing methods as clumsy and childish as any actor playing at burglary on a stage before a simple-minded audience.

The noise he made on entering alone proved that; then this silly business with the flash lamp. And as he moved inward from the windows it became evident that he had not even had the wit to close the portières completely; a violet glimmer of starlight shone in through a deep triangular gap between them at the top.

For all that, the intruder seemed to know what he wanted and where to seek it, betrayed a nice acquaintance with the room, proceeding directly to the safe picked out by his lamp. Arrived beneath it he uttered a low sound, which might have been interpreted as surprise due to finding the panel already out of place. If so, surprise evidently roused in him no suspicion that all might not be well. On the contrary he quite calmly located and turned the switch controlling the picture light.

Immediately, as its rays gushed down and disclosed the man, Lanyard rose boldly from his place in hiding. Now there was no more need for concealment; now was his enemy delivered into his hands.

The man was Karl.

His back to Lanyard, unconscious of that one's catlike approach, the spy put up his flash lamp, searched in a waistcoat pocket and produced a slip of paper, and bent his face close to the combination dial, studying its figures, but abruptly, like a startled animal, whirled round to face the windows.

One of the sashes was thrown back roughly, and a figure clad in the gray livery of a private watchman parted the portières and entered the library.

"Everything all right in here, Mr. Blensop?"

Lanyard saw the sheen of a blue-steel weapon in the hands of Karl, and leaped too late; even as he fell upon the spy's shoulders the pistol exploded.

The watchman reeled back with a choking cry, caught wildly at the portières, and dragged them down with him as he fell.

His screams of agony made hideous the night. And the second was no more than uttered when Lanyard, even in the heat of his struggle, heard sounds indicating that already the household was alarmed.

But the door would hold for a while; it was not probable that the first to come downstairs would think to bring with him the key. Time enough to think of escape when Lanyard had settled his score with this one, no light undertaking. Not only was the score a long one, longer than Lanyard then dreamed, but, as he had learned to his cost, the man was an antagonist of skill and strength not to be despised.

Nevertheless, aided by the surprise of his onslaught Lanyard succeeded in disarming the spy, forcing him to drop the pistol at the outset, and through attacking

(Continued on Page 85)

*His Face Darkened; a Stinging Reproof for the Maitre d'Hotel Trembled on His Tongue's Tip*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Fewer Newspapers

FOR twenty years the number of newspapers and periodicals in the United States has been steadily declining, relatively to population. In the last decade or so the number of daily newspapers has notably decreased. A contemporary reports that, though the population of the fourteen largest cities in Michigan has doubled, the number of daily papers has fallen from forty-two to twenty-three.

No doubt like causes have produced a like effect elsewhere. Quite recently consolidations of dailies in first-class cities have attracted attention. The number of considerable cities with no morning paper and of still bigger places with only one morning paper appears to increase. Within our recollection, five morning papers have disappeared from Chicago, though the population of the city has much more than doubled.

The cause, of course, is the steadily increasing cost of establishing and publishing a newspaper. The investment which formerly would have launched a daily paper in Chicago or New York now hardly suffices for Kalamazoo, and operating costs are so high that a paper must win very substantial support or lose a lot of money.

War has greatly increased operating costs by raising the price of paper, other materials and labor. Probably these war costs have been a governing motive in some recent consolidations. The new revenue law, which not only increases postal charges enormously but provides for a zone system, falls heavily on newspaper profits, and will presumably accelerate the movement toward consolidation, sectionalism and elimination.

We should not be surprised if two daily papers in a city with anything less than a hundred thousand inhabitants became the exception rather than the rule. That would give the surviving publisher a lot of political influence, but would tend to a one-sided discussion of public affairs.

## In the Wall Street Sector

THERE had been a gorgeous boom in stocks. In the matter of sensational rises in certain shares it was probably the biggest boom ever known. A lot of people had made a lot of money. More people knew about it, with whetted appetites.

When the United States declared war it was obvious enough that, from the stock-market point of view, the cream had all been skimmed off. The Government would be restricting profits, both by fixing prices and levying heavy taxes. Operating costs were bound to rise; labor would demand more wages and be in a strategic position to enforce its demands. Moreover, the Government's enormous requirements for capital would absorb about all the loose money in the country, leaving very little for the purchase of other securities.

In that situation a set of experienced and cashhardened operators began hammering stocks. They sold a great quantity. As the buying power was feeble, values fell. Then the bears consolidated their gains and made a fresh drive. With all the uncertainties of the situation, and when most habitual investors were husbanding their resources for Liberty bonds, few were inclined to buy. The bear pressure forced stocks lower and lower.

As usual, the lower stocks fell, the more dubious a great many people became about them. Congress was appropriating billion after billion. Clearly the financial resources of the country were to undergo a bone-cracking test. The new taxes would bite deeply into many businesses. Holders of securities began throwing them over; a big liquidating movement set in. The year has seen one of the greatest slumps in value ever recorded on the Exchange.

The professional bear raids that inaugurated the movement are not a pretty spectacle—no prettier than the strictly selfish demands of some labor unions, some coal operators, and a million others. The bears saw a chance to grab a profit, and they grabbed, without regard to the effect of their action upon the fortunes of the nation. But, after all, that is only incidental, and cursing the bears butters no parsnips.

The big slump in stocks is disagreeable, for its effect upon the general financial position of the nation is rather unfavorable. Partly the slump is only normal reaction from the preceding boom, and would have come, anyhow. Beyond that, it registers the radical change in the situation of the nation from a nominal neutral, reaping profits out of war and bearing none of its burdens, to a belligerent, suffering all of war's inevitable restrictions and bearing the full load of war's burdens.

If anybody is still simple enough to believe that the rich dragged this country into war for their selfish gain, he might spend half an hour in comparing last January's valuation of the securities in which the rich have their money invested with to-day's valuations.

## Operating Costs

A GREAT fall in security values affects the country's general position unfavorably. For example, last January the stock of the concern which has supplied a large city with gas ever since it had gas, and which had regularly paid dividends for a quarter of a century, sold above a hundred dollars a share. It has stopped paying dividends and its stock sells round forty dollars a share. Some people find their ability to buy Liberty bonds restricted; and the ability of the company to borrow for extensions is weakened. A given base of credit has contracted that much.

There is one very specific reason for a fall in security values. All concerns whose income is subject to rigid legal restrictions pay mounting prices for material and labor; and they cannot recoup, as an unrestricted concern can, by charging a higher price for their product.

Railroads come first in this category. They are carrying twenty-five per cent more freight than a year ago; but materials and labor cost so much more that their net earnings show no gain. Nearly all public utilities, such as trolleys and lighting and heating companies, are in the same case. Indications are that labor and material will cost still more; and there are some very well-managed concerns which may be forced into bankruptcy.

Weakening the credit—which means the power to expand and improve—of the companies upon which we depend for the enormously important services these concerns perform, would be a misfortune in any circumstances. It is especially a misfortune now; for, so long as war lasts, it will probably be more and more difficult for quasi public corporations to borrow.

It is difficult enough at present. The Government has the first call on investment money; and after it gets through, the pickings are going to be meager. There is plenty of bank credit for short-time paper, but banks are growing chary of long-time or indeterminate loans, such as public utilities must have for permanent improvements.

It is within the power of governmental bodies to hold down the income of these public-service companies to the minimum—as for some time the Interstate Commerce Commission seemed minded to do with the railroads. But insisting on the pound of flesh is poor economy now.

## Merely Beginning

THIS second Liberty Loan gets us only fairly started. Together with the first one, it gives the Government much less than half the money it must borrow during the current fiscal year. It must be followed very promptly by a third loan and a fourth. And if war outlasts this fiscal year the present four-billion-dollar tax bill will almost certainly be increased.

What this country has undertaken to do financially this year is almost as far beyond what any other country has done in this war as any other country's achievement in the present war is beyond its performance in previous wars.

From one point of view we are at a disadvantage. A census of 1911 showed something over seven million British males between eighteen and forty-four engaged in gainful occupations. Over five million British males between those ages are now under arms. A great part of the effective male population has passed directly into the hands of the government. A like proportion here would give over twelve million Americans in Army and Navy.

Obviously that many breadwinners in Government service at nominal pay must of itself powerfully affect national life and induce a great many economies. All but seven per cent or so of our male breadwinners are occupied as usual, and generally with larger gross incomes than ever before. Economy—in the first instance at least—must be quite voluntary on their part and on the part of their dependents.

It is true the war will finally force such economies as are absolutely necessary—that is, the Government will take whatever part of the national product it wants, and, if other means fail, pay for it with forced loans in the form of paper money. But that would be an exceedingly costly and humiliating expedient.

We believe successive loans will show the need of decidedly greater voluntary effort to economize. Of course, with our males gainfully employed, our productive power should be that much greater relatively than England's. But that does not necessarily touch the question of saving.

## Pass the Webb Bill

FOREIGN trade takes care of itself now. Broadly speaking, there is no question of finding markets, but only a question of finding ships and goods to meet the demand. Of course that condition will end with the war, and we are still unprepared to engage on even terms with our competitors in the fight for markets that will ensue.

Ambassador Gerard closely studied the network of combinations and coöperations by which German manufacturers presented a united front to competitors in foreign trade, and which powerfully assisted them to gain a place in that trade second only to England's. His recent book on Germany records this opinion:

"The only thing that can maintain a fair price for the products of American firms, mines and manufactures after the war is permission to combine for selling abroad. . . . The Webb Bill should be passed."

And England, learning the lesson from Germany, has been moving toward combination and coöperation in foreign selling. With over five million hands withdrawn from productive industry, British exports are about up to the pre-war level.

It is only our big, rich combinations, like the Steel, Oil and Harvester Trusts, that can meet combined foreign competition on equal terms.

The situation has been well understood for three years. So long as American concerns act separately, while their competitors act unitedly, we start the race with a handicap. War may end any day and we are still unprepared for the commercial competition that is bound to follow. After permission has been given, it takes time to organize.

In so clear a case Congress should have given the permission long ago; but the Webb Bill, authorizing combinations for foreign selling only, is still in some pigeonhole. It ought to be passed promptly at the next session. Only a silly and threadbare sentiment against any combination for any purpose—which the war has made doubly ridiculous—stands in the way.

## Mobilizing Jeems

MANY well-to-do Americans are to-day following the wholesome British example of encouraging all domestic menservants either to leave their employ and join the ranks of war workers, or to forsake apron for overalls and take up productive outdoor employments. They reason, and reason rightly, that these are no times for the stalwart Jeems to be polishing silver and drawing corks in the pantry, when there are twice as many man-size jobs as there are men to fill them. All over the country butlers, valets and house men are being gently shoehorned into the productive and useful labor of shop, shipyard, farm and factory, leaving behind them work that can be done nearly as well—if it really has to be done at all—by women and girls.

This growing tendency to direct male labor into the channels in which it will do the most good is not only sound patriotism but sound business as well. It is a far-seeing policy; for no wild flight of fancy is required to imagine a Ways and Means Committee, with new billions of money to raise, imposing a tax of, say, five hundred dollars a head upon every householder employing an indoor manservant. There is much to be said in favor of such a tax. Most household service can be performed by women almost as well as by men. The employment of men for such work is frankly a concession to style and fashion; and experience teaches, the world over, that those who want style must pay for it. An Englishman, even in peacetimes, must pay a guinea a year for the right to emboss his crest upon his letter paper—a survival of the swarm of taxes called into being to pay for ancient wars.

Every American who is so circumstanced that he can afford all the personal service he desires may be fairly expected to throw the weight of his influence and example on the side of frugal living and against every form of extravagance that can be indulged in only at the expense of the common weal.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### Will Irwin

THE snapshot below shows Will Irwin, the well-known American writer, and one of his little French allies.

Mr. Irwin is traveling through Spain, France, Switzerland and Italy to get first-hand stories of the war for the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### Mrs. J. D. Sherman

BY NATURE I am a home woman, by training a club woman, by profession a parliamentarian, and my favorite occupation is

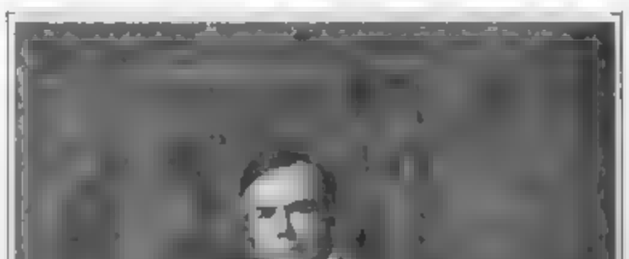
(Concluded on Page 61)

### Commodore Tyrwhitt

COMMODORE SIR R. TYRWHITT, who when on dress parade wears a K. C. B., D. S. O. and A. D. C. at the end of his name, is only the second port captain in history to receive the K. C. B., the last occasion being seventy-eight years ago. He is shown to the left in the photograph below which was taken aboard his flagship.

### William W. Atterbury

AT THE time that he was selected by the United States Government as director general of railways in France, Mr. Atterbury was vice president of the Pennsylvania in charge of operation. It would be difficult to overestimate the dimensions and the importance of the work he has undertaken abroad, and his selection for the task is universally considered a well-merited recognition of his unusual abilities as a railroad man. The snapshot above was taken of Mr. Atterbury at the time of the final review of the 19th Engineers.



### Melville Davisson Post

A NUMBER of readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have written to me to inquire about the structure of the short story. I have not

(Concluded on Page 61)

BRITISH OFFICIAL PICTURES

# REEL TRUE

## By NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BAKER

IN THESE cheery days of floor-scrubbing duchesses," mused Hemmingway as Persis poured tea, "the slogan is: Be sensible and you'll find yourself considered smart."

"We don't want to be sensible, Hemmy"—Persis passed his cup—"yet we must be smart."

"My dear potato patriot," he insisted, "you are the essence of common sense. I plead guilty to being first aid to the ingénue. By the way, do you like the change in the last act?"

"Very—the house caught it too." Persis opened a tiny gold box, which she wore on a bead chain, to extract midget sugar lumps, depositing them in her tea with a virtuous splash. "Hemmy, you've taken four! Don't you think you ought to do your part?"

Hemmingway played with the sugar tongs.

"I ought to send you home. 'Fess up—who knows you're here?"

He leaned across the tea table, his handsome face aquiver with admiration and something else over which women raved and men wondered—charm.

"You and I," she said demurely. "Isn't that enough? The real fascination of afternoon tea is the wonderful sense of secrecy it imparts after the sugar, cream or lemon preliminaries. I adore running off to take tea with you as much as I loathe dining at home and listening to Jimsey sing Jared Ingersoll's praises!"

Her white-silk-clad host leaned back in his chair. He put the tips of tapering, well-cared-for fingers, with sparkling rings, together, and his mouth drew into an amusing attempt at firmness.

"I must send you home."

"Look at me one moment before you decide."

One could not do justice to Persis in a moment. But Hemmingway, with long-accustomed and eager eyes, achieved the impossible. To get at the root of the matter, there was an underskirt of yellow satin with silver lace covering it and tassels growing naturally on all sides. Slim pink hands moved among the tea service to select wafers and drop them on Hemmingway's plate with childish notions of bribery. Her pearl necklace behaved strangely, for it encircled the blue-veined throat and then temporarily disappeared to surprise one in tying a corsage of roses instead of florist's ribbon. Crinkly yellow hair was knotted like a schoolgirl's, and a leghorn hat cast interesting shadows round her oval face, with its firm, dimpled chin. When she tilted her head she displayed not a single regular feature, but a delightful puggish nose and, by contrast, straight eyebrows, so black as to seem painted.

"Checkered things," she murmured, breaking the pause, "whether careers or suits, are always tophole." She audaciously blew him a kiss.

"I feel like the spring-startled banner"—Hemmingway came out of his reverie—"but I must remember that every sugar coating has its bitter pill."

"Are you going to send me home?"

"Not to-day. But you mustn't come again. I've rehearsals and business."

"Clumsy fib!"

"But it's true. My friends insist on investing my money. Last year it was a cranberry patch—but it was blighted with forest fires. Then it was turquoise mines—seems it was a mistake; not turquoise mines at all. The land is now being rented as goat pasture. This year it's a moving-picture concern."

"Will you ever save a sou?"

"Why should I? I make thousands of 'em. Every time I come a flunk I revive an old play and become bloated and proud of heart. Then I start with a new play; and sometimes New York pets, and sometimes it spanks. Larky, y'know. I couldn't go along like Jared Ingersoll, with the responsibility of millions on my back."

"We all know that. . . . Are those your day's crop of mash notes?" She pointed at a busily heaped desk.

He nodded, and asked:

"Want to drive after tea?"

"I'd rather stay here."

"Because your father doesn't want you to! You're a better girl than I am, Gungess Dina; so let's stop drifting." He reached across the table and caught her hand.

"I Should Say," Jimsey Replied Sternly, "That It is More 'Honored in the Breach Than the Observance'"

"Don't be serious to-day." She glanced round the dressing room, with its collection of trash and treasures. "Oh, you've a new porcelain ——"

"Attention! I don't blame Jimsey. Were you my infant you'd be locked in the nursery until Jared Ingersoll forced you to the parsonage. Just the same, I don't ever want that to happen. I wish I were the sort to tie to; but we'd make each other wretched in no time. We both want to play and fight off all the grubby things."

Persis drew her hand away.

"I admit I pursue you. I admit Jared to be everything splendid—but there's something lacking. Jared doesn't know how to laugh, the same as you don't know how to cry. Guess my real names for both of you?"

"Give it up."

"I call Jared the Substance and you the Shadow—you remind me of the legend about the man who was so light weight that he had rocks concealed about him to keep his feet on earth. Now Jared is equally earthbound ——"

"Perhaps, if you loved him ——" suggested Hemmingway unwillingly.

"I do. Don't start, Hemmy; there are very few women who love only one person in a lifetime. I love Jared and I love you. If Jared could gather back his shadow then I'd love him altogether; or if you could acquire substance I'd marry you and make you happy." Her lips twitched with amusement. "It's the lack in each that makes me steal here to take tea and then ask Jared to be my dinner partner. Everyone must have substance and we all need shadow moments. Now you know my heart of hearts."

"I never tell tales out of boudoirs—but couldn't you suggest where a chap might acquire substance?"

"Do something substantial—something really true, as the children say—not exotic compliments or useless gifts. So long as Jared is a plodding man of commerce, without a laugh or a belief in play, and so long as you are a frivolous tea-drinking actor, who wears thumb rings and wash-silk suits, and tells me Hindu fairy stories, I shall play with you, and ask Jared everything that is too much trouble to look up in the dictionary! Bless you, *mes enfants;* and may Jimsey's blood pressure not be called upon to bear too much."

"Where was it you were supposed to be this afternoon?"

"Domestic science, chanting: 'Eat what you can, and what you can't eat can ——'"

Hemmingway came over beside her.

"I want to kiss you—how is that for a mere shadow?"

"Jared never dares say that. He starts 'Will you marry me?' It reminds me of 'Have another pork chop?'"

"Would you really want to marry me, Persis?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes not. Remember, I'm a real hope-to-die heiress, who would make your life one nettle bed after another. I'd say I wanted you to act—but I wouldn't. I'd expect you to settle into something dependable, like manufacturing mousetraps or suspender buckles. I'd expect you to be charming to me and scowl at everyone else. Why, you'd be driven to Honduras in sheer self-defense!" She climbed up in her chair on her knees, facing him and putting her hands on his slender shoulders. "Hemmy, I love parts of you desperately and parts of Jared desperately—and I'm nothing but a pig. Tell me what you think ——"

"I merely dream or sulk. I'm a time waster when I'm not at theater pitch. You can't explain why people act, or that kind of stuff, any more than why foxglove is lined with lacy spots. It just is. I wouldn't go your sort—I merely want to have them see me play. Did you know I was so vain? Sometimes you'd find me as gay as a sultan, and other times as grouchy as a hermit. I'd want you to stay away until the moods passed; and other times I'd love you so savagely you'd flee. You're right—I'd go to Honduras and you'd console yourself by starting soup kitchens." He stooped swiftly to kiss her. "And now I've forgotten all we said," he added. "Let's be married and row about it later."

Persis shook her head.

"No; we'll never talk of it again."

"Never? Maybe I'll browse round and acquire substance, or else Jared will dig up his shadow. The moment you leave me I'm on my knees to the gods to send you back—yet I know you've no right to be here; and I'm nervous until you're home safe and sound, and we haven't eloped."

"You'll see me to-morrow night in Box C. There's a party on."

"I'll foozle—I hate playing when you're in front."

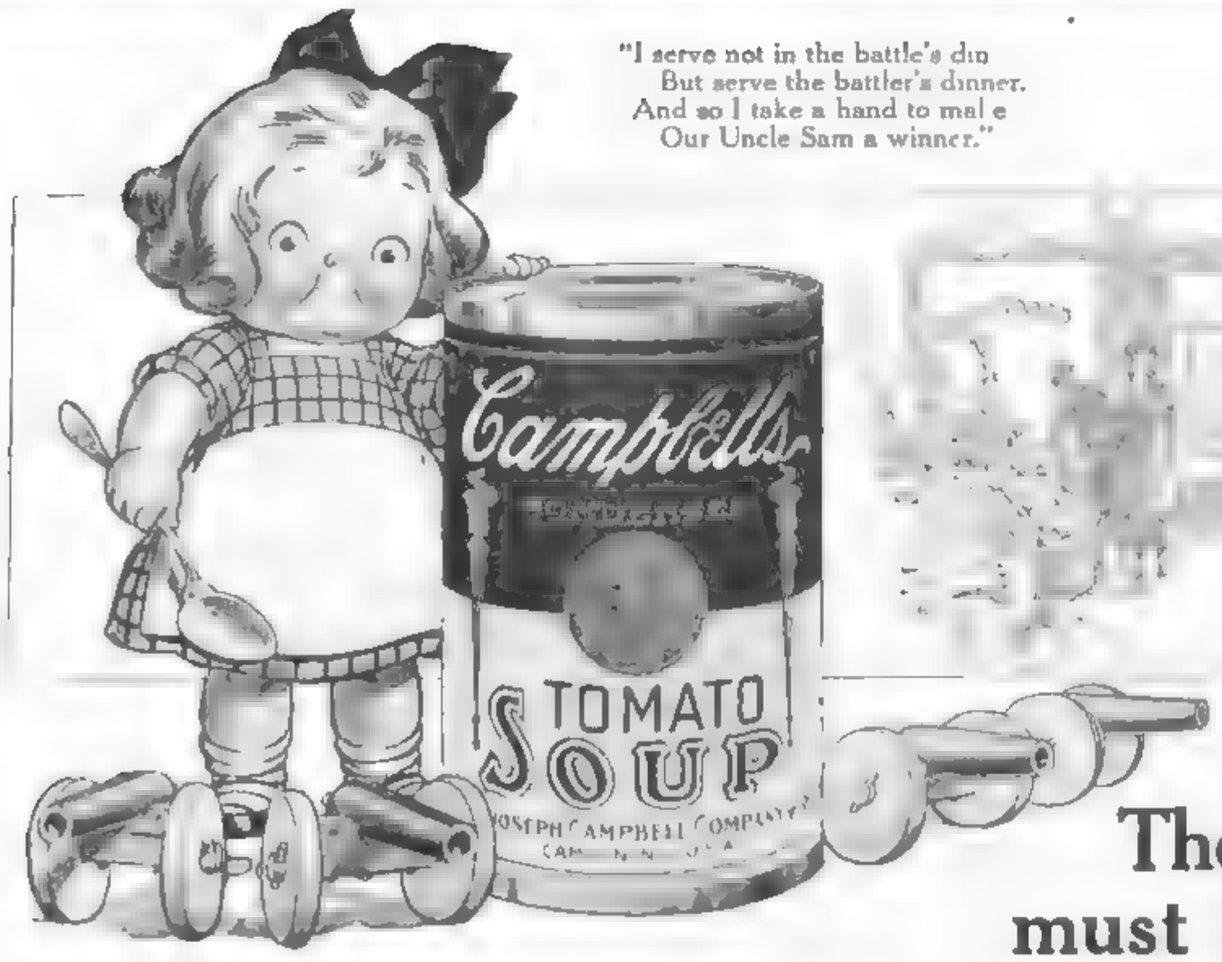
"You must overcome that," she said lightly; "for if we do elope ever after will I be a permanent resident of Box C."

Hemmingway caught her in his arms, unconsciously using all the actor's power as well as the man's sincerity.

"I wish we were going to be married this very minute—do you understand? That we were boarding a steamer for Hong-Kong, and forgetting that I'm Hemmingway, the actor, and you're Persis Stuart, the heiress; and that an eligible millionaire waits for you, backed to the teeth by Jimsey! Do you know, when the sea is all lilac and the sky blackish, flecked with red, and you stand alone and watch the gulls dip down and then fly back, and you take your cue and dip into reality and soar into blessed fancy—do you know how it would seem for you and me to be standing together, eastward bound?

"I've wanted to see how crinkly gold hair would look under a sapphire velvet cap made like an artist's working tam—I've pictured you standing just that way, with the wind blowing the gold crinkles across your forehead and making a wonderful veil for pansy eyes! I've dreamed of you and me in Hong-Kong, with endless blossoms and sweets, and all the fairy-tale love we've ever told each other—mandarin coats, stiff with gold; toys of jasper and pearl; golden sauterne; faded damask, dull bronze idols, to wish us luck; lacquered tables; Venetian looking-glasses;

(Continued on Page 30)




"I serve not in the battle's din
But serve the battler's dinner.
And so I take a hand to mal e
Our Uncle Sam a winner."

## The American housewife must help to win this war

*She will do it by sensible living and judicious buying.*

That is the most powerful aid which a woman can give to the common cause. Every time you select wholesome and economical food which promotes the health and condition of your household you help at the same time to conserve the country's food supply. And—what is equally important, or more so—you help to conserve and increase the national stock of energy and force.

You help in both directions when you give your family the full benefit of

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

In itself it is a tempting, nourishing, economical food. And its favorable effect on the appetite and digestion increases the nutritive value of the other food you eat.

It is pure nourishment. There is no waste about it. You receive it completely blended, seasoned, cooked and ready for your table. This saves your materials and your fuel. It lightens the kitchen work, and makes it easier to keep your help.

It makes a good dinner better. And when served as a Cream of Tomato it is so rich and nutritious that you can often dispense with some heavier course and yet have a meal that is completely satisfying and invigorating.

Buying it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, you not only save something on delivery cost, but you have a delicious meal-course always at hand to enjoy whenever and as often as you like. This is the sensible way to buy.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Asparagus | Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Mock Turtle | Pepper Pot |
| Beef | Clam Bouillon | Mulligatawny | Printanier |
| Bouillon | Clam Chowder | Mutton | Tomato |
| Celery | Consommé | Ox Tail | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken | Julienne | Pea | Vegetable |
| | | | Vermicelli-Tomato |

## Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

a marble bath; copper lanterns and fans of pinky down—oh, I'm quite mad!"

He turned from her, with an almost womanish gesture of despair.

"Hemmy," she said slowly, "we are both quite mad, and both too selfish to be possible for each other. You need a bespectacled frau, who will make you hot lemonades; and I need Jared, who can't laugh, but who will listen to me do so for twenty-four hours daily! I, too, have dreamed of skies that Venice never dared boast of having—a pink-plaster house on the sea's edge, with orchids choking up the garden. A shadow is a dangerous playmate, Hemmy; we're liable to run off in some wild instant and then be as dreary as sin when reality comes tramping on the lacy dreams.

"For instance," she added drolly, "drains are bad in Hong-Kong; too many sweets would make me unromantically fat. Pink-plaster houses collapse, and no one could broil your chops to a turn. We'd exhaust superlative adjectives in a fortnight and find ourselves glad to creep home and never mention the great adventure. Hemmy, what makes you stay just a tantalizing shadow, and what makes me so fascinated? But, then, many women have been fascinated, haven't they?"

"Yes," he told her, with the childish honesty of a great artist; "but I've never philandered with you. I've fought shy of you because I felt I had no right."

"A lovely imp of fate introduced us—then you called; and Jimsey snubbed you, while I boldly asked you to play."

"A fig for retrospective drool "

"Hemmy, suppose something should happen that made me positive I should never marry Jared; and suppose I descended upon you and commanded you to elope ——"

"Don't do so unless you wish Hong-Kong and all we've just said."

"I'll drive home alone." She patted his sleeve jauntily. "But, remember, I've reserved the right to be spirited off."

Returning from the departed cab Hemmingway took out his cigarette case and tossed himself on a couch. The smoke curled up, developing into a small, yellow-satin-clad creature with pansy eyes, saying: "Remember, I've reserved the right to be spirited off." The smoke cleared to display his wall hung with photographs of women, young and old, in evening dress, riding togs, stage costumes of various periods, all autographed—"To Hemmy dear," or "Hemmy, a friend first, last and all time!"

There were no men's pictures. A rosewood frame contained a withered bud and a yellowed glove, about which Hemmy used to weave romance when he entertained at tea. As a matter of fact, he but dimly remembered why he ever had them framed. Affairs rolled off his consciousness as moisture from the duck's spine. For the time being he was all animation, remembering the slightest detail necessary to the incident's perfection. He knew blondes adored black-lace scarfs and brunettes were won through corals; that matrons, still struggling to be flappers, truly appreciated a fire screen; while youngthings thrived on early morning canters.

Hemmy not only knew how to begin affairs but, what is most rare, how to conclude them gracefully. He left no broken hearts or unpleasant sacks of letters in his trail. When the various coryphees married they invariably asked him to meet their husbands, and tried to arrange a marriage with a sister-in-law. It was most satisfactory.

To-day the smoke rings kept drifting into the vision of a pansy-eyed girl, who said: "I have reserved the right to be spirited off!" For the first time in his lucky, luxurious forty years, Hemmingway wished he might acquire substance and honestly spirit Persis off. He knew this was impossible, though for a brief moment he debated starting a manufacturing concern of something simple yet necessary—say, toothpicks. Surely he could master that art! He pictured himself waving in the lumber vans and waving out the trucks laden with little spikes warranted to wreck the wisest of wisdom teeth.

There was no use in such absurdities—he had been created that he act. The damning wall of photographs, evidence of his philandering, reminded him that Persis' pansy eyes were set a trifle too closely to allow extreme broadness of mind. She would not tolerate or understand his palship with Nina, the Russian, though their common interest was the way she played billiards. There was Polly Austin, the cartoonist; and Marie, who danced; Louise, and—heavens, he was actually counting them by twos! So he dismissed the subject and reminded himself of his moods—the gray days when he wanted neither to speak nor to eat; the glorious gold ones, when he did nothing but laugh and sing and squander half a season's profits on extravagant trifles, to be tossed into a drawer and forgotten. Naturally Persis' gold days would be his gray ones, and vice versa—it was a saddish tangle.

"The fact is," said Hemmingway to the wall of feminine ghosts, "I'm waiting at the church long before I've been summoned. Persis will marry Jared—damn-bless him—and that's all there is to it. When it's ended—orange blossoms, rice, column accounts, detective squad to watch the pickle forks—I'll find myself, at the thirteenth hour, fairly groaning with substance!"

"I Wish You Would. I Don't Always Want to Be Persis Stuart—the Eternal Triangle Haunts Me"

*II*

PERSIS greeted her father with an effusive series of kisses, directed toward his left temple.

"Jimsey," she began, "when in the course of Paris events there happens a black tulle frock over scarlet—what do you think of it?" She whirled round to inform him fully on the subject.

"I should say," Jimsey replied sternly, "that it is more 'honored in the breach than the observance.' Now stop prancing and promise to leave that wretched Hemmingway alone."

"Hemmy is my antidote for Jared's statistics."

"Jared Ingersoll appreciates a lady ——"

"How frightfully old-fashioned! A lady is merely one who quirks her finger while drinking tea: whereas a woman is one who can drive a motor ambulance." Another series of kisses followed.

"Ingersoll is a self-made man—he ——"

"Don't tell me the early bird catches the worm, when it's the worm's own fault for rising at such a horrid hour. Playing with Hemmy is my only revenge for your refusing me a hairless spaniel!"

The enraged Jimsey watched a tulle-clad young person vanish down the hall. Later, leaving for the club, he shook hands with Jared, who was coming to call.

"She's waiting for you, my boy," he remarked, with the absurd diplomacy of a matchmaking pater.

Jared would have chosen to find Jimsey a bit stiffish and Persis cordially intimate.

"I thought we were cross at each other?" Persis began.

"Not at all. What have you been doing with yourself."

"Very busy. It was domestic-science class."

"But you weren't there." Jared's square, lantern-jawed face, with its steady gray eyes, was most accusing.

"Oh, wasn't I? Let me see—no; that's so. I suppose you called for me. Well, why didn't you take someone else home?"

"You know why," he told her soberly. "Where were you?"

"You've no right to ask."

"Shall I ever have?"

"You can't be anything but literal, can you? You see life in plain hunks!"

"Would you like me better if I played?"

"Lots better!" She tilted her head defiantly.

"I'm sorry; but I've forgotten how. I brought you this table of figures about our wheat crop—you can see that ——"

Persis waved it aside.

"Tell me a fairy story."

"I can't do that lightweight stuff; you know I can't. Persis, will you marry me?"

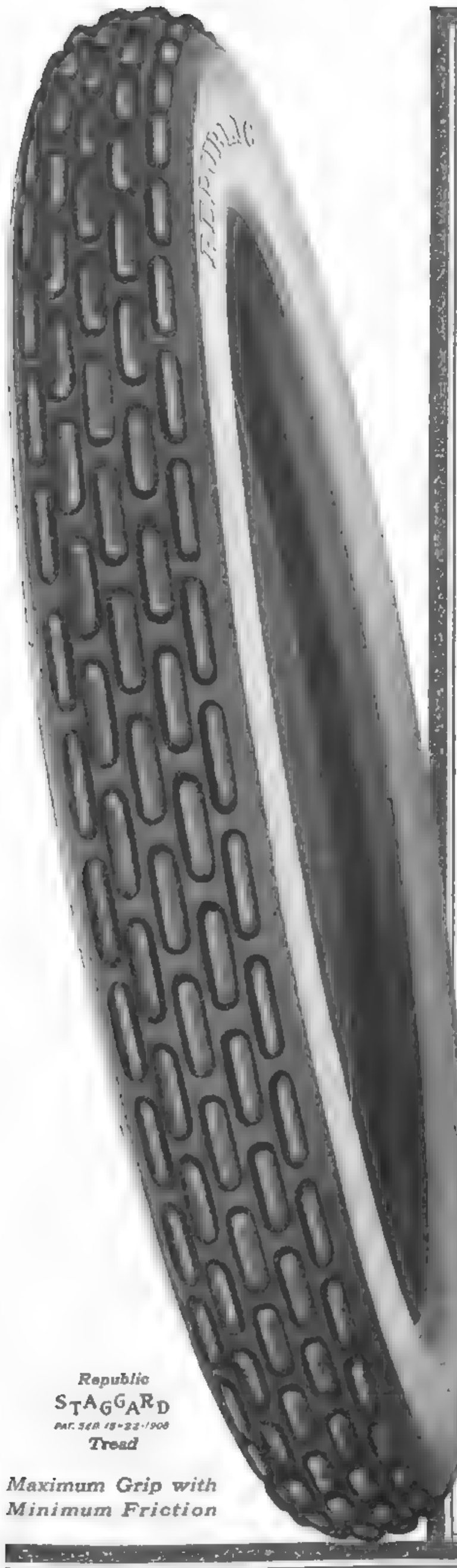
"Don't be impossible!"

"It's getting to be a habit whenever I'm with you ——"

"You're making me sensible; I feel

Continued on Page 33

"Sometimes You'd Find Me as Gay as a Sultan, and Other Times as Grouchy as a Hermit"



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*Tread*

*Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction*

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Prōdium Process and Staggard Tread.

These two Republic developments have surely changed the whole course of tire-manufacture and tire-use.

The first makes Republic Tires last longer. It is an economy.

The second makes them safer. It also is an economy—in wear and in fuel consumption.

Prōdium Process makes rubber stronger and tougher. It gives a tire longer life.

Staggard Studs roll freely and easily, yet exert a powerful anti-skid road grip.

There is no other tread like Republic Staggard; no other approximates its performance.

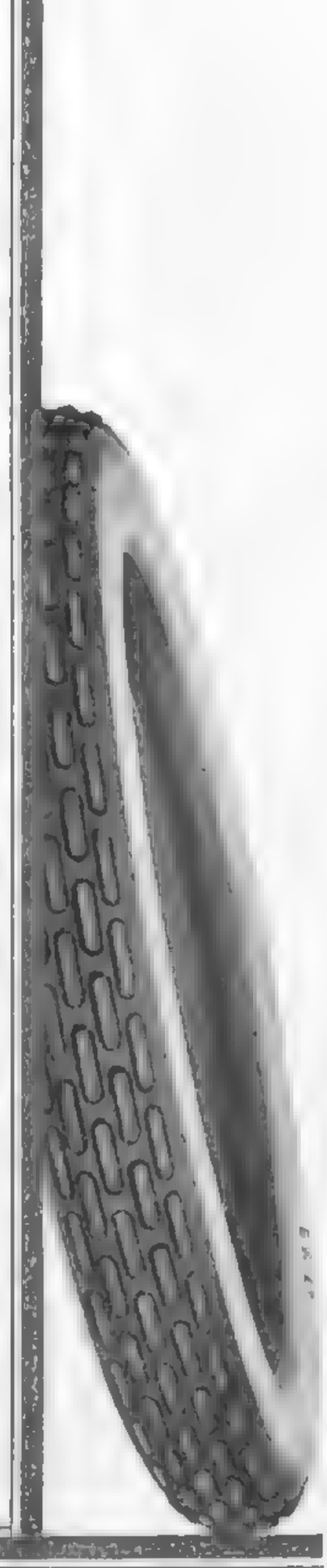
Republic Tires last longer. They are an actual safeguard.

So many people have learned these facts that we have never been able to satisfy the demand for Republic Tires.

*Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble*

**The Republic Rubber Company**
**Youngstown, Ohio**

*Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire*
*Republic Staggard Tread*



# REPUBLIC TIRES

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DETROIT

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

November 10, 1917

To Liberty Owners:-

We look forward to the day when everyone will feel as you feel about the Liberty.

As you well know, getting others to share your admiration is merely a matter of getting them to ride in the Liberty.

We are absolutely confident, therefore, that Liberty goodness will, in due time, become a household word.

Naturally, we want to hasten that day. We want to multiply demonstrations.

You have been so kind in expressing appreciation that we dare to trespass further on your kindness.

Will you be good enough to invite your friends to ride with you in the Liberty?

We do not ask a word in its praise. We do not seek sales. We want good impressions.

We want the friendship of all owners, of all cars. And might we add that there is special satisfaction in impressing those who have owned costlier cars?

If you can favor us thus far without inconvenience, it will strengthen the bond of sympathy between this Company and your home.

Yours very truly,

Roy D. Chapin

President

*This letter has been sent to an entire available list of Liberty Owners. If for any reason your copy has not reached you—will you be good enough to accept this advertisement as addressed to you?*

*We would appreciate very much your personal acknowledgement.*

LIBERTY SIX

# Guard Against Razor Rust

When "Our Boys" leave for the front, thousands of kits will contain 3-in-One.

Training-camps are full of 3-in-One. Also traveling men's grips. Homes, too. Wherever there's need for quick, easy, comfortable self-shaving, there's need for

# 3-in-One

***The High Quality Razor Oil***

3-in-One prevents razor rust. Yes—*rust!*

No razor blade can be wiped absolutely dry. Moisture and lather remain on the cutting edge—between the tiny saw-like teeth which a microscope reveals.

This moisture—that you *can't* wipe off—causes rust to form. Invisible to the eye, but painfully evident to your face when the razor "pulls" and hurts.

That's why self-shavers need 3-in-One Oil.

Before and after shaving, do this: Moisten thumb and forefinger with a drop or two of 3-in-One. Draw the razor blade gently between them. The 3-in-One penetrates into the pores of the steel and prevents rust forming. Makes the edge last longer. Doubles the life of any safety blade. Old-style razors require fewer honings if 3-in-One is regularly applied.

Razor strops are kept soft and pliable and made to take hold of the razor better by rubbing in a few drops of 3-in-One.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also 25c Handy Oil Cans. Look for the big red ONE on the label.

**FREE** Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Razor Saver Circular—both sent free.

**Three-in-One Oil Co.**
165 EUR. Broadway, New York


*(Continued from Page 30)*

it coming on like chills. I wish I could marry you. I wish I didn't like to play with Hemmy."

"Marry me first and see whether you can't like me afterward."

"That's never the way. I told Hemmy to-day that you were all substance and he was all shadow, and that was why I liked you both. It's a race, Jared; that's my answer—whichever of you acquires the lacking element first, I'll love till death do us part. If you only had Hemmy's ability to laugh and pretend, and Hemmy your sterling qualities, what heaven-sent benedicts you would both be! Don't you ever dream, Jared, or tell fibs, or do anything unexpected and unexplainable?"

"I'm afraid not. But see what a combination it would be—you the playfellow and me the protector!"

"But I'd have to play with someone ——"

"Then I'll try to find my shadow." But he said it in a forced, unnatural sort of way, the same as a grown-up indulging a child as to a hidden fairy letter box.

"I wish you would. I don't always want to be Persis Stuart—the eternal triangle haunts me."

"Which is ——"

"The rouge pot, my mirror, and the damning date in the family Bible. I want to please Jimsey—he likes you and loathes Hemmy. But when Hemmy and I start playing we forget everyone else. Hemmy makes me despise the commonplace; you try to make me reverence it. You'd be the sort of husband who would revel in long-distance anniversaries; make me grow old with you, step by step, unto wrinkles and caps and hot milk!

"Hemmy would be the most wonderful lover in the world for a very little while; and then he would glide away like the shadow that he is. Heigh-ho!"

"If I don't marry you I'll marry no one, Persis."

"As a bachelor uncle you'd be a dear. The world needs bachelor uncles, Jared—perhaps it is your duty to remain single. Besides, you can't express love except by writing a check—you splendid, blundering creature! You've steeped yourself in commercialism and statistics. You'd make a model husband according to Madam Grundy—but our romance would consist in the day's business detail; and when I asked you whether you loved me you'd give me a glistening thing to wear on my finger, proof to the world of your prosperity. I want to be a comrade, Jared; not a legalized clothes tree! That's why I will play with Hemmy—the naughty unreliable."

She drifted to the piano to play light, teasing things. As he listened there stirred faintly in his commercialized heart the memory of a boy of twenty who had made his world as gay as a carnival of butterflies. Persis should have known him then! Through a series of happenings the boy strangled ideals and went into the harsh splendor of a city, remembering the world was somewhat smarter than himself, and working accordingly.

But he had thrown away the shadow Persis longed for as persistently as Hemmy denied his substance. He banished the fragrant fancies that had been his birthright, to mold himself into a methodical, stern man of the world, interested only in grubby things. He had arrived; but in so doing he had lost himself in the scorching sun of reality, scoffing at moonbeams.

Persis interrupted her concert to say:

"The Deeming thing is Thursday."

"Will you do me the honor?"

"Suppose we each go with someone else for a change?"

"Of course not."

"You won't play an inch, will you? Well, I believe I will go with you, Jared."

"What flowers?" he proceeded methodically.

"Hollyhocks," she answered flippantly. "Couldn't you ever surprise me?"

"They might be pink roses, and your gown magenta."

"Then I'd change my gown and we'd arrive late, thereby creating a sensation."

"It will be pink roses," he told her awkwardly. "Good night, Persis."

"Good night, 'pore earthbound sperrit!'" She nodded her crinkly head mischievously.

"Can't you tell me Thursday whether there is ever going to be any chance?" he begged.

"Wait until I see how the pink roses look with magenta." She evaded a direct answer.

After he left she returned to the piano; but his presence had dulled the taste for airy dances. She played an old chant and wondered as she did so. The clock chimed ten. Hemmy was in the throes of changing his costume for the last act. She could picture him as he fussed with his man—a lilac sea and a sky that Venice never dared boast of having; mandarin coats, stiff with gold; a Venetian looking-glass and marble bath; toys of jasper and pearl; fairy-tale love. . . . Oh, she must have a bit of the shadows to make the substance palatable!

She played the amen of the chant again. . . . Jared, with his proper ideas, always calm and ready to help, but mirthless, was quite lost at a paper chase or a flower fête. . . . Jimsey was white-headed, and he looked haggard mornings. He would like to see her settled. It was only fair to Jimsey that she should marry Jared. She had not spoken lightly when she mentioned the eternal triangle—for she was like the last butterfly of summer, which refused to leave the garden until it was frost-covered, thereby dying in a forlorn heap on some shriveled leaf.

Persis had the unfortunate ability of appearing sixteen at twenty-six! Her next birthday brought her to the Great Divide—thirty! Schoolmates' children called her Auntie—unpleasant little milestones showing that she had idled her time. Jared was willing that she play and he protect—after all, it was the sane thing to do.

"Be sensible and you'll find yourself considered smart," she quoted. Then she closed the piano and went to dream of lilac seas and herself coming home as a beggar-maid, clad in torn magenta silk!

### III

GOING home as strange a thing happened to Jared as attempting to walk downhill backward, thereupon stumbling hopelessly. He glanced at a passing shop window, nightly advertised by clever lighting. Among the wares was a row of photographs of Dean Hemmingway in his latest rôle. Jared had seen the play advertised; but cave-man jealousy, utterly devoid of humor, forbade his buying a ticket. He recalled that Hemmingway played the part of a country boy in the first act, believing the world to be a trusty, unspotted place; a pitiful, idealistic youth in the second; a cold, practical merchant in the third; while the epilogue showed him a sunny grandparent, mellowed by the great sunset.

He stepped to the window and began looking at the pictures. He also began mentally sliding downhill. He was not looking at photographs of a popular actor, but at actual pictures of a human being who had lived somewhat after the same fashion as himself. Without warning he smelled old-fashioned pinks in a ramshackle garden as he had not allowed himself to dream of smelling in years. Even the tattered straw hat of the country boy had been identical with the one he had once worn; the youth's face with that new, hard twist of the mouth.

Jared leaned heavily against the glass to study it. The man's face, with the telltale crease between the eyes, a monument to his starved heart, made his own fingers steal up to touch a similar one which the years had placed on his strong forehead. The man Hemmingway, the idler, the hummingbird philanderer, was forgotten. Jared was staring at himself and wondering whether the epilogue picture could ever come to him! Critics said that Hemmingway was superb in the parts, save that the comedy overbalanced the tragedy; but everyone knew Hemmingway was altogether a comedian.

He finally turned away and began walking on. The smell of old-fashioned pinks in his mother's garden followed him. . . .

Eight years ago he had just been making his name; even then he had seen Persis and known that he loved her. Twelve years ago—he was twenty-six—he was an obedient machine, doing another man's bidding, but planning craftily. Twenty years ago, when he was eighteen—he laughed aloud and a passer-by stared curiously at him—he was an idealistic youth, a beautiful fool! Twenty-five years ago —— He must get away from the city, with its taxi-ridden streets and hypocrites like himself, if he was to be carried back a quarter of a century. He cursed and blessed the row of Hemmingway's photographs. They had set free his emotions, like the dikes giving way and the sea rushing where it will.

*(Continued on Page 35)*

## Chicago's Finest Hotel

HOTEL LA SALLE has won this title with an experienced and critical public because of its happy blend of old and new ideals.

# Hotel La Salle

answers every modern demand in equipment, cuisine and service with nothing lost of old-fashioned hospitality and homelike comfort.

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*One person — Per day*
Room with detached bath
$2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath
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*Two persons — Per day*
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Single room with double bed
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*1000 rooms*
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CHICAGO

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Beneath the sturdy, massive, enduring tread on each of the five types of United States Tires you will find a carcass or rubberized fabric "framework" that is so scientifically made of such perfect materials that the largest rubber manufacturers in the world are willing to stake their great and world-wide reputation on the result,

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## United States Tires Are Good Tires

*'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'*
*Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes*

*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.*

(Continued from Page 33)

He moved along slowly, his cane scratching the paving. Mentally he was a thirteen-year-old boy back home. The aching blur of tears summoned long-forgotten pictures of a mottled dog; a blind horse telling its age by paws of the hoof; young woodpeckers, kindly prisoners of fortune; and pollywogs in a pail on a slanting back porch with a circle of barefoot, shaggy-headed boys speculating upon their possibilities as bait. There were loathsome onion beds to weed and berry patches to keep free of blackbirds; the river to swim in after sundown; and a flat, homemade boat, in which to cruise on treacherous seas in pursuit of pirates! Cool woods, tender with memories, rewelcomed him. Within them were harmless snakes, with which to frighten despised females; trees to climb and heartlessly loot of nests; caves in which to lie on rainy afternoons and plan bloodthirsty futures; trails to follow; and now and then a flattened stone left by an earlier redskinned visitor.

Jared bent to find an arrowhead—he recalled himself with a start as his silk-gloved hand touched the pavement!

He did not know where he was walking, for his spirit was wandering along the old French Creek, frogging, hay riding; hurrying to be done hoeing in order to carry water for the elephants and be passed in. He was talking to Rose Ash, his first heart's delight—Rose, in starched and scratchy gingham, with her hair in floating yellow curls. Yet she spurned his offering of a tamed oriole to take a city youth's fickle gift of store-bought taffy. He was catching sap for chewing gum; he was helping granny run candles; he was skimming cream, unawares, to eat with pilfered maple sugar; he was spelling down the class and meeting defeat at the damning word "innuendo"—with Rose Ash as witness.

An unfamiliar building stopped him. He hailed a passing cabby and drove home—that is, the cabby drove the body of Jared Ingersoll, financier; but the spirit of the boy Jared was wandering over sun-baked plains and moon-kissed meadows, laughing, dreaming, remembering. After a quarter of a century homesickness had crushed his stoic armor to rescue the bruised, withering dreams. He wanted to follow the trail along the old French Creek—it was more important than to be with Persis at the Deeming dance. With the scornful judgment of the thirteen-year-old boy he regarded such engagements as quite secondary.

Jared did not know why this had come about—thanks to Hemmy; that, with his love for Persis, other things were bound to happen, just as when one weeps there is certain to be a reddish nose as well as tears. It was a necessary complement.

He went to his rooms, packed his bags and phoned about a train. He wrote his man a hasty line, saying something about business and being suddenly called away. Then he tore out in the cool of the early morning to go home, that he might woo his boyish poetic shadow. Love for Persis inspired the mission; but he had that to find out—when he should reach the woods and lie under the trees, trying to imitate birdcalls, begging his shadow to forgive the lapse of attention.

Thursday brought no pink roses, though Persis willfully donned the magenta gown, and waited long past the hour. Then she telephoned Jared's rooms, to discover that he had gone away—no one knew where. No one knew that it took time to reach the small town—a respectable big town now in the throes of an Old Home Week—and that it took more time to spy out traces of past glories, to find a woods, to follow the creek, and try to rent a flat-bottomed boat and row across the river.

Twenty-five years had scattered Jared's generation and had installed another. He slipped among the merrymakers like a shadow, laughing with and applauding them, taking part whenever he could; then darting to the woods to stay in rapt reverie. This shadow hunting was the same as the vision of a *religieuse;* the inspiration of an artist as he faces the bare canvas.

Jared forgot everything he had forced himself to remember for the last twenty-five years. As he wandered in the moonlight, wooing the lovely things of youth, which never die, he realized that he no longer feared a tea-drinking actor, such as Hemmingway, for a rival—and, also, that he owed a great debt to Hemmingway; for his pictures had opened the door to the shadow world. With a spirit that he knew before was lacking he could marry Persis and play with her as she wished—for his shadow had returned and was pointing the way, as all good shadows ought to do.

At that identical moment, unknown to the slumbering Jimsey, Persis called a cab and drove to the theater, to wait in Hemmy's outer dressing room.

Humming a light refrain, intent on a Bohemian gathering, Hemmy came upon her unawares.

"You precious little magenta ghost!" he began. "Where's your chaperon?"

"I'm quite mad!" she answered. "I've come to ask you to marry me. I shall never say yes to Jared. Let's sail away in a pea-green boat; and if it's a mistake we can fix it up later."

The pansy eyes were dangerously willful. It takes a great deal to forgive donning a magenta gown and waiting over two hours for a boor of an escort!

"Are you dangling carrots before a poor donkey?"

"I shall never ask you again."

Hemmingway caught her in his arms.

"Then it shall be Hong-Kong, and we'll risk the drains being bad or the sweets making you too plump—and you'll wear the velvet tam; and ——" He kissed her. With a whimsical expression he added: "I'll send Louise word I'm bespoke!"

Persis' eyebrows uplifted.

"Louise was having a party for Bernardi, the artist; quite a platonic gathering. You'll meet them all." Persis nodded stiffly. "What will Jimsey say? Shall I break my contract and elope instanter? Could you be ready in an hour?" He was all vivid, sparkling youth.

"Of course not!" Persis was sharp, even to crossness. "I must tell Jimsey and begin to get my things ready."

"Persis, you're not going to drag me through affairs, are you? What has ever been done to compensate the bridegroom? Nothing but murmurs of 'What does she see in him?' as they pass down the aisle. I've never been stage-struck; but I'll be altar-struck as surely as you refuse me a justice of the peace."

She laughed.

"I'm quite mad!" she repeated.

"What caused it? Heaven bless it!"

"You did!" she fibbed prettily.

"Then Hong-Kong was merely bait? We must go through the regular course of sprouts. I positively decline an automobile honeymoon—mention the Berkshires to me and you'll see me begin to fail. And I will not find husbands for your bridesmaids."

"You'll do as I say!" Persis warned. "Now take me home."

"Wasn't there a dance thing to-night?"

Hemmingway led her out to the cab.

"Uh-huh! But I didn't go. I want our engagement announced with a dance."

He groaned.

"Dear child, if I stay in New York I must work. Dance and theater hours clash. Have it a blow-out, at two g. h. Louise can fix it."

"Louise!" She gave a haughty little laugh. "Some artist's model. You must stop knowing such people, Hemmy."

Hemmingway did not answer. He took her left hand and slipped his seal ring on the third finger.

"I'll send the right thing as soon as I find one to suit."

"And you'll see Jimsey to-morrow?"

"Of course!" He moved uneasily among the cushions.

"We must dine with the aunts."

"Joyful! Joyful ——"

"I'm glad it is all settled," she informed a passing street lamp.

"So am I," Hemmy assured the nearest signpost; then he added boyishly: "I am glad, Persis—tyrannize all you like."

He left her at the brick mansion, which seemed to scowl at him for an unwelcome vagabond. Driving back alone, he wondered, even in his lover's reverie, whether he would have to chirp a forkful with the aunts and be grilled by Jimsey, giggled over by Persis' bridesmaids, and guyed at the theater; whether sedate country villas would be his vacations hereafter, and ponderous dinners, with the right silver and the wrong partner, his winter's recreation. Jimsey might even lead him gently but firmly to a counting desk and place a pen in his hand, while the aunts spirited away his wardrobe trunks.

He drew out his watch—the party at Greenwich Village was fairly humming.

(Continued on Page 37)


Whitman's Sampler

A quaint, dainty box representing the cross-stitch work of an old-time sampler, "started in 1842."

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Send for the Sampler. Delivered by the nearest Whitman agency (usually the leading drug store) or by us for $1.00 the pound. Ask for booklet.

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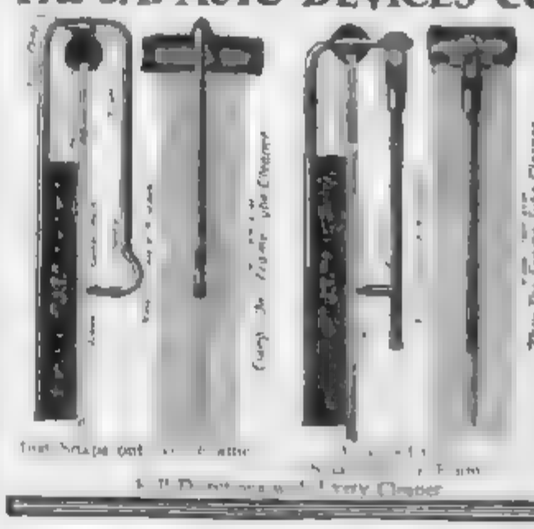

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Children love Ralston. It tempts their appetites and makes them ask for more. Grown-ups enjoy it, too. Ralston is true economy—one cup makes six tempting servings.

*Get a checkerboard package of your grocer, today.*

## *Purina Branzos*

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***Sample Packages.*** Ralston Purina Branzos—Purina Whole Wheat Flour—each sufficient for one meal. Select any two and send 10c for mailing. All three 15c. (East of Rockies.) Recipe folders free.

**Ralston Purina Company,**
**876 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.**

(Continued from Page 35)

He might drop in to let the news out in his own way. It was a masquerade party and he had planned a surprise. He was to wear a suit of stage armor, cut crosswise and lengthwise in Hemmy's own fashion, and appear as the Human Can Opener—a revenge for some of the girls who had silvered and gilded their fleshings, announcing themselves as steam radiators. Hemmy chuckled over the idea and advised the driver where to wait.

Later, fantastically attired, he was deposited on the steps of the Greenwich Village studio. White arms waved out the window to him and voices laughed their welcome.

A ukulele was cry-singing The Beach at Kankakee, and Bernardi was reciting something in French. Louise and Polly Austin were cooking a garlic-flavored deliciousness in a jolly copper bowl, and Nina was filling wooden wine goblets.

The Human Can Opener, alias Persis Stuart's fiancé, made a triumphant entrance. As he did so, memories of crinkly gold hair hiding pansy eyes, and a lilac sea and the aunts, all resolved themselves into a disagreeable heavenly potpourri, which proved quite stimulating. He decided to make a farewell bachelor night of it, and on the morrow—interview Jimsey!

*IV*

UNHERALDED, Jared stormed the Stuart house two days later. Persis sent word she was not in, and then finished being dressed in her Cluny lace frock, with a vivid green toque, deliberately rouging her cheeks after the fashion of Hemmy's leading woman.

Hemmy had a morning rehearsal and she was to lunch with him, the afternoon to be spent in planning. To which Hemmy agreed, with the same humorous concern with which he accepted Jimsey's sparse welcome.

Outside the doorstep she found Jared waiting, with boyish ease.

"Persis," he began rapidly, "of course you're ripping mad—but you'll understand in half a jiffy. I've found my shadow—no; I haven't been drinking. It sounds queer to hear me say that sort of thing, doesn't it, dearest? Let me drive half a block and I'll explain. I can say whole volumes in half a block!" He was laughing down at her, an entirely rejuvenated Jared.

"I'm engaged to Hemmy," she answered after they were in the machine. "I am wearing his ring—see—and Jimsey is recovering by degrees."

"I forgot to mail you a note before I went; but then, I knew you'd understand; you said you wanted me to do something unexplainable—and I have. I went to find my shadow, Persis, as you suggested; and I've won out. I can play as you said you wanted me to. Forgive the running off like a boor—but homesickness engulfed me. I would have beggared myself to have gone back to the old town. It wasn't to see anyone—there is no one left; it was shadow seeking. I played boy again—understand?"

"Where was the town?" she asked, watching his face closely.

"Barnaby, Missouri."

"A flimsy tale for a stolid business man who scoffs at dreams—this suddenly disappearing and neglecting his affairs and the woman he has asked to marry him!"

"I know, dearest!"

Jared held her hand tightly. Angry and baffled though she was, she did not resent it. He was powerful and real, keenly alive to every situation, and not a cut-out silhouette with thumb rings—like Hemmy.

"Well, I don't believe you—such things don't happen."

"I admit it would seem absurd to anyone else but you; but you told me to. You always said the absurd things were the most charming."

"But how do I know it is really true? Besides, I'm engaged!"

"I can't show you a hotel register, because I slept like a vagabond, and ate at a picnic one day and cooked in the woods another—oh, I can't go into detail over the thing! Don't you understand, Persis—you who told me to find my shadow?"

"You may have been in one of a dozen places," she suggested unfairly, "even if you are changed. I can't believe you were hunting for shadows. We're in the twentieth century."

"Let's get a yacht and do Newfoundland for a honeymoon!" He ignored her doubts with delightful generosity.

She drew her hands away, even though she longed to let them stay.

"I'll let you out here—I'm lunching with Hemmy. Good morning!"

"You engaged yourself in a fit of pique," Jared said steadily. "You're only halfway in love with Hemmy, the same as you were halfway in love with me a few days ago. I've found what would make you all the way in love. You said it was a race, and I've won it. Now you disbelieve—I've a notion to jeer at you as you did at me—'Pore earthbound sperrit!'

"Oh, Persis, you can't ever frighten me off. I've the reclaimed determination and imagination of a thirteen-year-old boy; you can't match it. I disappeared in a sudden attack of lover's hysterics. Did you never fancy men had hysterics, the same as flunking schoolgirls? Only the world never offers them smelling salts. They say 'Too bad!'—and have a bankrupt sale of possessions. This attack of hysterics was as unexpected and real as any schoolgirl's—and I tore away by myself until I was cured. You're not going to marry Hemmy, dearest; and you're going to cruise about Newfoundland ——"

"I shan't listen until I know it is really true. Men of the world don't vanish for a week and come back saying they have found shadows." She rang the bell. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, dearest, for a very little while."

He was as eager and romantic as Hemmy in his most ardent moments, while the man Ingersoll, whom the world respected, shone through it all. Persis felt inclined to call him back; but the dimpled chin was willfully posed.

"Good morning!" she repeated. "Shall I take your congratulations to Mr. Hemmingway?" Which was poor taste; and, knowing it, she blushed to the roots of her crinkly hair.

"Thanks—I'll call myself. Good-by again; and remember I'm not going to give you up. I'll make you know it was really true. Don't be so angry that your farewell luncheon with Hemmy is a squash. Remember, when a man asks a woman to be his wife and prepares to share all and win all for her, it is the highest tribute he can pay. And is it quite game for the woman to go on doubting something which doesn't matter a tuppence—and which she suggested?"

Amazed, but admiring, Persis glanced back to watch him wave his hat, like a baseball fan.

"That," she informed the stationary bouquet opposite, "is the only time since I have come on earth where I have been cheated of the last word!"

Hemmy was in a mood. He had neglected his dress. The tattered house coat and rumpled hair presented the subject for an interesting illustration, but a decidedly frowzled host.

"I'm frazzled," he began. "Hanson's play reads like a three-ring circus! Think I'll blow to California next month."

"Hemmy, we'll be having things given for us."

Persis waited for him to admire her frock.

"Didn't we agree not to have the beastly things? Suppose we don't try to have lunch to-day. I'm frightfully blue."

"That's polite! I'm frightfully hungry."

"Then let me send out for something." He kissed her lightly on the cheek after the fashion of a shadow.

"Jimsey wants to see you this afternoon."

"Make it to-morrow; I'm in the throes of a new part."

"You drink too much," said Persis bluntly.

"I should be unendurable if I didn't."

"I loathe steady drinking!"

"My dear lamb, I thought we were to marry for romance, and that you understood all I am and—more to the point—all I am not."

Persis pouted.

"You were more polite yesterday, Hemmy."

He threw up his beringed hands.

"Another lifetime!" Then he tossed himself on a chaise longue. "Hanson actually suggests a wig! I never wear them—never ——"

"Are you more interested in a play than in me?" she asked.

It occurred to her this was conduct most unbecoming a butterfly. She was *de trop*; and, instead of tactfully disappearing, as the bespectacled frau would have done, she was scolding like a fishwife. It grated on

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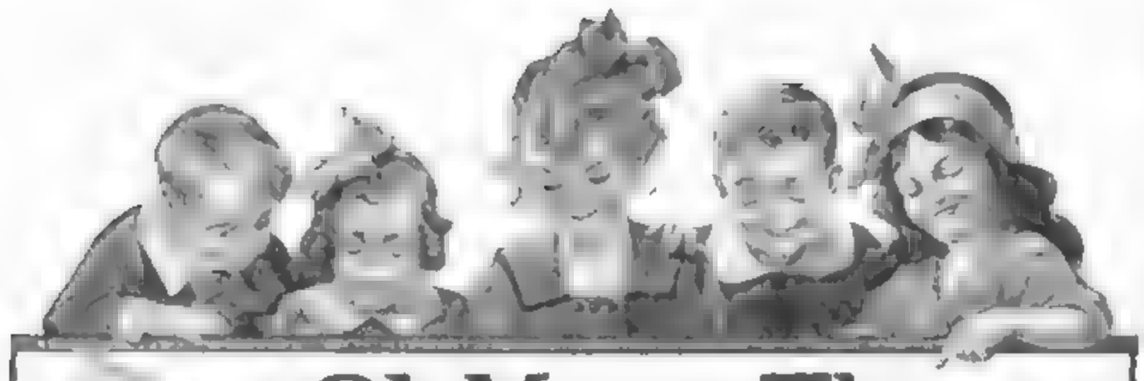

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Five Changes of Light


her nerves quite the same as on Hemmy's. Fairy-tale love seemed child's play and the heavy seal ring as garish as a pedro prize.

"I won't bother you." And she turned away. "Do decide about the wig."

Hemmy watched her vanish, fully expecting her to return; whereas Persis expected him to rush out to the cab and plead forgiveness.

Both were cheated.

She drove home to level her wrath toward Jared, an altogether fascinating person saying he had found his shadow and telling schoolboy yarns. Even though she would marry Hemmy—she sighed unconsciously—she would always wonder where Jared had gone and what family skeleton he had forever silenced, thus enabling him to be so changed.

With characteristic coquetry, now that he claimed to have accomplished his stint, she chose to shrug her shoulders and accuse him of many things. It was as improbable as for Jimsey to say he was en route for the Ponce de Leon bathhouse and would meet her a week hence as a beardless stripling! Shadow hunting was very well for afternoon tea fights, but in this day of commercial strife it was as taboo as the Hun.

Any other time Jared would have been trying to apologize and send her flamboyant offerings; but he seemed as nonchalant as Hemmy, whom no one ever questioned. Persis did not know that he who has had a vision is the least convincing when recording the fact.

She looked into the glass—a spinster with a temper and dimples sharpening alike each year! The fluttering butterfly felt the hint of frost. However, Barnaby, Missouri, was an unforgivable fib—she who suavely mentioned domestic-science class the day she took tea with Hemmy ought to be authority.

Besides, she owed Hemmy loyalty; she could not proceed like a seesaw, of, first, Hemmy-Jared—Hemmy-Jared, and so on. She was engaged to Hemmy, and she must play fair. She could enlarge on this Barnaby, Missouri, incident until she convinced herself she had been saved from marrying a blackguard.

Meantime, in her heart of hearts, despite all the desperate debate, there glowed the thought that it might be true—really true—all of it; that it was barely possible she was the earthbound doubting Thomas, who had chattered glibly of things she had not dared to try. She tried to think of Hemmy as a romantic alliance; but Jared's rejuvenated face kept crowding out the shadow of the "naughty unreliable!"

Well, if it was really true, and it had been Barnaby, Missouri, and all the rest of it, she would never be quite good enough for him; so things were well arranged as they were.

■

HEMMY looked upon Jared's card as a signal to the shipwrecked. If Jared had come to demolish him it would be what Hemmy felt he ought to do, but had not the ambition; if he had come to demand Persis' freedom Hemmy knew he could be persuaded into obliging him. Persis was an adorable white elephantette.

Jared lost no time—thirteen-year-old boys strike from the shoulder.

"Are you hopelessly in love with Miss Stuart?" he began, shaking hands.

Then he settled himself so he could scratch the mottled bulldog's ears with his boot toe, altogether impressing Hemmy as a capital hero.

"No," said Hemmy, as frankly as Jared could have wished.

"I'm going to marry her as soon as your sham engagement is off."

"Interesting!" Hemmy chuckled.

It struck him what a corking scene it would make—dialogue, setting, and all! He wished Hanson was hidden behind a screen.

"Will you make the sort of husband she ought to have?"

"Of course not!"

"Why go on?"

"I'm a cad, I suppose."

Jared glanced at the wall of photographs. Hemmy winced.

"My friends," he said lightly. "Have a drink?"

"No; thanks. Won't you break the engagement?"

"Not proper."

"Wasn't proper to make it?"

"I didn't—she came in a fury and a bewitching magenta gown."

"Then she did mind the Deeming thing!" Jared walked up and down. "I want to tell you what happened to me from looking at your pictures," he added; "it's a secret ——"

The mottled bulldog came, whining to be petted. Both men had been talking too long without paying him attention. Hemmingway lit a cigarette, with a studied pose—it covered his excitement.

"She wants to know it was Barnaby, Missouri—I understand her argument. She wants to know it right off the reel, without my arranging any alibi. She's too much Jim Stuart's daughter not to have suspicion as one of her keenest allies. Her woman's curiosity won't brook the slightest pause. She fancies I've been away on some mysterious errand; yet she's found me changed and the combination tantalizes her like done-up Christmas packages—one knows they contain something nice. But what? You're an artist, Hemmingway, besides being a good chap; you can understand the shadow stuff and all I've told you. In time I can make Persis believe it was Barnaby, Missouri, if you'll leave me a clear field."

"Barnaby, Missouri"—Hemmingway rose—"the week of the eleventh?"

"Old Home Week there—maudlin stuff; but I played it all, like the wildest native—hot dogs, merry-go-round, pink lemonade, rattlers, confetti. I marched in the parade, and when the fire chief hoisted the new flag up the new pole I managed to be the one who held his hat."

"My luck holds to the last!" Hemmingway said softly. "Trot along, old man; she'll come and tell you it's really true—you won't have to try."

Bored by the stuffy picture showrooms, Persis tried to take an interest in Hemmy's newest financial venture. He had apologized flamboyantly and dragged her from her dinner hour to see his pictorial films, which were to be shown from New Zealand to Peking, New Hampshire.

"Here's a cropper," he said as the operator hurried them off; "last week's stunt—at Barnaby, Missouri—Old Home celebration.

"The school kids got a flag and pole, and my man thought he ought to take it in—rather timely. There we are—the fire chief hoists the banner—the man holding his hat looks like Ingersoll. My word, a remarkable likeness!"

Persis caught his arm. The passing film showed the proud fire chief flirting with the Stars and Stripes; singing children in the form of a shield; and admiring spectators, with a yellow dog running across the scene unannounced—and holding the fire chief's hat, as happy as the smallest singing lad, was Jared Ingersoll!

"Have them run it off again." She wondered whether her voice sounded odd.

"That thing! Why, here are the Russian dancers!"

"No, no—Barnaby, Missouri! Please!"

Again the film passed the screen.

"That is reely true," murmured Hemmingway.

Outside, he consulted his watch, to find it was theater time.

"What do you think of my venture? They say the stock has doubled in a month."

Hemmy seemed a chattering manikin that she must endure for several blocks; then she could go to Jared.

"Persis dear," he began as they neared her house, "weren't you joking me about our being married—or was it really true?"

She blessed the darkness that hid her smile.

"Oh, Hemmy, don't you think it would be foolish?"

"Awful—but larky to have played engaged. Kiss me good-by for luck and let's be pals."

Her lips brushed his.

"You're a dear, Hemmy! Sure you don't mind?"

"Not half so much as missing the first five minutes of musical comedy. Write me a good-by note."

He was singing under his breath as he went into the theater. It had been easier than he had fancied; yet he felt a change, like the man of thistledown who had just acquired weights. Shadow! Substance! Hemmy gave himself a mental shake. He had almost been peering into the gates of another plane, with his psychic pores open. He was glad to return to earthy details, such as a rotten overture, the cost of auto tires, veal chops *à la Milanese!* He had been perilously near soaring up, up, up, like the man of thistledown.

*(Concluded on Page 41)*

# *Empires on all four wheels—and on the spare*

Here is a simple tire test that you can make for yourself, just by using your eyes and your reasoning powers.

As you walk along Main Street, look at the tires on the cars standing at the curb.

On most cars which have gone far enough to wear out the original equipment, you will see represented at least two, and more likely three or four, different makes of tires.

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What does that mean? You know by experience that men do not buy three or four tires at once. They get them as they need them—one at a time.

If most men who have tried Empires at all, now have two, three or four Empires on their cars, it must mean that they have found their final tire—that as fast as their other tires wear out, they are putting on Empires.

To clinch it, ask any Empire user. He will tell you that he means in the end to have Empires on all four wheels—and on the spare.

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(Concluded from Page 38)

He knew that Persis would never play engaged again. Odd that he should have helped Ingersoll find his shadow and prove to Persis it was "reely true!" It was barely possible, he decided, as he began his make-up, that Jared had taught him how to find substance—for he had done rather a substantial thing after all; which was what Persis had said was necessary.

The morning's mail brought him back his ring and a card:

"HEMMY: I'm engaged sure enough, and for keeps; and really true to Jared; and I'm not such a fickle person as I seem. Jared won the race, Hemmy; he found his shadow. Please put my picture on the wall with the rest; and take dinner with us when respectability steals over you unawares. Jimsey asks to be cordially and gratefully remembered! You mustn't ever ask me any more about it. PERSIS."

Half of the ring was wadded with old-rose ribbon to make it small enough for her finger. Resting in his palm he looked at it tenderly. How quickly shadows can be dismissed not so with substance! "You mustn't ever ask me any more about it"—like the rest of the world, shadows hate to be taken for bally idiots. Did she fancy he knew so little of what had happened? But, of course—for was it not a secret between two men, one of substance? At least, he had had the compliment of being trusted—a proof that he, too, had won the race. Hemmy took the cabinet photograph of Persis from its place of honor and fastened it on the wall, where it looked quite well—the Duchess of Argyle was on one side and Daisy Spaulding on the other. That was ended!

Then he cut the ribbon wadding on his ring and replaced it on his finger. She would be quite happy; quite tyrannical. He had no illusions about the matter. She would grow plump, given to mink capes, and overly fussy about the prep. schools for her grandsons.

Hemmy knelt suddenly to bury his head in the chair arm where she had last sat. The warning of future loneliness rushed like wind to shatter all his hothouse whims. To be plump and fond of after-dinner speaking; to have someone bear him company in the faded years—someone besides the grinning wall of feminine ghosts

He felt he could not bear it; yet he was glad he had proved Jared to be "reely" true. "At least, I've acquired permanent weights," he told himself as someone knocked at the door.

"I say, Hemmy," called his leading woman, "are you in a poke or ready for bear?"

"R-ready for bear," he heard himself answer. Really this acquiring substance was altogether too painful!

"We're off for the morning bazaar at the Home," she ran on in her high light voice. "You're to auction off parrots in stunning gold-and-black cages. Are you on?"

"Have the car wait; I must brush up a bit."

Taking a sheet of note paper, he scribbled characteristically:

"*Dear Hanson:* I've found the dark horse. Too much comedy! Shade my part with emotion. Make me lose the girl to the other chap. I've felt lately I was ready for deeper parts; but perhaps that is because a man never looks into the subject of reform until his hair thins! HEMMY."

# The Poets' Corner

### Marchers to the Sea

"The soul's one road is forward!"
—*George Meredith.*

*DOWN the silver street they went*
*Marching to the sea,*
*Level file and clear intent.*
*What of you and me,*
*Watching down the silver street*
*Leading to the sea?*

*Soldier, over calm and foam,*
*Toward the break of day*
*Yours to sail away.*
*Ours to stay at home;*
*Keep the fire and keep the flock*
*That the wolf-packs crave,*
*Fend the forge and turn the lock;*
*Ours to work and save,*
*Knit the smock and till the loam.*
*Soldier, ours to stay at home.*

*Down from bluff and steep,*
*Down to man the deep;*
*Down our silver street they went,*
*Level glance and clear intent,*
*Sailors to the sea,*
*Far-off coast and key.*
*Ours to make and give for you;*
*Ours to sow and reap;*
*Ours to wake and live for you,*
*Sailors on the deep.*

*Down the street through sun and rains*
*While the cold rides forth;*
*Fast, from south and north,*
*Fast, from east and west,*
*Now our thousand terraced plains*
*Send the world their best,*
*Forth to far-off trench and fleet;*
*Marching down the silver street.*

*While for you and me,*
*Looking toward the sea,*
*Here another part remains;*
*Ours to give our flocks and grains,*
*Down a thousand terraced plains,*
*Where the rivers leap;*
*Down from bluff and steep,*
*Eastward over calm and foam.*
*Soldier, ours to work at home.*

*Ours to work and save for you,*
*Light the seacoast star;*
*Keep our watch fires brave for you*
*Where you fare afar;*
*Take our forests, take our grains,*
*Take our bread and meat,*
*Soldiers from a thousand plains,*
*Sailors for the fleet;*
*Take our dreams on wing-shod feet*
*All we plan and pray—*
*With you down the silver street*
*Toward the break of day!*
—*Edith Franklin Wyatt.*

### War and the Tramp

"*UNDER the bridge where I used to lie*
*There's a sentry stationed, with eagle eye;*
*There's another standing with loaded gun*
*Where in the tunnel I used to run;*
*E'en in the car where I slept at night*
*They are carrying powder and dynamite.*
*With every soldier seeking a spy,*
*The railroad's no place for a tattered guy.*"

So runs the plaint chalked in a tunnel of the Southern Pacific Railroad by some vagabond versifier from the ranks of the Ancient Order of Slackers. No doubt the tramp who wrote the above stanza was seized with writer's cramp, or he would have continued thus:

"*The friendly cop in the city street,*
*Who used to wink when I crossed his beat,*
*Now hales me promptly into court,*
*Where my little spiel's cut rudely short,*
*And I have to prove an alibi*
*To the charge o' being an alien spy.*
*Then, instead of jail and board and bed,*
*I'm sentenced to go to work, instead.*

"*And when the woman, who never before*
*Turned a Tired Tatters away from her door*
*Without a dinner, hot from the pan,*
*Or the makings, at least, of a Mulligan,*
*Now bargains for work in the onion bed*
*In return for a hand-out of coffee and bread*
*And a stingy little wedge o' pie.*
*It's enough to bring tears to a hobo's eye!*

"*Or if by chance I dodge disgrace*
*In the shape of work, I have to face*
*All sorts of officers, who are bent*
*On sending me to the khaki tent.*
*Small comfort's a registration card*
*To a husky lad o' my age, Pard—*
*A man with no infirmity*
*Save a roving foot for exemption plea.*

"*There's not a chance for me to shirk—*
*I have to fight or I have to work;*
*For every billboard bears this sign:*
*YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU—*
*FALL IN LINE!*
*And when for the open road I yearn,*
*A job confronts me at every turn.*
*I've got to move on and I've nowhere to go—*
*Say, war is ——, believe me, Bo!*"
—*Anna Nixon.*


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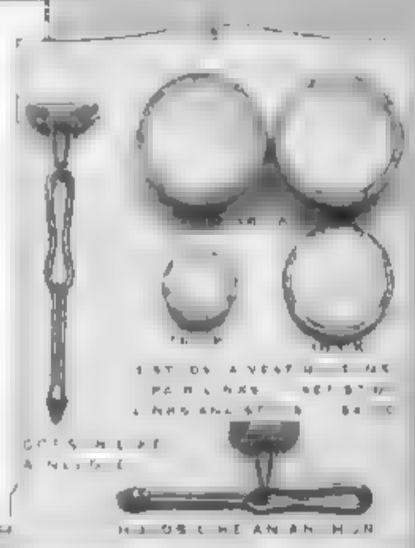

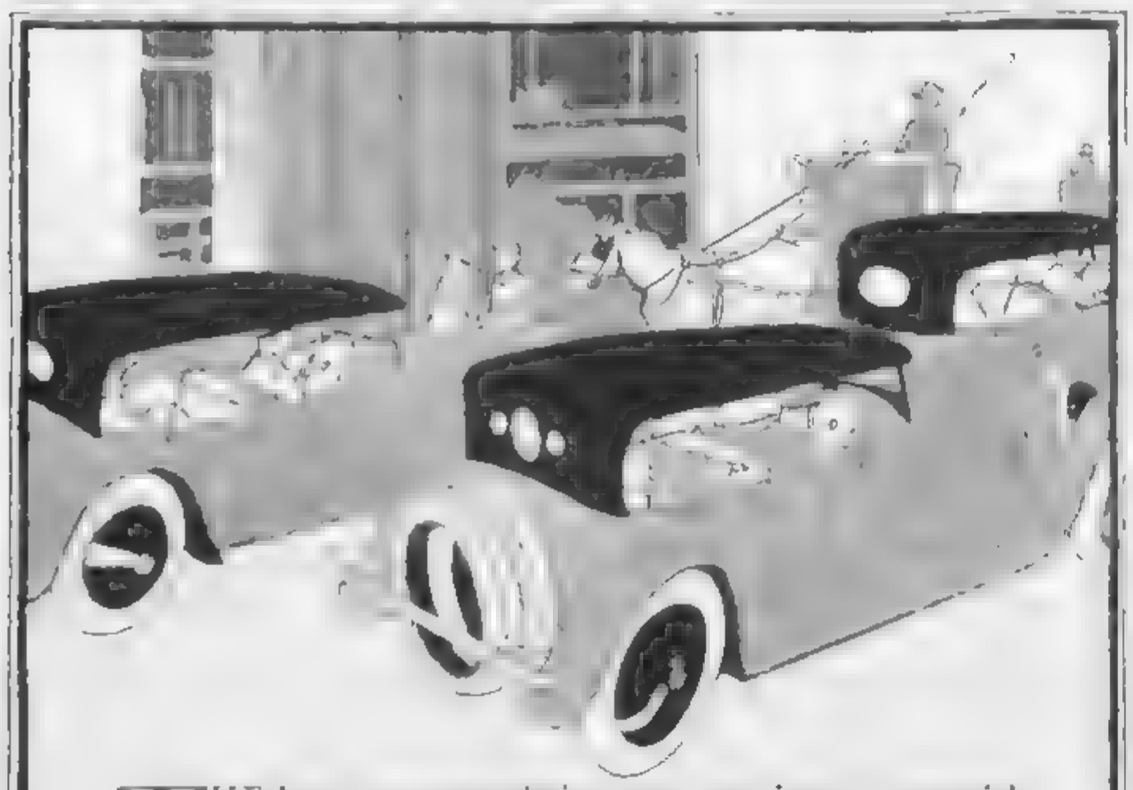

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# THE DEACON FALLS

*(Continued from Page 7)*

The Jumper Man viewed the deacon contemplatively, respectfully—reverently almost, but was entirely dead to the power of such an appeal. Not one gleam of interest in the proposal to abandon the contest flickered in his resigned eye.

"No, brother, I couldn't do it. I couldn't lay down on these boys. It wouldn't be square." Then a sudden wistfulness appeared on the face of the Jumper Man and he leaned over close. "Stay and see the fight," he pleaded in a whisper. "It'll help me through to know I've got one friend out there."

"Certainly not, Crockett!" snapped the deacon, affronted. "Certainly not!"

"Ring's clear! Come on!" shouted a voice.

"No hard feelin's," urged the Jumper Man humbly, extending his hand.

"None, Crockett. Only I'm disappointed," said the deacon, shaking hands with a boxing glove for the first time in his life and then watching the man go trailing out in his old bathrobe, followed by his seconds bearing a bucket, a sponge, a water bottle, a towel, and other paraphernalia of the fighter's corner.

With a dismal feeling in his heart the deacon followed, intending to make his way to the refreshing outer air at once; but instead he was caught in an eddy of the crowd herding to the seats for the main bout and borne inside.

To the churchman it was a strange, repugnant, absorbing scene that stretched before his eyes. The first detail his gaze sifted out was naturally the spectators, a vast throng of laughing, talking, smoking, irreverent men, excited by lust of a spectacle of fighting and blood. Indeed, to the deacon these spectators did not seem so much individuals as some one huge organism, a sprawling black creature with white specks that infolded the whole amphitheater and filled the deacon with a sort of fear lest in its bloodthirstiness it should turn and rend him.

And his friend was about to be flung to that monster as Christians once were thrown to lions!

A kind of indignation began to burn in the deacon's breast. He blamed not Tom but these cruel men, canopied by a hazy cloud of smoke from fifteen hundred cigars or cigarettes or pipes, each alike obnoxious to the deacon.

But presently he forgot men and smoke through gazing, with a kind of fascination, at the rectangular canvas-covered floor of the arena, raised in the exact center of the seating space to a height well above the heads of all, with a cluster of arc lights over it that illuminated every detail. To the deacon it seemed like a gallows or a guillotine, and strange sensations filtered up and down his spine.

He had recovered from his feeling of impatience with the Jumper Man. He recalled that there had been something mournful, something inexpressibly pitiable, something almost noble about his bearing, as if he were going out with patient resignation to take his due punishment for failure. There he was now, climbing through the ropes, his entry greeted by a few scattered feeble handclaps. Next the Bear Cat came, and the house rocked with applause. Now the deacon knew what Long Tom meant when he said he wanted to feel that there was one friend out there. Now, too, the way was open for the deacon to make his way out, for the crowd was mostly seated; but he postponed the exact moment of departure, his interest being held by a succession of details, each of which to him was dramatic.

Another man was in the ring now, a grossly fat fellow, swaggering about and appearing to be some sort of master of ceremonies who, in the absence of any ceremonies to master, engaged in persiflage with the press box and the near-by audience. But presently he beckoned to the Jumper Man, who threw off his bathrobe as if he knew what to do, and stepped almost jauntily to the center of the ring, clad only in black trunks and shoes.

"Long Tom Crockett, heavyweight, 196 pounds, unattached!" shouted the announcer.

Tom nodded sheepishly, and again there was a feeble rain of handclaps. Next the announcer invaded the Bear Cat's corner—no mere beck this time, but a deferential leading out of a person of consequence.

The Bear Cat stripped as a burly giant of a man, slightly shorter than Tom, but huger, with great massive shoulders and biceps that knotted under his shiny skin like cannon balls. His head was big and round; his hair was cut short and clung close in small kinky curls; his neck was short and thick, and his eyes were small, set near together and emitting a savage gleam as he glanced scornfully at his opponent's corner and then bowed to the crowd.

"Bear Cat Jimmy Welsh, 206 pounds, North Side Athaletic Club!" bawled the functionary.

Again the house rocked with applause; and no wonder, for Bear Cat Jimmy looked every inch a fighting man, and this crowd had come to see a fight.

A man in a Tuxedo now slipped into the ring and drew the two fighters together for a moment. It might have been for prayer, so far as appearances went; but the deacon judged it was not. All at once the swaggering master of ceremonies shouted "L-l-let 'er go!" and tumbled out of the ring, while the man in the Tuxedo dodged back quickly to the ropes.

The two gladiators, facing each other warily, threw up their gloves and stepped in. The fight had begun—scrape of feet on canvas; fiddle of lightly pivoted arms; slap of leather on flesh in light experimental touches; and then louder reports; the impact of glove on glove as blows were aimed and parried, followed by some sudden weaving of legs and arms and bodies, at the end of which the two boxers appeared embracing like brothers and clinging to each other fondly.

"Break! Break!" came the sharp voice of the referee.

This all appeared rather harmless and the deacon became critically interested. The Bear Cat was clever, he could see that. Long Tom was clumsy and uncertain. His ponderously aimed blows shot by their mark till sometimes a foot of gloved fist and arm appeared behind the head or over the shoulder of the Bear Cat, who had easily dodged a blow that, had it landed, must have extinguished him then and there; or perhaps the Crockett arm swung through the air like a derrick boom and swished where the Bear Cat's head had been a moment before but was not now, because the latter had suddenly ducked out of the orbit of danger. But such an exchange invariably terminated with the two men loving each other fondly and the referee shouting irritatingly "Break!"

"Why do they embrace each other?" inquired the deacon of a human presence he felt crowding in beside him where he stood jammed against the back wall, some scores of yards from the seat to which he was entitled.

"Embrace each other? Say!"

And a very tough young man searched the deacon's features over with a scornful glance, while he all but sniggered with pure joy in the discovery of such a type in such an environment. But the deacon gave him back his stare.

"That was my remark, sir," he retorted.

"Oh, why?"—and the rude young man veiled his snigger, but still enjoyed it—"t' avoid punishment. A fellow can't hit you when you're huggin' him and holdin' his arms."

"But don't they hit each other at all?" inquired the deacon, under the necessity of seeking information from some source, no matter how distasteful.

"Bear Cat's a-hittin' him every second," reported the ill-bred one agreeably enough, but with that superior air which even the humblest may assume when imparting information to the greatest. "He goes inside and rattles him on the slats. You'll see the tall guy begin to cave directly. Hi! Look at that uppercut. Oh, my! Oh, my!"

The deacon did not see the uppercut. He had no clear idea of what an uppercut was, and he was beginning to suspect that his untrained eye was not quick enough to perceive what was really happening; but he could discern plainly a red stain on the lips of the Jumper Man. The sight made him sick, and then sorry; the next moment he was vengeful.

"It wasn't fair!" the deacon protested. "He struck him when he wasn't looking."

"Supposed to be lookin'!" commented the neighbor laconically. "Hi! . . . Hi!" Further ejaculation was drowned in

*(Continued on Page 45)*

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| Feb. | 15 | New belt with extra ply added, cost of reinstalling | 7.85 |
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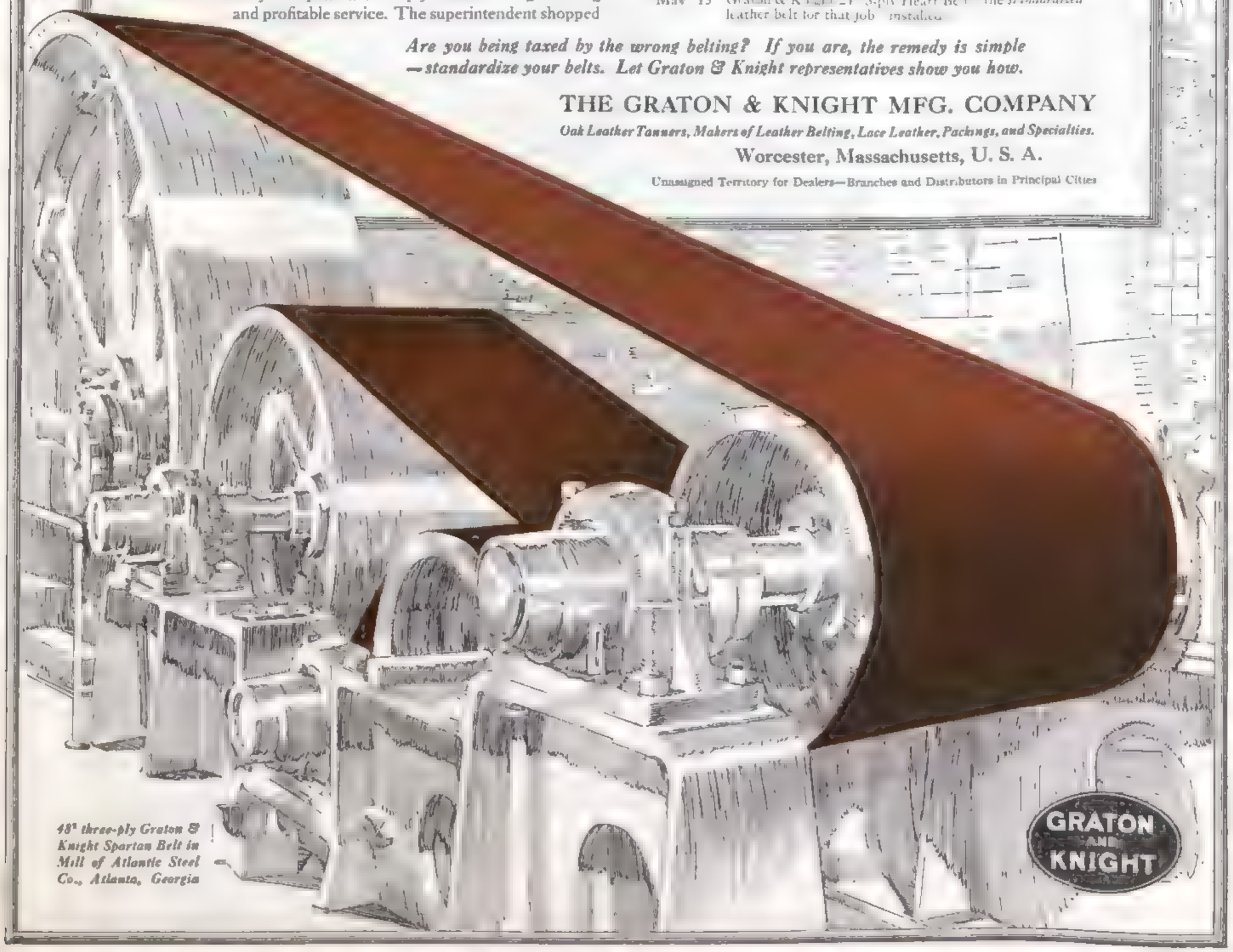


*48" three-ply Graton & Knight Spartan Belt in Mill of Atlantic Steel Co., Atlanta, Georgia*

(Continued from Page 42)

the sudden roar that went up from the common throat of that vast animal which infolded the arena. "Oh! Oh! Oh! What a pippin!" concluded the deacon's source of information as the yell subsided.

As for the deacon, all his eyes made out was that the Bear Cat had suddenly lain down upon the floor, while the man in the Tuxedo was standing over him, waving his hand up and down with a flail-like motion and counting.

One—two—three—four waves amid the reigning pandemonium, and then the Bear Cat rocked uneasily to his elbows, to his knees, and finally balanced on his feet, putting up his hands in a position of defense at the count of nine.

"Wha—what did he lie down for?" gasped the deacon, engulfed in the general atmosphere of sensation.

"Lay down? Say!" And the deacon sustained another swift stabbing glance. "He didn't lay down. He was knocked down! Hully gee, but that tall guy packs a wicked left! If he ever puts it in the right spot it's all off with the Bear Cat."

A gong sounded and the two men dropped their hands and went to their respective corners, at each of which a stool was shot through the ropes for the fighter to sit upon while he received the ministrations of his attendants.

"But wha—what happened?" inquired the deacon. "I—I didn't seem to be able to see."

"Long Tom caught him in the ribs with a straight left to the heart."

"But isn't that dangerous—a blow on the heart?"

The deacon was almost as horrified that Tom should hurt the Bear Cat as he was when the latter hurt Tom's mouth. The man next to him looked the deacon over more at leisure now, since there was no fighting to watch, noted the innocent, shocked expression, and chuckled.

"Prob'ly," he responded to the deacon's question, and then bent to light a cigar.

That good man, there can be no denying, was by now wildly excited. It was terrible! It was awful! The little man's mouth was open, his face was distorted, the muscles of it straining until they ached. Abruptly the gong rang again and the men faced each other once more.

"It's not fair!" protested the deacon. "They did not allow them rest enough."

This brought the deacon information he had never possessed before about a thing of which he had never thought:

"Queensberry rules is three minutes fighting and one minute rest."

One minute rest! Preposterous! The deacon was more than ever convinced of the iniquity of the whole proceeding. Besides, that rest could not have been fifteen seconds, while the length of that first round had been at least fifteen minutes! The deacon took out his watch to measure this one, but never once did his eyes fall upon the face of the timepiece.

The round was a terrible one. The Bear Cat seemed determined to wipe out the sting of that knockdown. He tore into his man savagely. He flung him about the ring; he had Tom's lips bleeding again, and jarred him with terrible rights and lefts to the side of the head that were not decisive only because they landed too high. Would the gong never ring?

The situation was quite too tense for the deacon's self-control. He was jumping up and down like an excited child; and when at last the bell did sound the little man rather unconsciously followed one of the most natural instincts of his being. Simply from a desire to be close to his friend he rushed down the aisle to Tom Crockett's corner.

Yet when he arrived where the big fellow reclined on the small of his back, his head pillowed on the padded stake, his arms extended along the ropes, and his legs sprawling toward the center of the ring, another impulse asserted itself. Reaching up, the deacon got his lips within a foot of the tall one's ear.

"This is awful, Tom, awful!" he shouted. "Dare to be a Daniel and cease this shameful, wicked exhibition right now!"

Lying back, with eyes closed and body completely relaxed to gain the fullest possible benefit from his brief respite, Tom roused at the familiar voice, rolled his head to one side and, looking down at the agitated little man, recognized him with a bloody smile. Tom had naturally been much encouraged by that knockdown in the first round, and this new spirit was reflected in his response to the deacon's appeal.

"You pray, Deacon, and I'll fight," he grinned. "Maybe we can lick this boob."

The good man was disappointed. Moreover, he was shocked at that which to him was irreverence but to the Jumper Man was nothing like it; for to him religion was practical or it was nothing. Yet the deacon found himself quite unable to abandon the vicinity of his friend in a situation so fraught with pain and danger, and stood there appealing with his eyes until the gong clanged. Then, rather unconsciously, the disturbed little man slipped into an empty seat in the press box and clung there at the very edge of the squared circle, his face on a level with the canvas, his eyes slanting upward into the zone of battle as the two giants hurled each other about the ring.

The deacon was near enough now to see the expression of the faces, to note the red ferocity that glowed in the eyes of the Bear Cat, to see that new-grown confidence of Tom's depart under his adversary's vicious onslaughts, and to observe how anxiety second by second painted itself on the great somber face. He could see the blows land, too; see the Bear Cat arch his neck and shoulders into a sort of protective deck and go under the tall man's guard to hammer on that lank stomach and ribs; could see them redden under the impact of the blows and observe the spasms of pain that shot across Tom's features. He could even fancy he saw the great leg muscles sag and grow weak.

And such a din of shouts down here at the ringside! Everybody was bawling; loudest of all, Long Tom's seconds.

"Uppercut 'im! Uppercut 'im when he comes in like that!" they kept calling.

And once, in obedience to these instructions, the big fellow's arm hooked itself like the fluke of an anchor and, pivoting from the shoulder, swung down and up into the face of the Bear Cat with a mushy kind of a smash. At once the curly head bobbed up like a cork on the wave and the heavy arms, clasping spasmodically the body of the Jumper Man, hung on tight.

"Break!" snapped the referee, and when he forced the two men apart a crimson rose was blooming in the center of the Bear Cat's face.

A maddened yell went up from the crowd, which, once the fight started, seemed fairly impartial, their sympathies going to the victor of the moment.

"Ataboy! Ataboy!" they shouted.

The deacon for one instant permitted himself to know the thrill of a gust of unholy joy. But he did not shout. He felt weak and on the verge of collapse. By some process of sympathetic substitution he had been in the ring with his friend. In his own nervous system he had suffered the impact of every blow and the wrench and strain of every effort.

As he marked the tall man in his corner he studied his face anxiously. It was easy to see that this landing of another successful blow had strengthened his morale, though the battering of the round had weakened him physically. The seconds appeared to labor with redoubled energy to get their man on his feet for the gong, and the deacon merely endured through the agonies of this fourth round, because he expected it to be the last. To his surprise, however, the seconds, at the end of it, leaped once more to the task of preparing their man for further fighting.

"But I thought it was four rounds?" he whispered hoarsely to one of the men in the press box.

"That's the bluff in the advertising, to comply with the law," came the answer from a young man writing wildly; "but it's a finish fight."

Finish! That word had a terrible connotation. The deacon was pale and dizzy, almost to reeling; his tongue was parched with so much open-mouthed gazing; his heart knocked against his ribs as if it had broken loose somewhere. Distressed beyond any distress he had ever known, the deacon had managed to contain himself, hoping only that the four rounds might end with the Jumper Man still upon his feet.

Now nothing remained but to hope for victory; to hope that when the finish came it would not be Long Tom lying with his face to the resined canvas and the man in the Tuxedo counting the fatal number above his head. Something unexpected in the hidden nature of the churchman and something in all this scene through which

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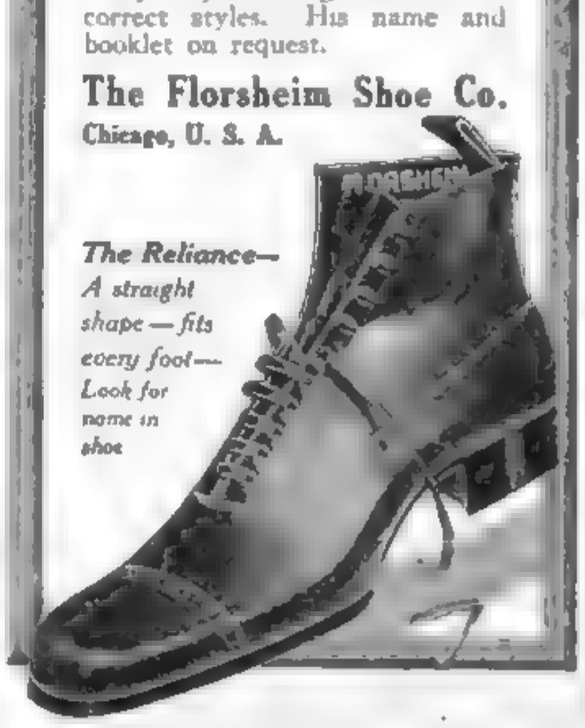

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he had passed in these last sixteen minutes, which seemed like sixteen hours, made this transition possible.

The deacon went through the next two rounds hoping—almost praying—that Long Tom might win; but it was not until after they were ended that the thing happened which inevitably translated the deacon from a passive partisan into a violently active one.

This came through the little man's noticing that after the sixth round Tom's chief second, a fellow whose forehead was mainly hair and whose jaw was prognathous almost to deformity, did not enter the ring, but sat looking about him and grinning or winking wisely as he recognized acquaintances here and there among the spectators, leaving his two helpers to go through the form of refreshing the wearied fighter.

"Think he's got it won?" gulped the deacon, unable to imagine any other sensible reason for such conduct.

"Won? Naw!"—with a grimace of contempt. "We've stalled him through half a dozen rounds and given the boys a fight; now let the Bear Cat finish him up."

"Finish him up! Don't you want your man to win?" asked the little man in amazement.

"Win? Naw! We're bettin' on the Bear Cat. We just give this boob fifty dollars to stand up to him five or six rounds. The Bear Cat ain't been fightin' yet. He's been pretendin' to fight. He ain't hit 'im hard; but he's agoin' to, for he's sore as a bull at Tom for that knockdown."

The deacon's blood flamed hot.

"You Judas!" he hissed, his face very red

The prize-ring tout, huge as Ajax beside the deacon, grinned at him, scorning the insult.

"'S all in the game!" he sneered unpleasantly.

The deacon struggled a moment with his indignation, and then something broke inside that changed him remarkably; for, with a leap and a scramble, he was up in the ring, fanning Long Tom Crockett with a towel. He did not know how he got there. He did not stop to reason why. He only knew he was there and fanning frantically the face which, with eyes closed like a tired child but mouth open and sucking in breath, lay back against the stake, lungs working like bellows. At the first tremor of the gong the eyes opened, grew wide with wonder; then brightened unbelievingly at the sight of the deacon there with the towel.

"You're going to win, Tom!" piped the volunteer second into the fighter's ear as he passed him on the way to the center of the ring.

Tom's answer was another of his gory grins; but there was obviously a new spirit in the man. He fought with a feeling that some higher power had climbed into his corner.

The deacon ducked out between the ropes and went tumbling down among the buckets, bottles, sponges and seconds at the corner. The latter looked at him askance; but they made way. The deacon's face was flushed; his spirit was in his eyes; determination and the audacity of a fighting mood marked his manner. He was very warm; perspiration dripped from his face. He whipped off his coat and vest and felt better. His collar was wilted, and he whipped that off and felt better still. He had a cocky feeling. He doubled his fists and moved his arms like piston rods. He elbowed the seconds; he stepped on their toes in his fidgetings. They scowled and cursed, but did not strike.

And all the while the deacon's eyes were on the fighters. He crept along the edge of the ring, with his face so close to it that their flying heels might strike him; and continually he shouted encouragement to his man. To encouragement presently the deacon surprised himself by adding advice; and such advice—to come from a deacon or to go over the ropes into a prize ring!

"Beware! Beware! Keep your adversary off! Try a barrage with the left! Endeavor to strike the fellow as he advances!"

Though the Bear Cat tried hard, it was an even round; and the deacon, knowing it was even, rejoiced. When the Jumper Man came rocking to his corner it was the deacon who tossed the stool through the ropes and the deacon who got to him with the first approving word.

In the next round it became clearly evident that the tall fellow was improving.

"My old science—is comin' back," he panted in the deacon's ear as he sank once more to the stool. "This boob that thinks he's such a bad man would 'a' been easy for me once."

"He's easy for you now," insisted the deacon, thrilling with a new and mighty hope, for it had suddenly occurred to him that if Tom should win this fight it must prove a moral victory as well as a physical one; it would revive his waning self-confidence and make him stronger spiritually, so that he could fight his way back from drunkenness to sobriety—back from the place of an outcast to a position that at least admitted of self-respect.

From this moment forward the deacon's enthusiasm was triumphantly moral and his every shout a prayer, which meant that the deacon did a good deal of petitioning.

But the next was another vicious round. The Bear Cat was fighting like a crazy man, and somewhere toward the end of the second minute planted his terrible right in Tom's stomach, so that the tall fellow doubled up like a husk and went down on the floor, with his face a sickly blue.

Instantly, as if with eagerness, the Tuxedo man was upon him, waving his hand and counting: "One—two—three ——" But instantly, too, the deacon had rushed along the side to within a yard of where the big fellow curled in agony.

"Tom!" he shouted. "Tom! Get up! For the love of victory, get up!"

Tom seemed to hear this frantic appeal and lurched to his knees.

"Four—five—six—seven ——" The Tuxedo arm was still waving, but Tom's eyes were on it now, and urged by the instinct of the fighter, more valiant perhaps than if his head had been entirely clear, he elevated himself joint by joint as the count advanced till at nine he stood on his feet, with the Tuxedo man holding off the Bear Cat, who was mad with anxiety to rush in and finish his man.

When the Bear Cat did come in Tom clinched, leaning on his opponent heavily and restfully.

They broke and clinched and broke and clinched till near the end of the round, which found Tom recovered somewhat and backing up, with his long left arm thrust warily out in front of him.

But this time, when the deacon stooped to shoot the stool into the corner, someone was holding it, and he found himself face to face with that leering, traitorous chief second, who coolly clung to the piece of ring furniture with an impish expression on his face.

"Aw, let 'im stand a while!" the fellow sneered.

Deacon Roger Stone had never struck a man in all his life that he could remember. He was not trained in fisticuffs or jujutsu or anything of the sort. In a physical contest with this burly brute the deacon had about the same chance as a tame canary with a hawk; but he had spirit. The stool was between their outstretched arms, each man tugging at it.

Quick as a flash, without thinking, without planning, the deacon relaxed his tension upon the object of strife and pushed it with all his might. The net result of this maneuver was that the second was smacked so violently over the eye with the edge of that hard wooden seat that he fell over his own chair and out into the aisle. Naturally he released the stool to catch himself, and the deacon swung it through the ropes barely in time to receive the trembling haunches of Long Tom Crockett.

Everybody for a dozen feet round saw the brief struggle between this human gorilla and that odd little freak of a friend of Long Tom, and a guffaw greeted the overthrow of the larger man; but when the latter sprang up and reached for the back of the deacon, as it went through the ropes, a dozen hands grabbed the owner of the prognathous jaw and hauled him back and down.

"Nix on the rough stuff, Bull!" cried several voices, while vigorous hands crowded him innocuous into his seat.

The deacon did not even look behind.

"Great generalship, Tom!" he was saying. "You saved yourself by strategy. Wonderful stamina! Next round you can go in and paralyze him for the necessary ten seconds at least."

But Long Tom's face carried an expression of awful distress and he shook his head dismally.

(Continued on Page 49)

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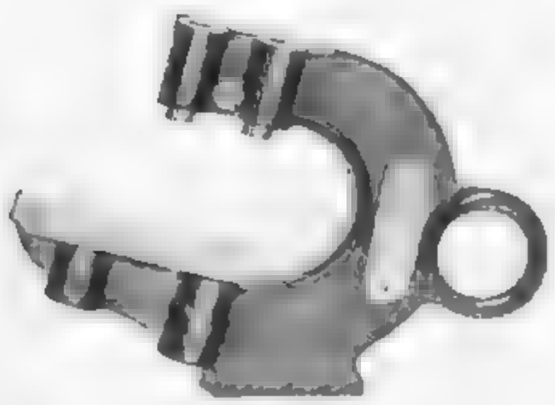

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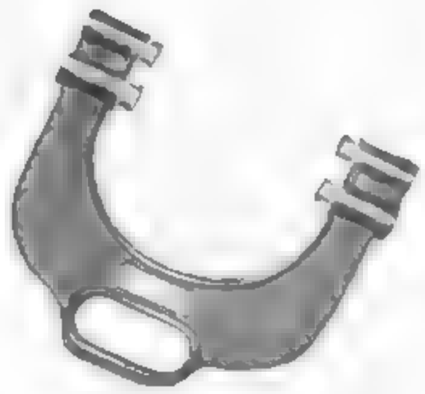

*Limit Snap Gage for testing cylindrical diameters.*

(Continued from Page 46)

"It's the hook for me, Deacon," he moaned. "I'm in; all in! I'll never get over that punch."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the little man with some asperity, all the while rubbing and kneading the big fellow's stomach as he had seen the other seconds do earlier in the fight. "Nonsense!"

But the deacon's assumptions of hearty faith had small effect till a sudden gleam of real inspiration came to him.

"Tom!" he appealed excitedly. "Listen to me: It's not the Bear Cat you're fighting. It's old John Barleycorn. He's the one that weakened you and took the gameness out of your heart. Whip him and you can whip the Bear Cat. Lose this fight and you're an outcast and a bum to the end of your days! Win it and we will make you an usher in the church."

Tom's swollen eyes opened and looked their wonder. The idea was getting through. The deacon saw it and increased his efforts, for, once conceived, he believed in the idea with all his heart.

"That's the proposition, Tom—Barleycorn! You're fighting John Barleycorn, your old enemy. Every time you hit the Bear Cat you whack old King John square in the eye. If you can whip him to-night you can whip him always. One good blow will win. Haven't you got one more in you, Tom? Haven't you?" the little man pleaded.

Tom's eyes lighted for a moment and then dulled again, and the deacon was alarmed to see how really exhausted his man was; yet he continued desperately to test the effect of mental hypodermics.

"Sure you have, Tom!" he insisted. "Sure you have! Rest up! Take things easy through a round or two; and then, when you get the chance, strike the beast unconscious with the most terrible blow you can deliver."

"What'll the Bear Cat be doin'?" muttered Tom, sullen now in his hopelessness.

"Nothing!" scorned the deacon. "His vitality is sapped. He can't strike you hard or you would have been murdered long ago. He hasn't delivered a real blow since you struck him over the heart in that first engagement. Think now—has he?"

Tom's eyes rolled meditatively. It looked as if he was trying to remember; and the deacon pressed the opening, lapsing into a sort of vernacular of the ring, the patois of which assailed his ears continually and rose more and more readily to his tongue.

"You haven't been hit hard till this last rap, and you quite carelessly walked into that. You're not a quitter, are you, Tom? You wouldn't lay down on me, would you, Tom, after what I'm doing for you?" It hurt the deacon to make this kind of appeal, but he judged it might help. Immediately, however, he reverted to the power of the great idea: "Why, Tom, you've got this fight won—actually won, if you stay with it. And say, Tom, if you beat old Barleycorn to-night, remember, you can beat him always. You can quit the fighting game. You can be a man once more. You can go home to your wife and children and make them love you and be proud of you."

It was the queerest line of talk ever poured into a fighter's ear by the queerest second that ever swung a towel or slapped and pinched a tired muscle into contracting again; but it did the work. Long Tom stood up surprisingly refreshed.

"Don't hit for two rounds," instructed the deacon. "Stall and clinch and rest!" He was picking up the terms rapidly and had even found out what an uppercut was.

Tom followed these instructions and came back to his corner encouraged.

"It's your iron constitution telling," boasted the deacon.

Now it was inevitable that, in a gathering of this size and on the very edge of Plymouth Parish, someone should recognize the deacon.

"Hi! It's Roger L. Stone!" yelled a voice, raucous with surprise and gloating. "Deacon Stone! One of Brother Brockton's stand-bys!" Greetings, laughter and raillery followed. "Go to it, Deacon! Go to it!" "Hurrah for you!" "That's the stuff, Old Man!" "One of your Baraca boys – huh?" "Even money on the deacon's man!" These and other good-natured wordy missiles were hurled at the busy little person.

Strange to say, the deacon, with his blood at fighting temperature, was rather unabashed by such recognition, though it must in the future threaten to scandalize him quite hopelessly. Now he merely took note that the cries were friendly, for crowd psychology was at work. Sentiment was slowly changing. Disgusted with the Bear Cat for his apparent inability to put his man down, the mob, clamoring for a knockout, began to switch its favor, jeering the Bear Cat and applauding Tom even when, through the next round, he clinched and loafed and rested as before, and, indeed, came out of it to his corner looking almost refreshed.

"I got an awful good round in me yet, Deacon," he grinned gorily, "if this is the last round."

"You can make it the last round!" answered the deacon, quick and sharp, while he waved the towel energetically and urged the other seconds to their half-hearted task.

"If you can whip old Barleycorn to-night you can whip him always," he iterated endlessly, and with such fervor of faith that Long Tom began to believe it firmly and waited eagerly for the gong.

But the gong was long in sounding. The timekeeper was in league with the betters, and unfair. He was giving their man an extra fifteen seconds of rest.

The deacon sensed this and smiled, for an extra fifteen seconds would do his own man no harm. But, glancing over his shoulder, he espied, behind a barricade of the bodies of his seconds, the champion of the North Side Athletic Club taking a long grateful draft from a small flat bottle.

"It is John Barleycorn you're fighting, Tom!" the deacon cried. "They're giving him liquor."

"Then I'll get him!" gloated Tom.

The two men met in the exact center of the ring, the Bear Cat rushing and fighting hard. So violent was his onset that it broke through his adversary's guard and permitted him to hammer again with those still painful but no longer terrible blows upon Long Tom's ribs and tender flanks. The deacon, edging along the side as usual and getting more fight-wise every second, saw his man flinch and his face take on that old haggard look of pain.

"Keep away from him!" he bawled. "Keep away and then plant a good one—the hardest you can command!"

Big Tom called upon his well-thewed legs, and they responded nobly, bearing him out of danger for the moment, while the deacon's fire-control signals continued to come. But there were hundreds of frantic advisers besides.

"Punch him!" "Jab him!" "Uppercut him!" "Now the hook!" "Come across to the jaw!" "Counter! Counter!" "The left to the bread basket!" "Look ou-u-u-ut! Look out for his right!" "Guard that jaw!" "Keep your shoulder up and your elbow down!" "Bore in! Now! Now! Right and left to the body—quick!" "Double him up!" "Another!" "Now try for the point!" These were only some of the shouted directions from all sides; and the deacon had a very penetrating voice.

When to the fighters all other coachings had melted into mere yelpings, the deacon's cries of confidence, of enthusiasm, of victory, carried clear and sharp to the ears of both contestants, and the arrogant cocksureness of them maddened the Bear Cat to the point where he lost what little discretion that draft from the small flat bottle had left him.

Once more he came charging in, head down, so swiftly that Tom had just time to set himself, so that his arm stiffened, with the whole body bracing behind it, as his left glove met that onrushing head with a jarring shock which straightened and staggered the Bear Cat, leaving him momentarily helpless.

"Your right! Right to the jaw!" bellowed the deacon, lapsing completely into the only speech that met the need of the moment.

But it was too late. Tom was so shaken up by the impact that he lost his balance; and, before he could set himself for another swing, the Bear Cat was covering up. But now, instead of coming on as usual, he was backing off round the ring. Tom followed, jabbing with his left and looking for a chance to send in his right. Ultimately they clinched and wrestled, but with the tall man—the cooler, the stronger and the more alert—watching now for an opportunity to pivot a short-arm blow to the jaw at close quarters.

The spectators, sensing the nearness of an end of some sort, grew wild, and then wilder. They shouted; they stamped; they whistled and uttered profane objurgations to relieve their pent-up emotions

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as the significant change in the status of the two fighting behemoths became more apparent to all.

In the midst of this there was a sudden swift exchange of blows in the Bear Cat's corner, with nothing to be seen for a moment but weaving bodies and flying gloves. Then, all at once, Long Tom was standing, with his hands at his sides, glancing first at the referee and then at the burly figure hanging spectacularly half over the ropes, head pendent, arms swinging, the lines themselves bounding under the sudden impact of this great dead weight. For a moment there was silence all over the house.

"Good night! What a hook!" yipped a voice in the gallery; and then bedlam broke loose as the referee stepped forward and his arm began to rise and fall.

It waved ten times; and it might have wigwagged twenty more, for the figure on the ropes did nothing but turn over and sag slowly downward to the canvas.

The referee turned and—reluctantly, the deacon thought—caught the glove of Long Tom and held it high in token of his victory. The crowd cheered, the losing betters cursed, and the deacon, bounding into the ring, kissed the big smeared face of the conqueror.

But at this juncture a man crept through the ropes who, as he stood up, flashed a star from under his coat. This interloper was followed by others, some of whom ranged round him and others of whom gathered in the seconds.

"Principals and seconds under arrest!" snapped a sharp voice, and the deacon's flushed face blanched as he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder and turned to recognize a plain-clothes man standing at his side.

An instant later that writhing goodman became aware of something else: In the aisle just beyond the ropes stood the man who had devised and collaborated in this spectacular raid upon a boxing bout degenerated into a prize fight—Pastor Brockman! Shocked beyond utterance—beyond movement even—eyes popping, the astounded minister could only stand and gaze, amazement and regret unspeakable in every line of his benevolent face.

Under this gaze the deacon, for the first time, became vividly conscious of the rôle in which he appeared and realized that he had borne a sympathetic and latterly a contributory part in this disgraceful affair, upon which the police had justly, though melodramatically, descended at the very instant of climax. It wanted only the presence of his beloved pastor, standing there with that grieved, heartbroken expression upon his face, to make the deacon's self-realization and his sense of shame and guilt complete.

This mood, however, did not last long. It could not last long. The blood was too hot in the deacon's veins; the consciousness of victory and of worth-while moral achievement was too strong. Instead of shame, his face lit with an exuberant aura of triumph.

"He won, Pastor!" the deacon shouted. "It's Brother Crockett, the Jumper Man. He whipped John Barleycorn!"

## THE LAST SPY OFFENSIVE

(Concluded from Page 19)

is not the work of paid confidential investigators so much as the voluntary aid of American and Allied business men and travelers. There are Allied eyes to-day on nearly every German operation; and more than one order to Imperial agents in Mexico has failed of execution because of these sleepless eyes.

It is not difficult to learn about the German moves in that country. The United States Government knows every possible means of communication between Mexico and the outside world. It knows of the possibilities through Salvador, Spain, Argentina and Japan. It knows the messengers and agents who travel between Cuba, South and Central America, and Mexico; and most of the time the United States or one of the Allies knows what is being sent. The system of watching the German agents in this Latin Republic is so water-tight that most of the danger is past.

One can meet many Americans who believe that our system in Mexico is weak because it is so easy for people to travel back and forth without passports. I heard directly of several instances where Americans went to different parts of that country without official permission; and I returned to the United States without having to give up my passport, which is required now by State Department regulations. Some opium smuggling still goes on, some information still goes back and forth, and some Germans succeed, through Mexican and other neutral agents, in purchasing war materials in the United States; but the big moves are almost always nipped in the bud.

Not even the Austrian Consul in Monterey, the chief industrial and railroad center in Northern Mexico, is able to get his carloads of sulphuric acid out of the United States, even though he has the largest wholesale and retail drug store in that part of the country. Whether his object is to divert this acid from war purposes, or whether it is for use in Mexico, it matters not. He was balked even when he organized, through Mexican workers, a wax-match factory, and ordered still more sulphuric acid. His business and that of his satellites may be the business of the Imperial German Government; and Uncle Sam is not taking chances.

The last spy offensive was another German failure, as both Mexico and the Germans are beginning to realize. Mexico and the United States to-day are on friendlier relations than at any time during the war.

Since the first four of this series of articles on Mexico were written there have been certain events of more than ordinary significance that change, in some respects, the statements in those articles. Between the time of the writing and the publication of the article entitled Rising or Setting Sun in Mexico, President Wilson recognized the de jure Government. President Carranza addressed an autograph letter to President Wilson, notifying him officially of his selection as President of Mexico at the last election; and on August thirty-first Mr. Wilson, without consulting his Cabinet, extended our official recognition to the present Mexican Government.

In Tampico the labor difficulties have increased; and General Carranza has sent two hundred soldiers to the city to maintain order, while a number of Mexicans have written to the United States Consulate asking that American marines be landed to protect the city at night. In these letters the Mexicans declare that it is unsafe to go on the street after dark in some neighborhoods, and they request American intervention.

Food and money continue to become scarcer throughout Mexico, despite the official announcements. In October the Federal Government notified the governor of the state of Nuevo León that hereafter the Central Federal Treasury would be unable to give to the state that portion of the federal taxes which had previously been sent there. The governor was notified that he would have to raise money for the state government as best he could.

In the warehouses of Monterey there are over forty thousand hides ready for exportation; but they cannot be shipped because the Mexican Government demands that the duty be paid in gold, and it is impossible for the exporter to get the required amount. He has notified American officials that he has sixty thousand hides in other warehouses, available to the Allies whenever the required amount of gold is permitted to leave the United States.

Business in the Monterey consular district has continued to increase, even beyond the figures quoted in my first article: Mexico—Enemy or Ally? In July the exportations amounted to $1,950,000; in August, $2,500,000; and during the first fifteen days of September, $1,500,000. This indicates a further revival in business in this part of Mexico.

As to whether Mexico shall be an enemy or an ally of the United States, the question is still undecided; but the bonds between the two nations are being fused tighter at every rise of the sun.

But Mexico is and may remain for some time as she was described to me by a foreigner in Tampico.

"Mexico," he declared, "is the screen of a great national moving picture. The operator and his machine are in the skies. Four reels of the revolution have been unwound. Nobody knows the fifth, except the Great Author of Human Destinies; and the last act is just about to begin."

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# THE COLLAPSE OF THE SUPERMAN MYTH

(Continued from Page 14)

Germans in 1914, or of dispatching them in trains and motors and trucks and lorries to any desired point? Napoleon's conscripts footed it from the Pyrenees, or from Finisterre, or from Calabria—to Vilna. As you are whirled at forty miles an hour across the American continent amid such modest luxury as a Pullman car affords, if you happen to think of the pioneers, thirsty, weary, footsore, shrouded in doubts, who first blazed the trail over the prairies and the Rockies to the Pacific, do you look down on them as mere men? Do you look up to yourself as a Superman?

With the best intentions in the world, I fear that we must dismiss the Superman myth; or at least we must so revise our definition of Superman that it will fit not those who can do things on a large scale because they have every contrivance at their disposal, but those who work marvels with a meager outfit. Call Columbus in his tiny Santa Maria a Superman if you will, but not the captain of a fifty-thousand-ton ocean liner.

In our glimpses at individual Supermen and at concrete examples of their acts perhaps we have not paid sufficient respect to the philosophic theory of the Superman. The Germans assure us that in order to understand them we must think Germanly. They see themselves as Supermen—giants among dwarfs; but through some regrettable defect in our vision we see them as a race of great vigor and remarkable attainments in certain fields, but not at all as demigods or even as Titans. The notion that here and there a Superman is born, a person "beyond good and evil," who is expected not only to curb his appetites and passions but to prove his Supermannishness by giving them a free rein, is a very cheerful notion if you are clever enough to persuade yourself and your group that you are one of these privileged creatures.

The champions of the philosophy of Supermania lean heavily on biology to support their creed. They have been misled by the phrase "the survival of the fittest." You might infer, to hear them buzz, that only the fittest survive or, to put it conversely, the fact that you survive is proof that you are the "fittest." Possibly a German complacently accepts this as a self-evident truth, but most of us non-Germans, even in our moods of most inflated self-esteem, must have our doubts as to our being the "fittest." Historians will recall many individuals, dead long since in body but living on in spirit, who were "fitter" than any among us to survive; nay, were there not many groups and even periods in the past which our "fittest" to-day cannot match?

### *Supermen, Sham and Real*

To interpret history in this mechanical fashion is as unsafe as it would be to try to climb the Matterhorn by practicing the goose step. If the "survival of the fittest" meant what the German believers in the phrase claim, then long before our geological era one species of mammals would have devoured all the others, and there would be only one triumphantly "fittest" kind of bird, of insect and of fish; and long ago one breed of men would have swallowed up or exterminated all other breeds. Has this happened? Has a tribe of Supermen arisen to dominate the world?

There have been conquering races. Assyrians, Egyptians, Macedonians, Romans, Teutonic Barbarians—ancient and modern—Normans, Arabs, Turks, Spaniards, Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, Prussians—but it would be difficult to discover the quality common to them all which made each in turn "fittest." And if we discovered it we should learn only what made them military conquerors.

But ability for military conquest is only one form of "fitness," and not the highest. Marcus Aurelius, for instance, would have gone down before one of the brawny gladiators in the Colosseum; or, to make the point even clearer, say that he had succumbed to a lion in the arena. How would his fitness to survive compare with that of the gladiator or the wild beast? Over the earth the common fly—*Musca domestica*—is more evidently diffused than even the German; fear of lese majesty restrains us from making any inference as to their relative fitness.

So there are, it seems, different kinds of fitness to survive; there are heights of excellence not dreamt of by the German General Staff; and there is human progress not to be measured or attained by the Prussian goose step. "Fitness to survive?" After nearly eighteen hundred years the golden thoughts of Marcus Aurelius survive to-day in the hearts of thousands, but the names of the victorious gladiators in the Flavian Amphitheater are forgotten as those of Hindenburg, Moltke and Mackensen will be when other standards of fitness than those of slaughter rule again. In days of frightfulness like the present it gives solace to reflect that we can still hear Theocritus singing his idyls among the moonlit groves, while all the wicked tyrants of Syracuse associated with atrocious crimes are mere names or even less. And if to-day we had to choose between preserving the art, literature and history of Athens and the Kultur of Germany under William II, can there be any doubt as to which we should jettison? In blotting out the Sieges Allee we should deprive posterity of many a smile, and in throwing over the records of Pan-Germanism and Supermania we should deprive it of records of otherwise incredible racial hallucination; but, after all, Treitschke, Nietzsche and the Hohenzollern Kaiser are but for a generation, whereas Thucydides, Plato and Pericles are for all time.

### *How Germans Deceive Themselves*

May we not conclude, therefore, that when we subject the Superman to the test of philosophy, or of biology, or of history, they refuse to recognize his claims?

"We have seen you before," they say; "we have watched your recurrent appearance in human affairs ever since the time when man, ceasing to be a quadruped, stood up on his hind feet. We strongly suspect, if you will permit us to say so, that you are really a survival of the quadruped, or Inframan, in the human race. We admire your adroitness in palming off *Infra* as *Super*; but really who are the people whom you have fooled in this way? Do they stand on their heads, or is their eyesight twisted, or do they dwell in asylums for the insane, or are they still quadrupeds?"

They are none of these; they are Germans.

At the outset of any philosophic inquiry a chilling question confronts us: How can we know that the Germans are Supermen? If the attributes of the Superman are above those of mere man what faculty has mere man by which to recognize them? For the Superman is not simply a being in whom the talents of mere man are magnified many times—he is a higher creation. We can know Cæsar, Socrates, Napoleon, Emerson, because they too were men; but how can we know the Superman any more than the kitten which chases its tail on the floor beside me knows my nature or thoughts?

Perhaps our only way is to assume that the Superman belongs to our genus and to study him experimentally as we would any other strange creature. So we shall be able to value him in human terms, which may or may not coincide with the value he has set upon himself. I remarked just now that he does not appear to have excelled even in science in those large discoveries, the product of the creative imagination, which we associate with superior minds. The steamboat was invented by Fulton, an American; the locomotive, applied to the railroad, by Stephenson, an Englishman; the telegraph by Morse, an American; wireless telegraphy by Marconi, an Italian with a British mother; the telephone by Bell, an American; and when we come to the field of war implements what surprise is this? Not German Supermen but mere men of other races dreamed, devised and designed them. An American named Holland put the first submarine into the water; he, too, invented the submarine torpedo; Maxim, another American, invented the machine gun; two American brothers, the Wrights, set flying the first practical airplanes; Bessemer, an Englishman, discovered the process for making steel, without which Krupp guns, large or small, would not have existed; and

(Continued on Page 57)

*Concrete Roadway Intersection at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Built for Permanence by the United States Government*

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(Continued from Page 53)

nearly a century and a half ago a Frenchman, Montgolfier, invented the balloon, the principle of which underlies the Zeppelin, the dirigible and all similar modern varieties. Even in the art of war itself it was not the Germans who discovered trench warfare.

Not a German in all this list. The Supermen turn out to be amazingly lavish borrowers of other men's ideas, prolific adapters, untiring imitators. Among men it is the discoverer—and not those who follow him or perhaps improve upon him—that is rated highest. Can the ranking be reversed among Supermen? Among them do the second-rates stand higher than the first?

If we leave the sphere of invention and enter that of basic principles we find that no German, but a modest Englishman, Charles Darwin, announced the idea which has been the keynote of modern thought and of modern science. Louis Pasteur, a modest Frenchman, demonstrated the true method of biology; Michael Faraday, a modest Englishman, laid down the laws which have guided all subsequent students and appliers of electricity; Joseph Lister, another modest Englishman, conferred upon this suffering world the boon of antisepsis.

Our search for indisputable proof that Germans have been Supermen in these many fields seems barren. Can they have been mistaken? Does not the giant know the length of his own belt? Who are we to doubt or to deny? Is it not presumptuous in moles to question the magnitude of elephants? In fairness we must judge the Germans by their achievements in the activity which they pronounce supreme. That activity is war, the sum and crown of all their ideals and talents. I have hinted, perhaps too audaciously, that in the actual war the Germans have revealed none of those transcendent qualities that must be of course the martial heritage of Supermen. Let us glance once more at this matter, which is evidently the final test for our poor human intelligence of the Superman's claims.

### The World's Greatest Liars

We must never forget that when the Kaiser forced his atrocious war upon the world in August, 1914, he commanded the most stupendous army the world had ever seen; in equipment, in drill, in the speed of its mobilization, it had no rivals. It swept on, apparently irresistible, for thirty-six days; then Manoury found the crevice in the German giant's armor, plunged his sword into it and the monster reeled backward. Four days later it was in full retreat. This is puzzling to the plain common-sense man. It surprised even the Germans themselves. In the happy days of Bourbon despotism in the Two Sicilies the soldiers were given amulets, which, they were assured, would render them invulnerable to the bullets of their enemies. What must a Bourbon soldier have thought when he was brought to the ground by a ball that smashed his thigh? The Kaiser gave his German soldiers similar amulets—he told them that they were Supermen and invincible. When they were beaten at the Marne and only by their superior running ability succeeded in reaching the Aisne in time to dig themselves in before their pursuers came up with them, were they troubled by doubts as to the validity of their amulets? Being Germans, they probably indulged in no surmises, for the German soldier is trained not to think.

But a few weeks later the Kaiser, having been baffled at the Marne, decided to make a drive on Calais. What could hinder him? There were a hundred thousand British troops round Ypres, but the Kaiser had already in a speech sneered away General French's "contemptible little army." The Kaiser had been the master strategist and victor in the German grand maneuvers for twenty-five years, and his verdict on military qualities must therefore be final. So he sent half a million of his best troops on their promenade to Calais; but at Ypres the "Contemptibles"—who wear that as a name of honor forever—stood their ground; they had only rifles and small fieldpieces to oppose the heavy artillery and the machine guns of the enemy; they were mostly raw or inexperienced soldiers fighting against the best regiments of Germany; they were only Britishers while their foes were Germans. And yet the "Contemptibles" held fast; many of them died with a cheer, but they held fast. The flower of the Kaiser's army never got beyond Ypres, either then or in the three years that have followed.

Here is another puzzle for the plain common-sense mere man. If one Britisher can check and virtually defeat five Germans, which is the real Superman? Let us pray to be "Contemptibles," and let us not begrudge the beaten Supermen their Iron Crosses.

Except for the way in which the Germans carried out frightfulness after the war began, nothing so startled the world as their inability to comprehend the point of view of other nations. They were themselves astonished that anybody should criticize their campaign of rape, arson and murder in Belgium and France or their disregard of solemn compacts. "Is not war war?" they asked. "Is a treaty more than a scrap of paper?" To them it was inconceivable that Belgium should hold her honor dearer than her safety—that England should stand by her pledges—that France should be moved by an instinct deeper than that of self-preservation. The Germans had been so long in the habit of assuming that the earth revolved on a German pivot that they took it for granted that all the other Powers would accept without demur the plea of German necessity.

In ordinary life this trait is common enough; but instead of reverently kneeling to those who are afflicted by it we pity them, recommend sedatives or a bag of ice at the base of the brain, and meditation on the wisdom of humility. If now we are to believe that the swelled head is the sign of the German Superman shall we not ask what it profits him? If the state of being a Superman deprives him of the power to understand the thoughts and motives of mere men is he not to be pitied? For he lies at the mercy of insignificant creatures, who may in a week upset the plans he has been maturing for forty years. Who would wish to be a Superman on those terms? An insignificant mere man can fathom the German's psychology while the German is as nonplused as a South Sea Islander before an English Bible.

I have heard it argued that though we must deny to the Germans their claim, on military grounds, of being supreme—for measuring their performance in relation to their resources they have fallen far short of even a mere man like Napoleon, not to mention such ancients as Alexander and Hannibal—yet in mendacity and deceit they have beaten the world's record. Their spies burrow in all lands; their cunning corrodes every class of society; they have so far forgotten what truth is that they cannot fabricate a lie that looks enough like truth to be effective.

Frankly the evidence is in their favor, for they have brought mendacity to a degree of perfection that Metternich or Gortchakoff or Frederick the Great himself would have envied. We must go back to the Renaissance—to the consummate papal masters of craft, to Sixtus IV or to Alexander VI, let us say—to find their equals.

### Masters of Low Cunning

And yet, having admitted this, having accepted the claim that they have spread their spider's web from pole to pole, we ought to point out in the name of truth—and truth must be heard even when lies are in question—that the most extraordinary aptitude for cunning and mendacity would not entitle its possessor to pass for a Superman. Lies of all kinds are emitted like counterfeit money by the lower grade of mere men, and by degenerates, savages and children. To base the German claim to Supermania on a lie, therefore, may seem to the heartless singularly appropriate; but it cannot be established. No one argues that the Renaissance delinquents were Supermen. Or if we look simply at the practical side the fact that an American detective served Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, as valet for twenty months, must always dispose of the German Superman's claims to supremacy even in cunning.

The Superman, as a member of a Superpeople which, according to its prophets, must choose between world power and downfall, deserves our heartiest sympathy. If you, reader, were to be suddenly obsessed by the idea that you must go out and whip everybody you met in the street or be whipped and cast onto the dump, would not you be an object of pity? Supermania seems so obsolete that it requires almost as great an effort of the imagination to believe that it has come to life again as that we are in danger of the resurrection of the Harpies.

In an insane asylum a patient had the delusion that he was Julius Cæsar, and his keepers humored him—and all went well. After a while another patient came who imagined himself Charlemagne. He began to rattle the imaginary scabbard of an imaginary sword and to strut imperially; and the keepers humored him too—and all went well. That is the common-sense way in which, outside of Germany, they treat victims of Supermania. Beyond the Rhine, however, they prefer a different régime. They say "Hail, Cæsar!" or "Hoch! Hoch! Charlemagne!" and they give him a real sword in a real scabbard, and obsequiously kiss the hem of his garment; and so they confirm his delusion in him. But presently the delusion reacts in themselves.

Granted that ambition is rooted very deep in the human heart, its gratification in the form of dominating a conquered people has long since lost savor for civilized men and women. To gloat over the fact that, thanks to your superior force, you can compel others to do your bidding against their will allies you with the earlier types of barbarians who took delight in making slaves of their men captives and concubines of the women. That is the attitude bred by despotism. Some of us have been so genuinely imbued with democracy that we feel not merely aversion but shame at the thought of coercion derived by brute force, and we felt not elation but repugnance when, through a cruel stroke of fortune, several million Filipinos became our "subjects." Weaklings that we are, we are unworthy to catch that form of *Supermania Teutonica furibunda!*

With all its defects history must at least be credited with one compensating virtue—it shows us that there is nothing new under the sun. Amid great calamities or horrors or despair wise Clio whispers: "This has happened before; worse than this have I seen; this too shall pass away."

### Sneaks Not Supermen

History is not a prophet, but only recently she said: "The struggle between right and might is eternal. A century and more ago the gospel of the rights of man, of democracy, was embodied in French armies which marched under the command of Napoleon from end to end in Europe, shaking down thrones and institutions. The personal ambition of Napoleon strove to use this earth-shaking force for his selfish ends. Then Europe rose and destroyed him, but democracy went marching on."

Lovers of fact cannot fail to be grateful to the Germans, the self-announced Supermen, for their complete demonstration that there are no Supermen. Even over here in America it was a little annoying to harbor the suspicion that possibly the German professor, or the editor of the German newspaper, or the fellow who blew up factories and wrecked trains and hid bombs in passenger steamers, being German, might be a Superman. To Yankee eyes the professor was simply a sneak, oily and eely; the editor one of the brood whom Bismarck called "reptile"; the bomber a low villain in whom great cowardice did not preclude great crime. Our Yankee eyes have been justified by the pricking of the Superman bubble. The Kaiser's workers here are no more and no less than our Yankee eyes have seen them to be—curious types of Inframen whose portraits, under other names, adorn the Rogues' Galleries, and whose peculiar activities are the study of the criminal pathologists of many nations.

The collapse of the Superman myth will bring relief not only to those who accepted it on too slight warrant and feared that the German Supermen would overrun the world and persecute and cretinize its inhabitants, but it will also relieve those who saw that the Superman creed, if true, meant the negation of whatever moral and spiritual ideals mankind have laid hold of in the course of their painful ascent from savagery.

To some of us it seemed rather late in the day for any of our contemporaries to puff out their chests and say: "Behold, we are the chosen people!" And when they flaunted before our skeptical gaze their affidavit to that effect, signed by Professor Haeckel, and Professor Harnack, and the Professor of Entomology This and the Professor of Etymology That, and all the other ninety-three incarnations of German veracity—and bootlicking—instead of being convinced our irreverent minds began to wonder whether Haeckel, Harnack and the

(Concluded on Page 61)

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*Wide open at the turn, on the course at Speedway Park, L. I.*

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AKRON

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Both in the number of victories achieved and in the character of these victories, it is a performance without parallel in motor racing history.

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Think what a tire must have in vitality and strength to stand up and lead without failure under the stress of speeds repeatedly in excess of a hundred miles an hour.

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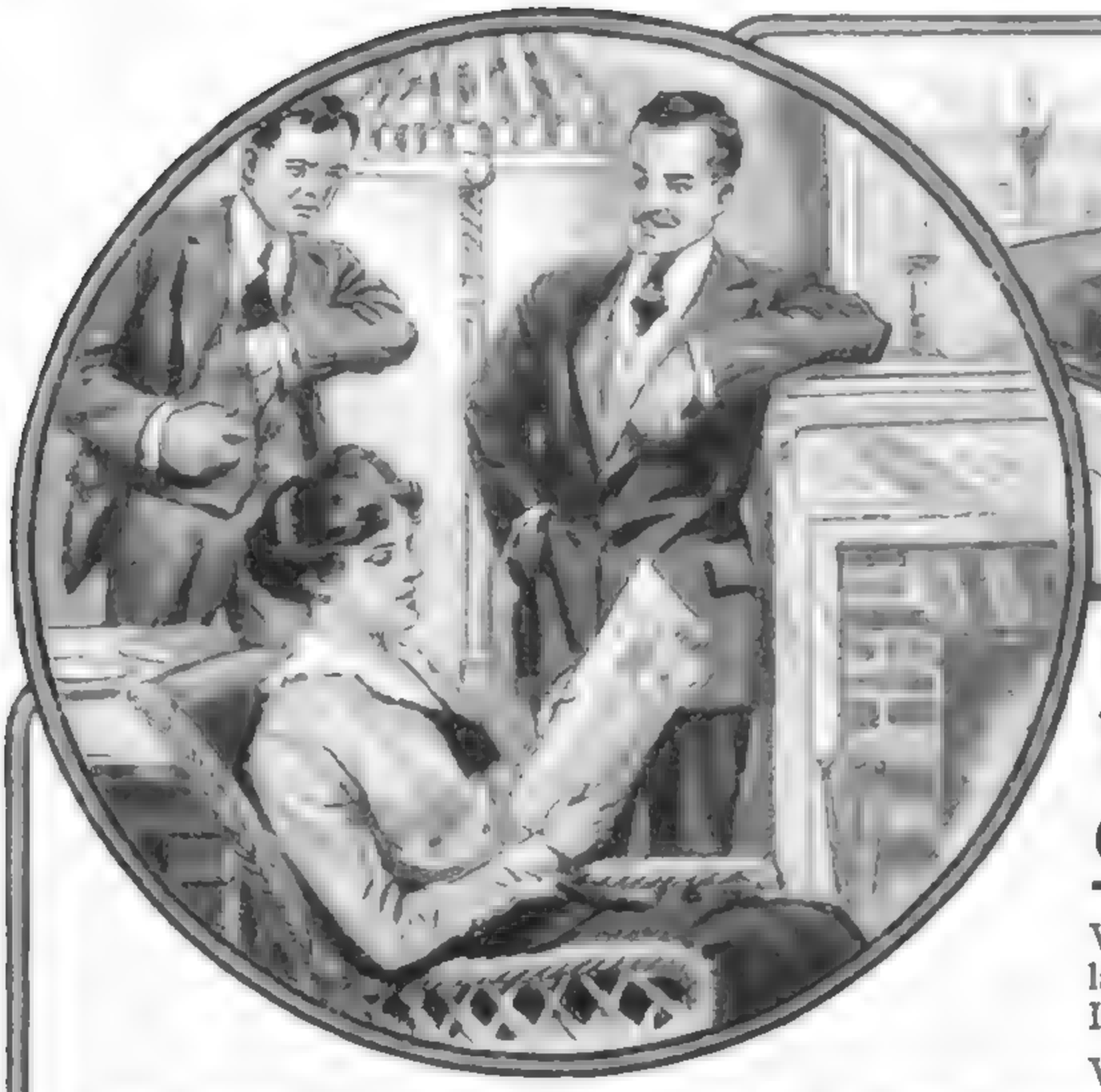

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You have the full warmth and protection of wool, yet it *doesn't touch the skin!* You have the ideal comfort of cotton, *yet you run less risk of catching cold and feeling cold.*

And your body receives healthful ventilation by means of the *air space between the wool and cotton layers of fabric.*

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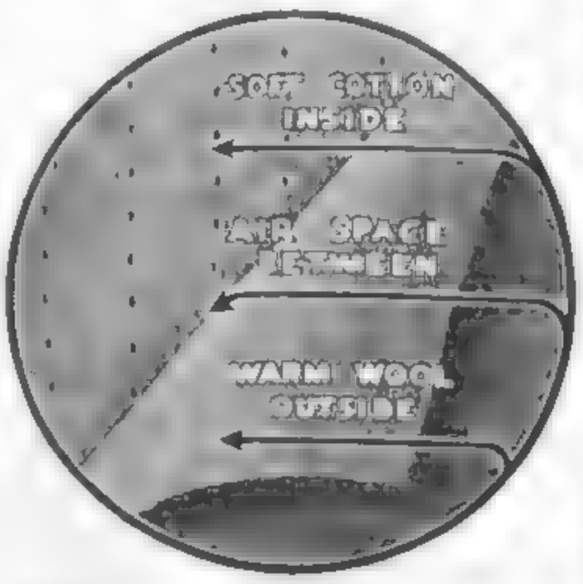
You'll be surprised to note in wearing Duofold that you have less colds than heretofore. If you wear it from first to last frosts, all winter, and take ordinary care of yourself, you will find that "catching cold" is a *rare* thing with you. Doctors, who for years have been "first customers" for Duofold, will verify this statement.

Underwear covers the greater part of your body and comes directly next to the skin—it's the *foundation* of dress for *health* and *comfort.* Get your underwear right and the rest is easy. Wear Duofold this year and you will say, with a great host of others, that you have found your *ideal winter under-garment.*

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(Concluded from Page 57)

rest had been cultivating their special fields of science with the same disregard of fact that they displayed in the easily verifiable theory of the Superman.

The doctrine of the chosen people came at an early stage of development. Readers of the Old Testament find it tenaciously held by some of the ancient Hebrew tribes in Syria. For it to reappear three thousand years later among the Germans, whose Hohenzollern masters despised Jewry and Jews except when they could borrow money from them or use them as spies, seemed a comical reversion to an outworn primitive concept. Some of its supporters disguised it a little by clothing it in modern scientific phrase. We have heard their assertions about the "survival of the fittest." Others tell us that there have been only two "male" races—the Roman and the German. The Romans subdued all the "female" races of their epoch; the German mission is to bring all the "female" races of our time under their subjection. A delightful example of unconscious humor! Solomon, the sovereign of the chosen people in B. C. 990, possessed a thousand flesh-and-blood females; William II, sovereign of the German chosen people in A. D. 1914, aspired to possess as many "female" races. So would the intimations of Holy Scripture be fulfilled by the establishment of a political world-harem at Berlin.

The cult of the Superman could flourish only in a time and among a people given over to materialism. The astonishing feats of the Germans were the product, as we saw, not of unusual genius—far less of any superhuman faculty—but of a nation whose men, women and children, old and young, had been reduced to so complete a state of mechanical obedience that they could be directed by a single will just as every cog, wheel, belt and spindle of a factory is controlled by the engineer who turns the power on or off. You may marvel, if you will, at the success that those have had whose interest it was to bring seventy million human beings to the state of machines; but when you look abroad over Nature or over history you will come upon so many examples of docility and imitation that you will perceive that these qualities belong to a lower rather than to a higher order of intelligence. Watch a flock of sheep scampering after their bellwether, or a procession of caterpillars crawling in an unbroken line, one behind the other, wherever the leader takes them. How obedient they are! How German! Remember such vast collective enterprises as the Crusades, in which not merely one people but all the countries of Christendom—even tens of thousands of little children, so truly childish is the German frame of mind—were impelled by the same motive; remember with what efficiency the Inquisition did its work in Europe and America, and at its height yielded nothing in thoroughness and in black results to the highest Prussian standard. The thing itself is old; only this recent manifestation and the names are new.

### Hero-Worship Turned Inward

On the teachability of the human biped his progress, of course, depends. Civilization inheres in the doctrines he is taught and on the spirit in which he uses them. The spirit—for the wisest and best men have discerned in man something invisible, intangible, immaterial, but most real, to which they give this name. There are two sorts of education: The one endeavors to liberate the spirit; the other to train those faculties which spring from the physical nature of man. The finished product of the former education is an individual who thinks for himself and wills for himself—and recognizes his moral responsibility; that of the latter is a machine who receives his thoughts from outside and whose will and acts are controlled by a master.

Submissiveness, obedience, docility, and all other forms of protective coloration from fear date from primitive times, when they were the effects produced by superior brute force on the weak. Later, cunning in various guises managed to share the mastery with force. In one way or another the weak were controlled through their fears; and, however we disguise it, the same is true to-day.

But certain aspirations are almost as instinctive as fears, and it is by playing on these aspirations that the greatest workers of iniquity—ambitious war lords and religious fanatics—have dissembled their purposes from the multitudes whom they employed to do them. Patriotism and religion are the commonest, the most effective of these deceptions. Either of them has the power, like a terrible drug, to deprive its victim of his normal human character. How else explain the pious edification with which crowds of the "faithful" witnessed the tortures and slaying of heretics; or the frenzied exultation of the spectators of the orgies of the French Revolution—worshipers not of Saint Dominic but of Saint Guillotine—for whose patriotic qualification the heads could not drop fast enough into the blood-soaked sawdust? An unlimited capacity for hero-worship—which, like love, is blind—shows itself early in the development of the human race, and has been almost as great a source of evil as of good. If you turn your hero-worship inward to yourself the efforts of all the angels cannot save you from falling, like the Germans, into the Superman delusion.

To make men individuals and not mechanical atoms of a mass; to call out the spirit in them instead of reducing them to machines—that is the ideal which will forever overcome the German ideal of the chosen people composed of Supermen, who, when scrutinized, turn out to be parts of a gigantic mechanism. I repeat, man is compounded of matter and of spirit, and since his creation there has been a perpetual conflict between the two. For ages together matter seems to dominate; and then spirit breaks through, frees itself and regenerates the world. Under the guise of the Superman matter has waged its latest war for empire, and it has been beaten.

### The Lesson of Babel's Tower

Should we not be grateful to the Germans who have organized matter into the most remarkable machine man has ever contrived—a machine in which the human and the material parts are indistinguishable; a machine which the oil of Kaiser-worship lubricates and for which the fuel of patriotism supplies the power; a machine which represents the ultimate attainment of science? Having examined the prodigy can we not refresh ourselves with the thought that this is the best and the worst that matter, whose spokesman is German science, can do? It cost Europe more lives than the present atrocious war will take, to get rid of the diabolical belief in witches. Shall we not say that that riddance was worth the price? Will not posterity declare that the exploding of the Superman delusion and of the giving over of the civilized world to German domination, which that delusion threatened, was also worth its price?

More than thirty-five centuries ago the race which then inhabited the Plain of Shinar, the Prussians of those times and perhaps their forerunners, looking up at the sun and stars, and more conversant with material than spiritual laws, thought that they could build them a tower by which they could mount to those celestial regions and possess them. But the Lord, looking down upon their city and their tower, said: "Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city." The name of that tower was Babel, and never since that time has the Lord given his approval to Supermen who would conquer the earth in the Prussian spirit. The one language which will unite all the races is not the language of frightfulness—the utterance of physical force and of science—but the language of love, through which the souls of men speak.

To us to-day who have never had any doubts as to the relative position of matter and spirit, and who have never shared the folly of thinking that we or any other people are Supermen, the price of the atrocious war is staggering. But the great gods are infinite, and we can infer the importance they attach to this struggle by the magnitude of the human sacrifice they have allowed.

## MRS. J. D. SHERMAN

(Concluded from Page 27)

taking, developing and printing pictures of scenes of natural scenic beauty.

Now I have two special objects in life, in addition, of course, to my war-service work. One is to have a comprehensive study of Nature, as seen in the outdoor world, made a formal part of every public-school course, and to have it rank with arithmetic and English in the pupils' credits.

My other object is to have more national, state and local parks created so that the people in every community may have a place in which to spend their leisure hours in wholesome outdoor recreation.

My home is at Long's Peak in the Rocky Mountain National Park. Here I live at least half of every year in my log cabin at an altitude of nine thousand feet.

One of the greatest days of my life was when my son guided me to the summit of Long's Peak and I looked down upon the wonders of the Colorado Rockies. To-day is another great day for me. Word has just come that this twenty-three-year-old boy of mine has passed examinations for flying and is now enlisted in the aviation service. And this brings me back to one of my special objects—the creation of parks. These will be needed after the war even more than they are now.

## MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

(Concluded from Page 27)

been able to make an individual reply to each of these appreciated notes. But the editors have kindly permitted me to print here one or two things that I would like to say to every young writer who has honored me with an inquiry.

Somebody asked Lawrence Sterne how he wrote a story, and he replied that he wrote the first sentence and trusted to the Lord for the second. I do not advise this method. Before one undertakes to write a story one ought to have every detail of it worked out. One ought to have a plan, with estimated proportions, that one could study and revise, as an architect studies and revises the plan for a house before he undertakes to build it.

The reason for this carefully worked out plot is clear. The human mind, through all vicissitudes, persists in the belief that every event touching it has a certain influence on some central purpose in life. Fiction, therefore, in imitation of life, must contemplate always this central purpose and the precise effect of every event upon it. Nature seems able to do this by virtue of some controlling authority at work in the world or by virtue of some inevitable necessity inherent in the events themselves. But the human mind is able to do it only by the nicest calculation. It is not worth while to bother about the relative values of plot and character in a story; any play will be better for having excellent actors to present it—but there must be a play to begin with. Get the story first!

And one must never forget that the moving intent of fiction is to entertain the reader. Therefore, fiction must be so arranged structurally that it seizes the reader's attention in the opening words and holds it to the end.

The writer then is concerned with a fundamental query—what are the elements of human interest? The slightest reflection will show that mystery is the main element. The thing that holds our attention is the thing that we do not understand. One has only to watch the people on the street on any day to prove this statement. If a hawker displays a picture of a cow, the crowd glances at it and passes on. But if he begins to unroll the picture of a cow that has been so skillfully drawn that no one can tell what animal it is until the last inch of the canvas comes into view, everybody will stop and wait before the hawker until the end of his performance.

There is a profound cause for this phenomenon. The unfailing interest of life lies in the fact that it cannot be forecast; there is always the mystery of the approaching moment. If the issues of existence were obvious no human creature could endure the deadly ennui of life.

We must imitate in fiction this process in Nature.

The opening event in a story must enter unexplained; succeeding events must follow with their influence bound back into other events not yet in view; and it is only when the final events emerge that one grasps the full intent of the story.

All stories of every class must follow this method if they would be correct in structure. It is the basic principle of the art.


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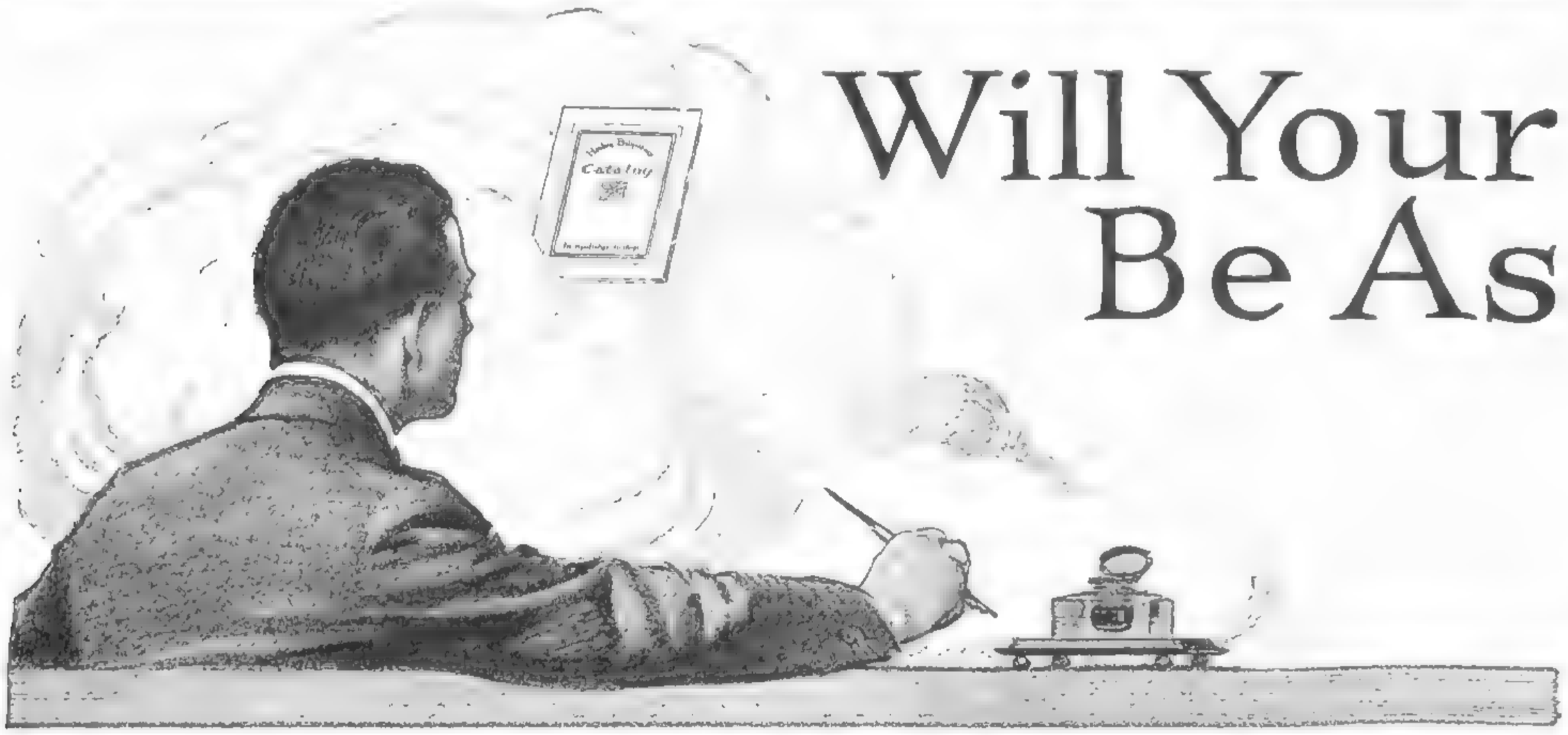


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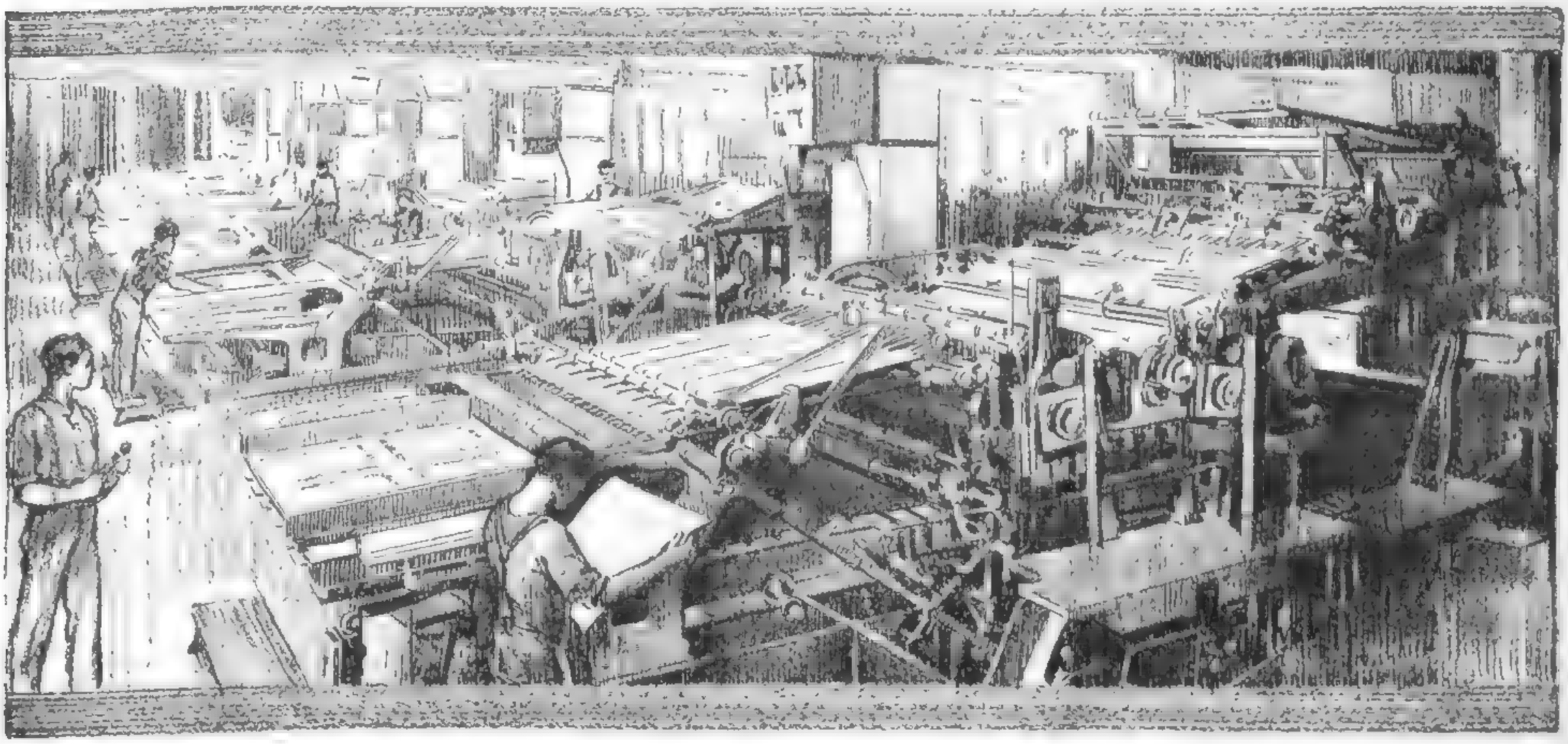

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# Contributed by America—The Machine Gun

By CAPTAIN J. S. HATCHER—Ordnance Department, United States Army

*The Vickers Gun is the Latest Development of the Maxim Type and is the Standard Machine Gun of the British Army*

AMERICA contributes the idea; others develop it. The war on the sea, the struggle for the supremacy of the air, and the battle that has surged for the past three years over the fields of France and Russia, all owe their most terrible weapons to ideas from this side of the Atlantic. The war on the sea is only a struggle against the submarine, which was contributed by America; the war in the clouds was made possible by Wright and Curtiss; and the war on the ground is a mechanical business in which the machine gun, of American origin, is the chief engine of destruction.

We all read the daily papers, and we all know—or think we do—what a machine gun is. In answer to this question the average American will tell you that a machine gun is a weapon that squirts out a solid stream of bullets as water is squirted from a hose; that it shoots at the rate of six hundred shots a minute; and that it can mow down whole battalions in no time.

This is very nearly correct, so far as it goes; but suppose you should ask: "What works the machine gun? Is it turned by a crank, like a hand organ, or is it run by an electric motor? Who invented it? How much does it weigh? Is there more than one kind? What kind do the Germans use?" And so on.

There used to be a machine gun with a crank like a hand organ; you poured the cartridges in at the top, and when you turned the crank they were fired at the rate of about ten a second. This gun was invented in 1861 by Doctor Gatling, of Chicago, and was really a very good gun. It was called the Gatling gun, after the inventor, and it was quite extensively used in our recent war with Spain.

The modern machine gun does not have a crank to turn. All that is necessary is to pull the trigger and the gun will keep on shooting as long as the ammunition lasts, which is ordinarily for two hundred and fifty shots, in about twenty-five seconds. The power used to operate the gun is the force of the explosion itself. Only part of the energy in the powder can actually be imparted to the bullet, and the remainder is dissipated in noise, heat and the recoil, or kick, of the gun. In the machine gun part of this energy is used to open the breech, remove the empty shell, insert a fresh shell, cock the gun, and close the breech. If the trigger is pulled the fresh cartridge will be discharged and will reload the gun. If the trigger is held back continuously the gun will continue to open, throw out the empty shell, put in a new one, close, and fire as fast as the mechanism can operate.

At the present time there are four types of machine guns in use in our army, and all of these guns are American inventions. They are the Maxim—also called the Vickers; the Colt; the portable Hotchkiss—also called the Benet-Mercié; and the Lewis.

The Maxim was invented by Sir Hiram Maxim, an American who afterward became a British subject. The Colt is the invention of Mr. J. M. Browning, of Ogden, Utah. The portable Hotchkiss is the invention of Mr. L. V. Benet, son of the late General Benet, former chief of ordnance of our army, and of Mr. H. A. Mercié, both of the French Hotchkiss Company. The Lewis gun is the invention of Col. I. N. Lewis, Coast Artillery Corps, United States Army, now retired.

In a letter to the editor of the London Star, in 1915, Sir Hiram Maxim gives the following account of how his inventive efforts were turned to the field of firearms. He says:

"In 1881 I visited the Electrical Exhibition in Paris, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor on account of some electrical and chemical work I had done; and about a year later I was in Vienna, where I met an American whom I had known in the States. He said: 'Hang your chemistry and electricity! If you wish to make a pile of money, invent something that will enable these Europeans to cut each other's throats with greater facility.'

"This made me think of the time when I was about fourteen years of age and was making drawings for my father of a hand-worked machine gun. I also thought of the powerful kick I got the first time I fired a United States military rifle. On my return to Paris I made a very highly finished drawing of an automatic rifle. Happening to meet a Scotchman in Paris whom I had known in the States, I showed him my drawings. He invited me to come to London. I did so; and shortly after I started an experimental shop at 57d, Hatton Garden."

When he invented his first machine gun Maxim was already a well-known inventor; and, as he had the means to develop his invention, it was quickly brought to a workable form, and frequent demonstrations were given before distinguished military and naval committees. Many of those

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64)

who witnessed tests of the gun were enthusiastic—notably the Kaiser; but not all the nations were favorably impressed. Li Hung Chang, the celebrated Chinese envoy, witnessed some of the tests and said emphatically: "That gun would never do for China! It is much too expensive."

This statement, naïve as it may seem, only reflected the attitude of many well-known European authorities, who dismissed consideration of the new weapon on the ground that the enormous consumption of ammunition and the difficulty of supplying these guns on the firing line would render them useless in warfare, though it was generally conceded that they would be useful in African and other such campaigns for stopping the rushes of savages.

How mistaken this view was is shown by the fact that at the beginning of the present war, in 1914, Germany is said to have possessed fifty thousand Maxims!

The Maxim is operated by utilizing a portion of the recoil, or kick, to work the mechanism.

Maxim's invention is remarkable in that it was almost immediately developed into practically the exact form it retains to-day, thirty-four years after it first appeared. The Maxim of to-day is identical in principle and operation with the early models, the only changes being in minor details and in the direction of lightness.

The Maxim is now the standard machine gun of the German, British and many other armies. In 1904 the Maxim was adopted as the standard of our army. In 1909 it was superseded by the portable Hotchkiss, called the Benet-Mercié. In 1914 and 1916 the Maxim was again adopted as the standard, this time in a somewhat improved form known as the Vickers Light Gun. In 1917 further tests were made, of which the complete results have not yet been made public, though it is understood that several types of guns were adopted.

### *Automatic Devices*

The success of the Maxim was followed in 1895 and 1897 by the invention of the Colt and Hotchkiss types. The Colt type was invented by Browning, who is also the inventor of many other automatic arms, including the automatic pistol now used in the army. The Hotchkiss was the invention of Baron Odkolek, of the Austrian Army. It was taken up and developed by Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss, an American residing in Paris.

Both the Colt and the Hotchkiss are operated by allowing a small portion of the powder gas to escape through a hole drilled in the barrel and to act on a piston, which, in turn, operates the mechanism. The Colt gun was adopted by the United States Government soon after it came on the market, and a certain number have been used by both the army and the navy ever since. In an improved form it is now being used by most of the Allied governments.

The Hotchkiss is now the standard gun of the French and Japanese governments. A large proportion of the Western Front is said to be held by the Hotchkiss guns. The French also use a modified type of Hotchkiss called the St. Etienne.

The Russians were really the first European nation to adopt machine guns as a standard weapon, and at the time of the Russo-Japanese War the Russians had quite a number of Maxims, which they used with such effect that the Japanese quickly realized the value of the new weapon and obtained a quantity of the Hotchkiss type. The use of machine guns by both sides in the present war was so effective that the reports of military observers and others could not fail to lay great stress on their employment, and the result was a quickening of machine-gun activity throughout all the armies of Europe.

### *Modern Lightweight Guns*

A new gun, the Schwarzlose, was adopted by Austria in 1906, displacing the Maxim. The next year France greatly enlarged her machine-gun program and adopted the Hotchkiss type—including the St. Etienne—as standard. In 1908 Germany adopted a lighter form of the Maxim, and many thousands of the new guns were at once constructed. All these nations realized that a machine gun is a complicated piece of machinery, and that for its successful operation a high degree of mechanical knowledge is necessary; and accordingly schools of instruction were established in which the men who were to handle the thousands of guns the factories were turning out were trained to become experts in the mechanism of their weapons.

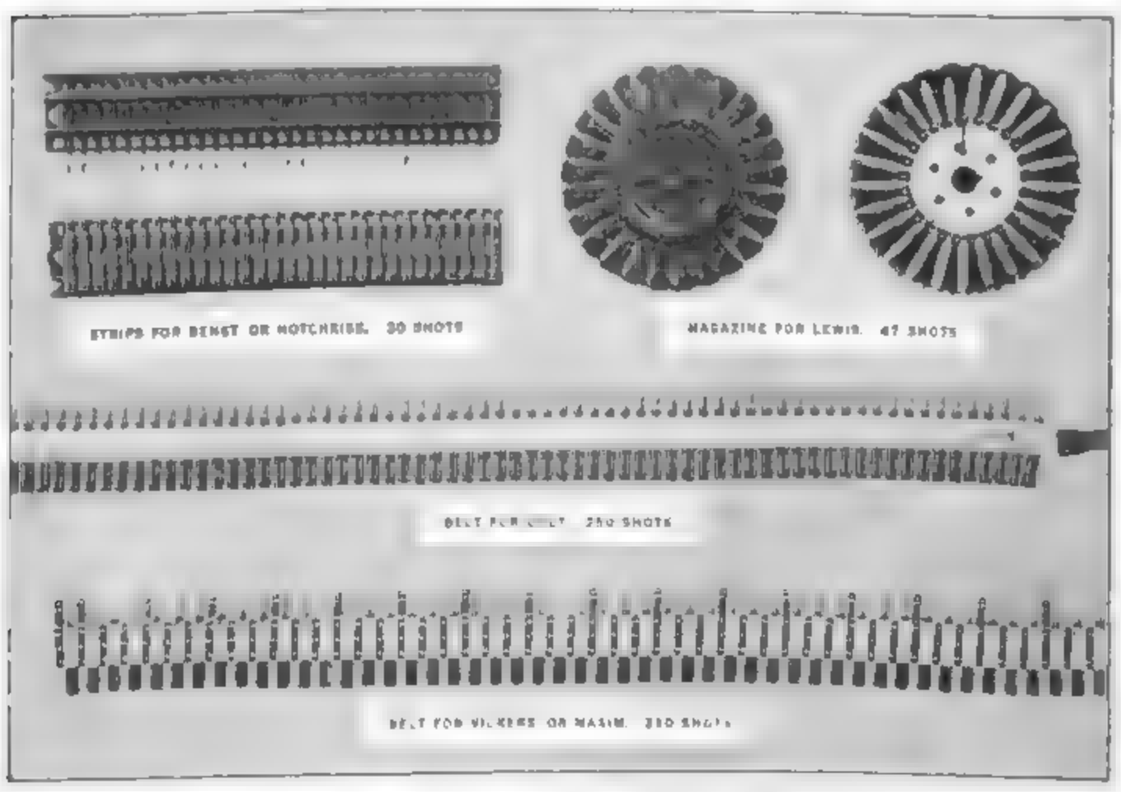
The machine guns that had been adopted up to this time were of rather heavy construction, the gun itself weighing about seventy pounds, and the tripod weighing as much more. In 1909 the United States adopted a gun that, with the tripod and all, weighed only twenty-nine pounds. This weapon, called in this country the Benet-Mercié, is well known in Europe as the portable Hotchkiss. The gun was made by the Hotchkiss Company in Paris, but after its adoption by the United States the manufacture of guns of this type, which we purchased, was transferred to this country.

In the transfer of the manufacture to this country some mechanical difficulties were encountered. Schools of instruction in the mechanical handling of the gun had been established by the principal European nations, as noted before; but none was established in this country. The training in machine-gun work was largely confined to tactical problems; and, as a consequence of the lack of mechanical experts, the tactical problems were constantly interrupted by mechanical failures.

The manufacturing difficulties were soon overcome; but the lack of trained operators, which was far more serious, was not overcome. As a result, the army got the reputation of having machine guns that jam, and those makes of gun in use in our army came in for much unmerited criticism.

This was the condition of affairs in 1916, when Villa raided Columbus. There happened to be four machine guns in the town at the time of the raid, and these were gotten into action. The night was dark and naturally some trouble was experienced with the guns. Occasional jams occurred; but in each case the trouble was overcome

(Concluded on Page 69)


STRIPS FOR BENET OR HOTCHKISS. 30 SHOTS
MAGAZINE FOR LEWIS. 47 SHOTS
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*Devices for Feeding Cartridges Used on Various Machine Guns*

*Any Authorized Druggist Can Supply You With*

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**Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods**

Leak-Proof Hot Water Bottle

Combination Leak-Proof Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe with the C-Kure-Nek.

Non-Collapsible Nursing Nipples

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Household Rubber Gloves, Etc.

# Now Homes as Well as Hospitals

## Can Get These Rubber Goods

Once Miller made only Surgeon's Rubber Gloves. And for 27 years they've been the practically official choice of the medical profession.

But meanwhile physicians, nurses and hospitals urged us to give them Miller quality in other Rubber Goods.

So we perfected Leak-Proof Hot Water Bottles and Fountain Syringes, and numerous rubber articles much used in the bathroom, the nursery and the sick room.

All are made by the same highly specialized methods, which make Miller Surgeons Gloves lead the world.

Experts won't accept inferior kinds. And why should you? Why be content with less than the surgeon's grade?

The Miller factories make that superquality only.

So insist on Miller Rubber Goods always. You can easily get them from the drug store that has the Miller agency.

## Leak-Proof Water Bottles and Syringes

Miller Hot Water Bottles and Fountain Syringes are made in one piece. No seams or bindings—so no danger of separation.

It would require hundreds of pounds of pressure to make Miller Bottles leak. No strain in actual use can do it.

The famous C-Kure-Nek is a patented Miller feature—a perfectly water-tight neck.

Look for the Miller Merit Man in the drug store windows. And ask for Miller Rubber Goods within, and take no other.

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DEALERS—Write for Exclusive Miller Merchandising Plan and figures that prove increased business.

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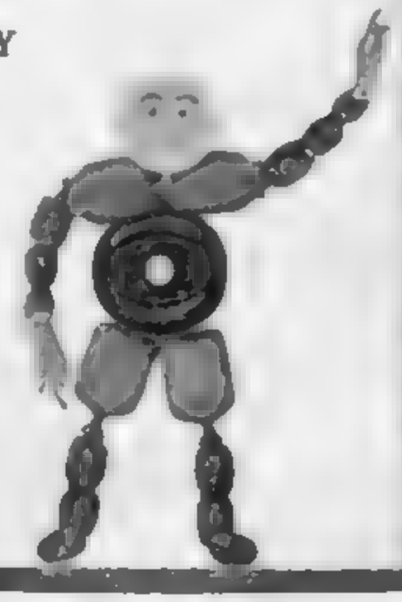

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Every full-blooded American should have the latest Rand-McNally War Maps—which show every foot of the European battle grounds—the farthest advance of the enemy during the war—and the **exact line of the front** as it stands **today.** You can see just where the cities and towns are that you read about in the reports—you can put your finger on the very spots where the battles are raging—and when "our boys" go forward you can see where they are making the fight for world liberty. Get one of these maps today at your stationery or book store or at almost any drug store, department store, hotel lobby, news-stand or railway station. See that you get a genuine **Rand-McNally** Map, if you want the most accurate, authentic and dependable information.

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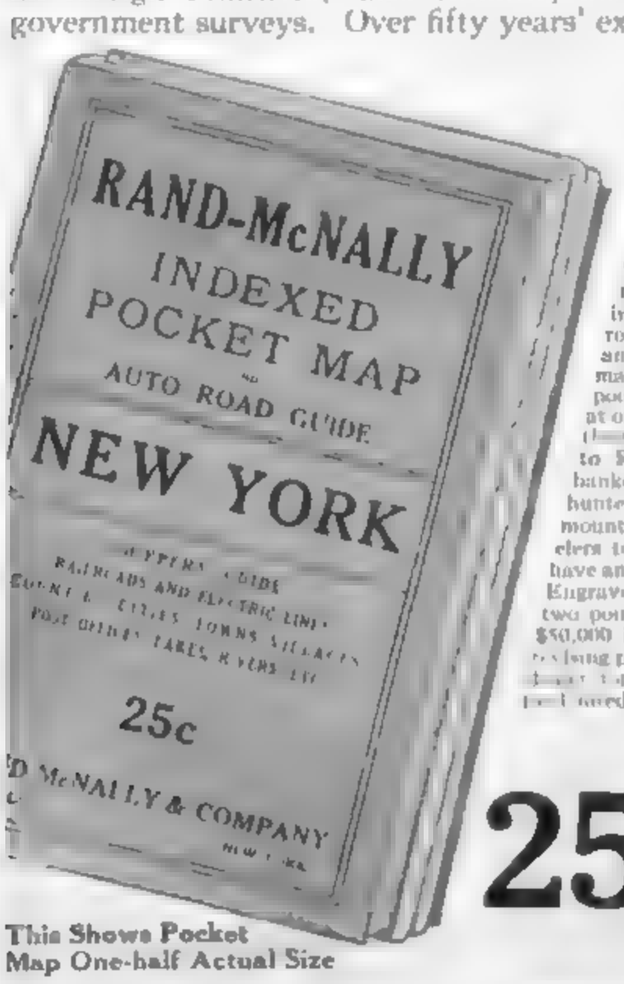


**This Shows Pocket Map One-half Actual Size**

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Any state or states you want. Show counties and county seats, townships, cities, towns, villages, railway lines, rivers, creeks, islands, lakes, and give information about not only steam but electric roads, post, express and telegraph offices, etc.—and every State pocket map has an auto road map on the back showing distances between all points. Completely indexed. Any place located at once. Commercial travelers use them to lay out [illegible] to R. R. and express points—real estate men, bankers, and investors to locate properties—and hunters and fishermen as guides to streams, woods, mountains and camps—automobile tourists and travelers to plan trips. Everyone should use them to have an intelligent knowledge of any state and county. Engraved accurately to scale. Distances between any two points can be instantly determined. More than $50,000 is spent every year just for the purpose of revising plates to keep these maps up to date. Ask your dealer for the Rand-McNally pocket map you want [illegible] United States, Canada, Mexico or Central America.

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Shows at a glance the conditions in any territory. Customers and their ratings, prospects, agents, [illegible]ries, salesmen's routes and daily [illegible] transportation lines, localized advertising campaigns, [illegible] territorial conditions as to crops, [illegible] every detail shown individually and [illegible] bearing upon business in any and [illegible] With this system at hand, the sales manager can form campaigns just as a general lays out his battle plans, and he can have the entire situation in hand every day. Furnished in all capacities, from a single state or part of a state to all the states, complete or subdivided. Also foreign countries. Write for special booklets and literature on the Rand-McNally Map-Tack System.

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The greatest of all general atlases will be the new Rand-McNally Atlas, which has been in preparation for 7 years—and will be issued complete after the war. It will show the map of Europe, and the new names of towns and cities (for example, Petrograd instead of St Petersburg). This atlas will be absolutely authentic—up-to-date. In the meantime Rand-McNally War Maps will give you present up-to-date information on the European situation.

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**25c** Look over a Rand-McNally Map and see how much new information it will give you which you cannot get so easily anywhere else. For 25c you can buy a genuine Rand-McNally War Map or pocket map of any state. Anything a map ought to tell you will be found in the Rand-McNally Maps—more information than you may expect to find. Remember these maps are sold at book and stationery stores, drug stores, department stores, news-stands, hotel lobbies and railway stations, on trains, etc. If your dealer has not the Rand-McNally Map you want in stock, he can get it for you. You should have one of the war maps—and, if you have an automobile, a state map with auto road map on back.

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*Every branch of engraving and printing for manufacturers, railroads, banks and advertisers*

(Concluded from Page 67)

and the gun continued in the fight. At least two guns were always in action. These guns were not always firing, though, as they frequently had to stop for lack of a suitable target.

To fire machine guns in the dark streets of a town without a well-defined target is to risk killing friend as well as foe.

There were many highly excited people present, however; and to these it no doubt seemed that all the guns should be firing, regardless of whether the enemy was in sight or not. Thus it happened that the report was started that the machine guns at Columbus had jammed, and the impression was created that they had not figured in the fight. This impression was false, for the machine guns were a decisive factor in saving the town; and in spite of occasional jams they fired nearly twenty thousand rounds of ammunition in the fight.

False impressions are often hard to correct, however, and very little effort was made to correct this one. Accordingly the failure of the machine guns at Columbus became a byword, finally resulting, in 1916, in the establishment of a series of schools among the troops along the Mexican border for training mechanical experts in the handling of machine guns.

So long as you hold back the trigger of a machine gun it will eat up cartridges and spit out the empty shells at the rate of about six hundred a minute. Some method must be devised to supply ammunition at this rate. In the Maxim and Colt guns, which are of the heavy type, the ammunition is supplied in belts of two hundred and fifty shots each. These belts are automatically fed through the gun, the cartridges being pulled out of the belts and fired as the belts pass through.

In the lighter types of gun the cartridges are held in a self-contained metallic magazine. The belts and magazines are shown in the photograph. The flat circular magazine belongs to the Lewis gun and the metal clip belongs to the Hotchkiss.

The automatic gun has been called the Alarm Clock of the Battlefield. Its measured drumming report, once heard, is a sound never to be forgotten and is always easily recognizable, even above the din of a battle. This noise is of great tactical importance, for it strikes awe into the hearts of the enemy, and gives great encouragement and moral support to our own troops when it tells them that machine guns are harassing their opponents.

The noise of automatic guns invariably wakes the enemy's artillery into action, for artillery is the arch foe of machine guns and will always make an effort to destroy them, once they are located.

### A Ruffled Ruler

To those who never heard one of these guns, the din they make is indeed terrifying. The story has been related of how the ruler of one of the Northern African provinces was once invited on board an American warship and noticed an automatic gun mounted on the taffrail. The guest ventured to express his curiosity concerning the contrivance, and the commander of the ship, by way of explanation, placed a belt in the gun and instructed the potentate to grasp the handle and press the trigger.

The result was so entirely unexpected to the simple African that he clamped down on the trigger as though it were an electric battery and yelled lustily for help, the firing continuing the while. As the ruler was too utterly paralyzed with fright to let go the trigger, it was necessary for a sailor to step up and jam the gun to stop the performance.

After the guest had somewhat recovered from his fright he departed in a rage, threatening to make the matter a subject of diplomatic correspondence!

When a cartridge is fired the heat of combustion is several thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and part of this intense heat is transmitted to the gun barrel. With an ordinary sporting rifle the barrel will get very hot if the gun is fired several times in succession; and with a machine gun this effect is greatly magnified, on account of the large number of shots fired in a short time. A minute's continuous firing with most machine guns would bring the barrel to a red heat.

A gun with a red-hot barrel is a very difficult thing to handle; and besides, a mechanism that will work well with the gun cold will often work very differently with part of it hot. Obviously something must be done about this heating. Maxim surrounded the barrel of his gun with a water jacket, and many other well-known guns of the heavy type are cooled in the same way.

This keeps down the heating as long as the jacket is kept filled with water, but it increases the weight of the gun and necessitates carrying a supply of water as well as of ammunition.

Moreover, the water in the jacket begins to boil after two belts of ammunition have been run through the gun, and thereafter the water boils away at the rate of one pint for each thousand rounds fired. The steam escapes from the water jacket in a white jet, which interferes with the gunner's aim and is liable to reveal his position to the enemy.

Consequently each gun is provided with a flexible pipe through which the steam is conducted away and condensed in a bucket of water or a hole in the ground.

These complications are such that it is manifestly impossible to use a water jacket on light or medium-weight guns; and consequently these guns, as well as some of the heavy ones, such as the Hotchkiss and Colt, solve the heating problem by having the barrels made so that they may be removed and replaced by new ones in a few seconds. The barrels are also made as heavy as practicable and are covered with fins to assist radiation.

### Air-Cooled Guns

With these guns as many as a thousand shots may be fired before it becomes necessary to cool the gun. If water is available it is applied with a sponge or poured on the barrel; or the gun is dipped into it and firing is resumed. If no water is available the heated barrel is removed and replaced with a cool one. The heated barrel is ready for use again as soon as it has cooled sufficiently.

These guns are called air-cooled guns, and are usually so arranged that a cartridge cannot be placed in the chamber of the gun without being struck at the same time by the firing pin; so that if firing is stopped at any time the gun will remain empty. This is because the barrels of the guns get so very hot that if the gun should be left loaded the heat of the barrel would soon set off the charge.

This heating of the machine guns is such a serious matter that members of a machine-gun squad are always furnished with heavy asbestos gloves, to enable them to handle the guns without injury while they are yet hot from firing.

Most machine guns shoot at the rate of from four hundred and fifty to seven hundred shots a minute; but they never get off so many shots in any single minute, for it is always necessary to stop and reload the gun frequently, which takes time. And moreover, as the vibration of the gun is terrific it is often necessary to stop and renew the aim. Consequently the one thousand shots a minute that the newspapers speak of becomes in reality from two hundred to four hundred shots a minute. Even this is too fast; for if one bullet strikes a man at least half a dozen more will hit him before he falls.

One bullet will stop a man as well as ten; and besides inflicting this useless injury, shooting at a man more than once is a waste of ammunition. Moreover, the faster a gun fires the sooner the ammunition will be exhausted and the more quickly the gun will heat up.

In most models of machine guns now in use the rate of fire has been determined largely by the size and weight of the parts, and is therefore mostly a matter of chance; but one of the developments of the future is bound to be a machine gun in which the rate of fire can be controlled to suit the tactical requirements.

The unparalleled use of machine guns to-day has turned the efforts of scores of inventors in this direction, and already important advances in the direction of simplicity and lightness have been made. Some of the latest guns weigh less than fifteen pounds and may readily be fired from the shoulder or hip. One man can carry the gun and twelve loaded magazines, each holding thirty shots.

Though further refinements will no doubt be made, it is likely that the guns described above will continue to be the main reliance of the warring powers. The Germans will continue to use the American-English Maxim against us, and the French will still oppose the Germans with the Hotchkiss.

Controlled at the nozzle, like the fireman's hose

WHEN fire strikes your home, car or motor boat, it usually finds a vulnerable spot in some cramped corner where there's no elbowroom. It's just here, in the hard-to-get-at places, that the Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher proves itself.

You can discharge it by pumping. But where there's no room to pump, discharge it by air pressure previously pumped up and released by a touch on nozzle lever. Remember that this *two-way* operation is an *exclusive* feature.

The Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher is approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. Motorists equipped with it can save *15%* on *their automobile fire insurance.*

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Price in U. S. east of Colorado

$10

brass or nickel finish, bracket included. $10.50 Colorado and West. *Dominion of Canada:* $12 east of Calgary. $12.50 Calgary and West.

*To the trade*
Our jobber-dealer sales plan will interest you. Write for details.

When you buy an extinguisher, look for the nozzle lever on the bottom—and insist on it. It's the mark of fire-safety.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
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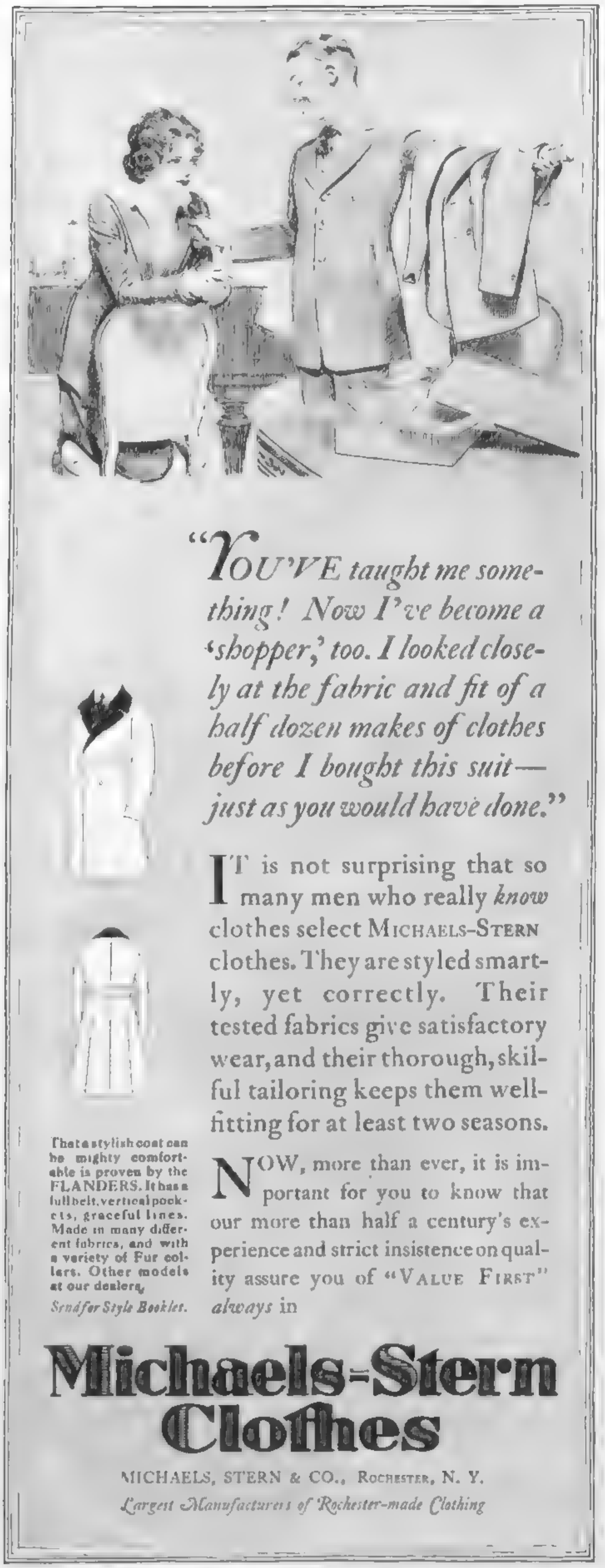

"YOU'VE taught me something! Now I've become a 'shopper,' too. I looked closely at the fabric and fit of a half dozen makes of clothes before I bought this suit—just as you would have done."

IT is not surprising that so many men who really *know* clothes select MICHAELS-STERN clothes. They are styled smartly, yet correctly. Their tested fabrics give satisfactory wear, and their thorough, skilful tailoring keeps them well-fitting for at least two seasons.

That a stylish coat can be mighty comfortable is proven by the FLANDERS. It has a full belt, vertical pockets, graceful lines. Made in many different fabrics, and with a variety of Fur collars. Other models at our dealers.

*Send for Style Booklet.*

NOW, more than ever, it is important for you to know that our more than half a century's experience and strict insistence on quality assure you of "VALUE FIRST" *always* in

**Michaels-Stern Clothes**

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing*

# PEACHES AND CREAM

(Continued from Page 12)

She had the chauffeur let her off at Thirty-third Street, because a newborn worldly cunning told her that it would never do to have a servant of her household see her entering a pawnshop. She walked down the avenue to Thirty-second Street, turned in half a block and was well in sight of her destination when her joy-devouring mind was again turned from its purpose. She was standing in front of one of those small coquettish store fronts that the affected exotic whim of Fifth Avenue renders profitable. It was a Dresden shepherdess of a store front, its bay window all latticed with white sashes, blue forget-me-nots painted on the cornices, a useless brass knocker on the white-enameled door: and over all, on a long white signboard, lettered antiquely in Colonial type, the following legend:

YE BOWE PEEPE SHOPPE

There were only two or three things in the window behind the white-sashed panes: Such a sport coat as Psyche might have worn for the rough work of chasing butterflies; a doll dressed in the period of Louis XIV, her skirts designed as curtains for the unsightly telephone; and on a gawky, violet-enameled spindle one coquettishly brimmed white hat, all dripping down the side with paradise plumes.

"The dear!" whispered Lora, her mind for the moment off the floating courts of Spain. That was the hat she had been looking for, the one that perfidious Madame Florence had faithfully promised to show her!

But duty like a stern policeman came and took her by the elbow. Lora stopped but to sigh again ere she passed on.

There stood a bald-headed albino behind the counter of the pretty pawnshop, a half block nearer Broadway. He focused his pink eyes to a look of hostility as she offered her spoil, at which he squinted carefully. He was a disagreeably pink person, suggestive of rubber. First he sneered at the seed-pearl earrings and offered to buy them outright for ten dollars cash. He flattered the ruby ring with several of his squints; the stone was large and had, as Lora knew, cost Clay dearly for his bad taste. Finally the pink pawnbroker weighed her entire collection of trinkets in his chubby hand. Spitefully he glared at them through his magnifying glass, and at last, in the voice of Simon Legree, spat out his verdict:

"Six hundred for the lot!"

"That's ridiculous," she protested, and would have explained further had not the roseate monster glared at her with the eyes of a venomous rabbit and sniffed:

"Six hundred is too much!"

She made a poor show of pleading. The pawnbroker gave her a rubber smile and began directing his greenish assistant in the work of arranging a new row of bejeweled cards on a nickeled rod. It was getting on toward five o'clock, and Lora, unfamiliar with the business hours of pawnbrokers, had a panicky feeling that they were closing for the night.

"All right," said she at last, acknowledging defeat.

He made her out a deck of little cards and shoved out a pile of bills with a gesture that was like a curse. It was a dear price she was paying for nobility; and as she walked dazedly back toward Fifth Avenue her whole being was embittered by the thought that she still lacked four hundred dollars of Count Francisco's reasonable request. Old Winifred's alimony would more than make up the sum, she reflected, and was like to burst into tears as she dismissed the thought.

Presently her walk got her as far as the Bowe Peepe Shoppe. Somehow gazing through the latticed window upon that dripping paradise plume had a settling effect upon her. She had a large sum in her beaded bag, and since the Spanish castles were gone a-glimmering she saw no valid reason why she shouldn't have the hat. Peeping over the ornate back board of the window she could see the comforting, substantial figure of Madame Florence passing back and forth in the act of shutting up for the night. The very sight of Florence was a sedative to Lora's twitching nerves. Florence was sensible, she was maternal—or was she a hypnotist?

At any rate, the poor foolish moth fluttered into the glamour of the Bowe Peepe Shoppe.

"My dear!" said Madame Florence in a big New England voice, as she rolled forth a frivolous chair for Lora's accommodation. She was a large-boned, middle-aged woman, her hair severely parted, her eyes a kindly brown, her face handsome, as though disdaining the nonsense of being pretty.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" fluttered Lora, casting an accusing look toward the window.

"Do you know I called you up twice to-day and you were out both times?" accused the able Florence with one of her maternal smiles. "But isn't it charming?"

She walked over to the window with the stride of one who should command armies. And strangely it seemed quite natural that she should be bringing the hat forth daintily and trying it on Lora's lovely head.

"It seems a shame you should do your beautiful hair so elaborately," she commented as she pressed the hat down at the crown and permitted her client a peep in the long mirror.

Lora glanced up at the reflection of the large friendly face bending over her. Somehow she could not take offense at Madame Florence's splendid impertinences.

"Clay likes me to do it this way," she defended.

"That should settle it," said the kindly voice. "If he wants you to dress in gold mesh with a ring in your pretty little nose don't you disappoint him."

"Oh, couldn't you make it less than sixty dollars!" cried Lora, only half heeding the philosophy as she regarded the angelic vision of herself under the lacy plumage.

"Elise," commanded Florence of her skinny assistant, "the small hand mirror."

Lora tilted the little glass one side and another, catching ecstatic flashes of peach-bloom and crystal gray in the fountain spray of feathers for which some kingly bird deep in the forests of New Guinea had given his life.

"I'm afraid sixty dollars is my very rock-bottom price," said Madame Florence at last.

"I know it is. But my husband says I'm spending too awfully much money and ——"

"He's probably right," mused the peculiar shepherdess of Bowe Peepe. "Of course you're pretty enough to be spoiled to death; but you know what happens to children who have too many birthday parties?"

Lora sat cocking her head to piquant angles, and permitted Madame Florence to answer her own question.

"They break all their toys, cry about it and have to be spanked."

"Madame," upspoke the cutting voice of Elise from across the room, "shall I put these away also?"

Lora's luxury-seeking eyes followed the question to behind a small show case from which the lights of many stones sparkled and shone. Elise was arranging a tray of beads and golden knickknacks.

"Oh, I didn't know you sold jewelry!" cried Lora, thrilling ardently.

"Just a few little things. Mostly tailor-made," explained the capable person. "Elise, bring the tray over and show Mrs. Hollis."

Lora had now removed the paradise hat and replaced it with the yellow feather. The ugly Elise tiptoed forth and set a brimming tray on the lap of the eager little customer. There were miscellaneous rings and beads and bracelets.

"Most of these, you see, are imitations," explained madame. "Smart effects to give a dot of color to a shirt waist or an outing suit. Two or three of them, though, are genuine. Once in a while a customer comes in and asks me to sell an old piece at a commission. There's a handsome old topaz in French enamel."

She held the stone daintily against Lora's gown; but Lora was unheedingly pawing over the miscellaneous collection.

"What a dear!" she exclaimed, holding up a large ring whose cabochon jewel gleamed with a rich blue light.

"Quite dear," laughed the older woman. "I'm asking fifteen hundred dollars for it, and a bargain at that. It's one of the few genuine bits I'm handling. It really makes me nervous to keep such valuable things about the place. Isn't it beautifully mounted?"

(Continued on Page 73)

# ALEXANDER

**Inherent as the character of a strong man, so quality is born and bred in Alexander. From his straight backbone to his strong, sinewy edges, sterling quality is found in every fibre of this great leather belt.**

It costs more to build this famous Alexander Rim-Grip Belt. It calls for better leather, for more skill and care in the making. But this better belt has increased production and decreased the cost of power transmission in the mightiest shops and mills from coast to coast.

Try Alexander—Tight-Line—the Great Leather Belt, for he's fit to be trusted with that one thing that makes your plant a live, pulsing unit—power.

## ALEXANDER BROTHERS
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Makers of Leather Belting, Harness Leather, Sole Leather and Leather Specialties. Branches: New York, Atlanta, Chicago. Alexander Distributors in all principal cities of the United States and throughout the world.

THE GREAT
LEATHER BELT

*"A little phonograph for the children? No! A magnificent musical instrument for them and for me!*
*"Did it please my family? Has it come up to my expectations?*
*"We are absolutely delighted with the Aeolian-Vocalion."*

## By Using the Graduola You Can Really Play

# The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

### The Phonograph Made by the World's Greatest Music House

I DID not have any idea there was such a phonograph as the Aeolian-Vocalion. Had I known it, I should have had one long before now.

The children were responsible for my getting it. They had been asking for a phonograph for some time. Finally my wife said to me seriously that I had better buy them a little cheap one. It would amuse them and if we chose some good records, would undoubtedly help them in their music.

After some hesitation I agreed. I really did not have anything against phonographs. Only they did not just appeal to me.

I play the piano a little, mostly by ear; have always sung; attend good concerts and am a fair amateur critic. So I like music that I am making myself or that some one else is making at the moment, even if it's not the most finished article in the world.

### *I Hear the Aeolian-Vocalion*

The little, cheap phonographs were all right. One might have a lot of pleasure with them, so I ordered one and had started to walk out of the store when my attention was arrested. I heard what was undoubtedly a phonograph being played, but it didn't sound exactly like a phonograph.

Stopping to listen I became genuinely interested. It was an orchestral record and the orchestration was really splendid. I'd never heard anything on a phonograph like it. The strings, woodwinds, and brasses had an immediately recognized *natural* quality. I heard the record through and it was, by far, better phonograph music than I had ever expected to hear. It had depth, beauty and richness, in addition to its extraordinary faithfulness in reproducing orchestral instruments.

### *I Play the Aeolian-Vocalion*

Seeing my interest the salesman suggested I investigate the Aeolian-Vocalion and I readily agreed.

The first thing I noted was the beauty of the cases. They were simple and in very good taste. Due to the depth and richness of their finish, they were exceedingly handsome.

After playing two or three vocal and instrumental records which only strengthened my favorable impression of the instrument's tone, the salesman said, "Now I'll show you the Graduola, which makes the Vocalion different from all other phonographs."

Putting in a record of "Sweet and Low" he drew a slender, flexible tube out of the side of the instrument and took the little metal device with which it terminated, in his hands.

After the first measure or two I rose from my chair in real excitement.

### *The man was actually playing*

His eyes were partly closed, his body was slightly swaying and he was holding the Graduola to his breast almost as though it were a violin. He was *feeling* the melody and was giving color to it from *his own emotion*.

"That's enough," I cried. "Let me try that. I believe you've the one thing there needed to make the phonograph great—a real musical instrument."

And he had. I played record after record. It was a very, very wonderful experience.

The two criticisms I'd had of the phonograph were gone. The tone of the Vocalion was natural, without stridency, and here this revolutionary Graduola was taking all the stereotyped quality out of its music.

### *I buy the Aeolian-Vocalion*

The salesman showed me all the Vocalion's features. How, without changing the reproducer but by simply shifting it, all makes of records could be played. And I saw the great advantage of this.

He showed me the simple and efficient Automatic Stop and many other things, but I did not need them, I'd been convinced long before.

Even without its splendid tone and other features that made it the greatest phonograph I'd ever heard, the Graduola was enough. No one with a spark of musical feeling could fail to appreciate the tremendous advance this was in the phonograph.

Somewhat to my surprise I found the Vocalion cost no more than other high-class phonographs. So I countermanded my order for the little instrument and bought a handsome though reasonably-priced model of the Vocalion.

A cheap little phonograph for the children? No! A magnificent musical instrument for them and for me!

Did it please my family? Has it come up to expectations?

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(Continued from Page 70)

She took the ring and held it to the light so that its blue mysterious orb glowed like the heart of a star. It was then that a naughty, tempting thought tickled the corner of Lora's conscience. Had she been able to carry such a sapphire to the pink man's pawnshop she would not be worrying about Count Francisco and to-morrow's meeting.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she as Madame Florence dropped the ring on the tray and Lora went on with the pawing-over process.

"There's a lovely old cameo." Madame Florence continued with the exposition as she opened a large brooch in the palm of her hand. "It isn't worth much as a stone, but —— Oh, my goodness!"

It all happened so suddenly that Lora, even in the terrible cool reflection that followed after, could not have told just what brought it about. Perhaps the lace of madame's sleeve caught under a corner of the tray as she lifted her arm. At any rate the tray flew up at a dangerous angle, Lora struck out a well-meaning hand—and all of an instant she had the irritating impression of sitting under a shower bath of jewels. With a clatter like the spilling of many beans—beads, pins, rings and bracelets went bouncing to the four points of Madame Florence's dainty compass. A jade necklace had sprung up and looped itself in the embroidery of Lora's jacket. She sat with her lap full of small shiny treasures.

"Isn't it awful!" she was repeating helplessly as the skinny Elise set busily to work picking the gems from her lap and Madame Florence, already on hands and knees, was gathering a harvest from the rug.

"Let me help." Lora sank to the floor and began scooping industriously, rattling varicolored stones back into the tray.

"Foolish child!" Madame Florence assumed her good-natured, motherly tone. "You're spoiling that sweet little gown of yours. You don't deserve a husband."

"Oh, but it's such a mess, and ——"

Lora, on her hands and knees, had stopped to consider the wreckage of her costume. Her gaze went traveling down her skirt as far as the big, senselessly feminine pocket arrangement; and looking there her eyes and her heart stopped together. It was as though a managing Fate had brought forth this accident for her own special benefit.

She rose nimbly to her feet and began shaking out her rumpled skirt. She didn't look down, but she felt sure the bright, gleaming occupant of her pocket must have slipped out of sight. Only Elise, the austere, regarded her sharply.

"I—I'm sorry—but I guess I will have to go," Lora found herself trying to explain.

"Just a minute, my dear," urged Madame Florence from her kneeling posture. "Would you mind looking under that show case? There's one piece missing—that sapphire ——"

"I—I'm sorry. I'm really late now. Send the paradise hat round, won't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hollis." Madame Florence rose stiffly and with a worried look unusual in her calm, firm face. "I'll have the girl take it right over."

"And I hope you find the ring. Well, good night."

As soon as Lora had slunk out into the street she took a guilty peep down into her pocket. The ring, caught rather high in a seam, was showing forth its brilliant blue eye. What if that ugly assistant had seen it there and wondered at her silence? Lora looked nervously over her shoulder. After she had walked the block's length she delved stealthily and slipped the ring into her muff. A glance satisfied her. It was the cabochon sapphire.

It didn't seem at all like stealing—more like having disagreeable wealth forced upon her. She had never entertained the remotest intention of taking it. There were plenty of sophistries to help her out: In the first place, it would be terribly embarrassing to go back to the Bowe Peepe Shoppe and try to convince Madame Florence that the ring had dropped into her pocket; also, she was only taking it as a loan to tide her over until the Spanish Government should return her husband's guaranty. Temptingly on a far corner she could see the blazing window of the pink man's pawnshop. It would be better to put it there at once and have it over with. The blue radiance seemed to be burning a hole in her glove.

### III

WHEN she got back to her apartment she found the place a blaze of light; and Clay, a white beard of lather on his chin, was shaving in front of the bathroom mirror. They were to dine with the Bob Tyndalls to-night. She had forgotten that. Her face wore the fixed smile of dread as she permitted her lord to smear the end of her nose with lather. She was deliriously happy that he said nothing about her request over the telephone.

"I've had a hard, hard day," she told him as she sat on the bed and began unlacing her high boots.

"How much did they soak you this time?" he asked, but entirely without malice.

"There you go again!" she pouted. He came over and mauled her in his arms, teasing her with affectionate gibes.

"Pinky!" he grinned. "Something tells me that business is picking up this month. I don't want to seem like a flinty jailer, honey. But we were running awfully close for a while."

"What would you say if I should help you sometime in a big, big way?" she asked mysteriously, revelation on the tip of her tongue.

"If you'll stay just as pretty as you are now you can help me about all I deserve," he eulogized, bending over and lifting her, doll-like, from her feet.

Clay, she thought, looked especially distinguished to-night, with a little gray in his wavy hair and his seamy, florid face all beaming. How well a ribbon across his shirt front would become him! And then a small resentment took possession of her. He thought her only help to him was being pretty. Unpleasantly she remembered how the late Winifred in her letter had bidden him wed something fluffy and be happy. She would show him what a fluff can do in affairs of state.

"I can be something besides pretty," she pouted.

"Of course you can," he assured her lightly. "You can be quick, darling. Peggy Tyndall's an awful scold when anybody's late for dinner."

Trancelike she went through the motions of dressing. She jumped nervously when the doorbell rang. A maid came in with a flower-strewn bandbox distinctly labeled Ye Bowe Peepe Shoppe. It was a horrible reminder, and she could not get rid of the feeling that Madame Florence was outside waiting to grab her. She remembered that her beaded bag was filled with the pink pawnbroker's tickets, mingled with his soiled bills. She tiptoed over to a silly gilt desk and hid her convicting evidence behind a clutter of papers.

All that evening she was by turns half-dead and surcharged with galvanic energy. Bob Tyndall drank too many cocktails and wanted to flirt. She usually thought him comic when he was a bit light-headed, but to-night he drove her to a frenzy. She wanted to lock herself away: away with that money which would not rest easy until she had delivered it into the hands of her Spaniard.

Late in the evening they went to a roof-garden restaurant, where Lora danced miserably and often, her eyes roving always in hopes of sighting the nimble Francisco. It was here she had first seen him the night before. He danced divinely, those curious steps in vogue among the élite of Madrid. She was mad to dance with him again, to talk to him as they whirled, to assure him in the most approved manner of court intrigue that all was well with their enterprise. Once in the midst of a labyrinthine figure across the floor she fancied she had caught a glimpse of his lithe form. It was impossible that she had been mistaken; yes, his elbow all but touched hers as he went skimming and bobbing across the room, clasping a young lady as slender and olive-skinned as himself. She turned to catch his eye, but he seemed utterly absorbed in his partner. The picture affected her disagreeably. She wondered whether he spoke familiarly to all women, just as he had called her Señora Lora.

"There's your Spigotty friend," said her husband when she came back to their table.

Lora did not see him again that evening, which dragged on and on into the small hours. Bob insisted on taking a table at the Midnight Frivols, and Lora was eagerly compliant. She couldn't face the idea of going home. But Tyndall's mood grew heavy and he began nodding on the heels of two o'clock.

She said little to her husband as they bounced homeward in a late taxicab. She was seething to tell him everything, but the blue eye of that stolen sapphire glared

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# The Fate of the Unprepared

Among the remarkable events of this war no fact stands out more startlingly than the tragic sacrifice of Russia's unequipped soldiers.

The army has been victimized by intrigue and treachery. Guns were sent to the front without ammunition and ammunition without guns. Supplies were provided that when unpacked proved to be rubbish. Left stranded by communications that broke down under slight pressure the brave Russian troops hurled themselves again and again against foes perfectly prepared.

From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

No thought can be more abhorrent to Americans than that of our boys ruthlessly slaughtered because of lack of equipment or support which it is the first business of us at home to supply.

Our Government, never before so powerful, is working prodigiously in the preparation of armies and means of warfare. Throughout the nation there is a unity of purpose that is piling on the altar of liberty every personal ambition and corporate gain.

Mines, factories, farms, shipyards, the counting houses and shops of every industry are laboring day and night to supply the sinews of war.

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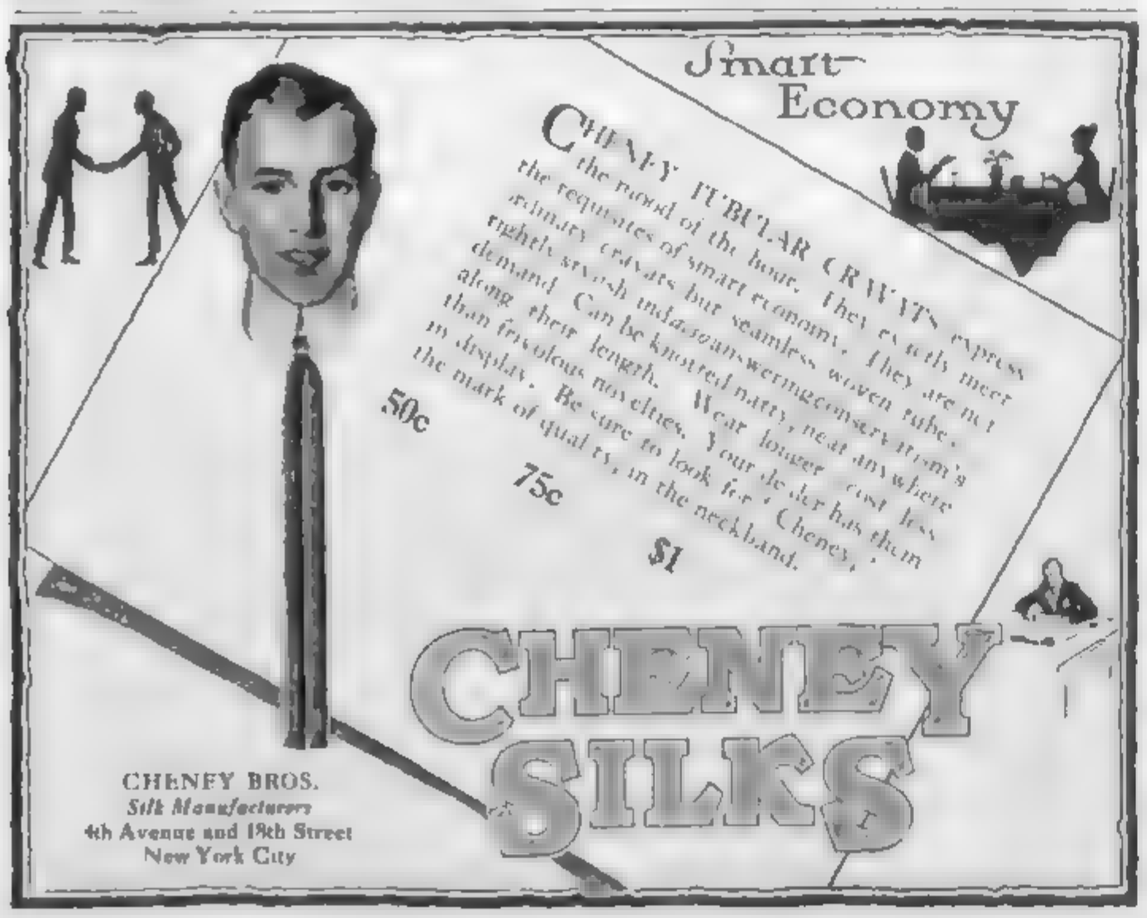
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evilly upon her conscience. Clay, who was at heart a gentle, protective animal, seemed to fall in with her mood and to ask no questions. But before they had taken to their twin beds he kissed her with his usual good-natured tenderness.

"What's the matter, Lo?" he asked.

"Just sleepy." She smothered her face in her pillow to restrain herself from screaming out, from pleading with him to save her from the hands she feared were waiting to snatch at her from the darkness.

"Tr-r-r-r-r-r-r-ring!" The voice of the telephone shrilled through the night and seemed to throw at her all the nerves her husband had disturbed during his years of tooth tapping.

"Wow!"

She heard him turn over in bed and clumsily grope for the instrument on the stand. Terror gripped her in its skinny arms. She knew that hideous bell was ringing out her guilt. Therefore she thrust blindly into the dark and snatched the receiver from its hook, just ahead of Clay's blundering fingers.

"Hello!" said a low, steady voice in her ear. "I wish to speak to Doctor Hollis, if you please."

"Who is this?" asked Lora, trying to speak clearly.

"I am Madame Florence."

Lora gulped twice and steadied herself to the lie.

"This is Mrs. Hollis. The doctor is asleep now. Is it important?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hollis," spoke Madame Florence quite cordially. "I'm sorry to disturb you. But I have a shocking toothache—an ulceration; and I can't find anything to relieve it. I'm too ill to go out or I'd come to your apartment for treatment."

"But, madame!" Lora was rapidly regaining her nerve. "You know dentists aren't accustomed to go out at night like regular doctors. I'm afraid ——"

"Don't you think I could speak to your husband a moment?" the proprietor of Bowe Peepe suggested.

"I—I'm afraid not. He isn't very well and if I disturbed him ——"

Clay had switched on the light and was signaling with frantic gestures. Lora put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"It's Madame Florence, the dressmaker. She's got a toothache."

"I don't see why she needs to chat about it at three o'clock in the morning," he growled, immersing himself in pillows.

"Well," suggested Lora all too sagely, "shall I tell her you can't come?"

"Here, let me talk!" He motioned authoritatively toward the telephone.

"But, Clay, dear!" She held it tightly to her breast, almost fainting with the fear of that impending conversation.

"What's all this, Lora?" he asked crossly, fairly snatching the instrument from her hands.

"I'm sorry, madame," he began well enough; "there's nothing I can do at this time of night except to suggest something from the drug store. . . . I understand . . . but it will be better for me to see you in the morning. . . . Yes. My office? No—it's only two or three blocks from your shop. . . . What's that?"

There was a pause, in which she could hear faint echoing words, thin as cobwebs as they fluttered through the receiver. But it was the expression on Clay's face that held her there, propped on an elbow, staring. For all his features seemed to have straightened out, his eyes had squeezed tight and his mouth dropped open, forming a mask of astonishment. How much could Madame Florence have told him in those few sentences?

"Yes! Yes!" He snapped the words out one after another. "All right. I'll be right over."

He rose at once and began to dress.

"Will you ring up a taxi, dear?" he asked in a curiously constrained voice as he went rummaging after his shoes.

"But, Clay," she drawled, steeling herself to look straight at him, "it's raining and you have a cold already. I never heard of anything so peculiar. The brazen nerve of that dressmaker! Let me call her up and say ——"

"Please, darling, don't bother me!" He went right on with his dressing.

She lay there, huddled among the bedclothes, and watched the details of his hasty toilet. What had Madame Florence told him, to fetch him so suddenly out of coma into action? Never before in their married years had he stirred to duty after office hours. Yet there he stood, struggling passionately with a collar button, impatient as a fireman at the first alarm.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," he informed her hastily as he threw on an overcoat and snatched up a bag of instruments. He made a charge at the door, but as he crossed the threshold his hurrying feet crashed, crumpled and cracked against some cylindrical object that seemed to fly at him out of ambush.

"Oh, damn!" he snarled, and kicked across the room a flowerstrewn bandbox.

"My hat! My new hat with the paradise plume!" wailed Lora, now utterly undone. The front door closed with a bang.

*IV*

HE WAS gone two hours and twenty-one minutes, for Lora had kept constant watch of the little mantel clock, which seemed ticking off her doom. That horrid, shrewd dressmaker had, of course, made her toothache an excuse to get Clay there quietly and tell him about the lost sapphire. Lora thought of wild, simple devices of escape, but remained huddled in bed, enjoying the sensations of the rat that clings to the wires of its trap slowly descending into a tubful of cold water. Could she lie out of the scrape? Or could she face him with a true story that would sound quite unbelievable? He would make a search and find those awful pawn tickets.

Galvanized by the thought she scuttled over to the silly gilt desk and brought out her beaded bag, crammed with the evidence against her. She hadn't the heart, even now, to sacrifice the bills; but she had made up her mind to burn the tickets. Therefore she took them cautiously over to the gas log across the room and was just stooping, match in hand, when she thought she heard the front door click. Frantically she spilled the cardboards behind the log and scampered back to bed, where she lay for a long time, perfectly quiet, listening. No footsteps had followed the warning click. The sound must have come from the next apartment.

She lay for a long time, quite paralyzed, watching the clock. Nothing in the world would have bribed her to gather those pawntickets again, for she had a feeling that to touch them would produce another ghostly clicking of the front door. The gilt hour hand had just swung beyond the fourth figure when Lora resolved upon the art that woman first learned in caves—she would appease her god with food. After hours of slopping through the drizzly night a cup of coffee and a few slices of crisp toast would surely have an effect in softening his towering mood.

Therefore she got up again, shuddered into a lacy negligee, thrust her bare feet into high-heeled satiny arrangements and went click-clacking toward the kitchen. Driven by a nervous industry she sliced bread, set water to boiling, measured coffee into the electric percolator. She laid a breakfast tray daintily on the pompous dining table, and the heartening aroma of coffee was just beginning to penetrate the atmosphere when the door clicked again. This time there were footsteps—leaden, weary, slow. She didn't dare call out at first, and when she had gathered her breath she quavered softly: "Clay!"

"Yes, dearie."

More briskly the steps approached the dining room. She never looked up, but almost swooned over the bread she had laid on the electric toaster. She felt his accusing presence, heard his shoes squeak less than a yard from where she stood. Wasn't he going to speak?

"Lo, dear," he said at last quite huskily.

Because her voice had gone she continued fussing with the toaster.

"Lo," he repeated, "you aren't sore at me, are you—because I went off that way?"

And now she looked at him and beheld a miracle. His face was suffused with the tenderest expression she had ever seen there—but there was something else too. He looked older and fearfully tired.

"Oh, Clay!" She threw her arms round his neck and clung there tearfully.

"And you've gotten me a breakfast! By George, you are a peach!"

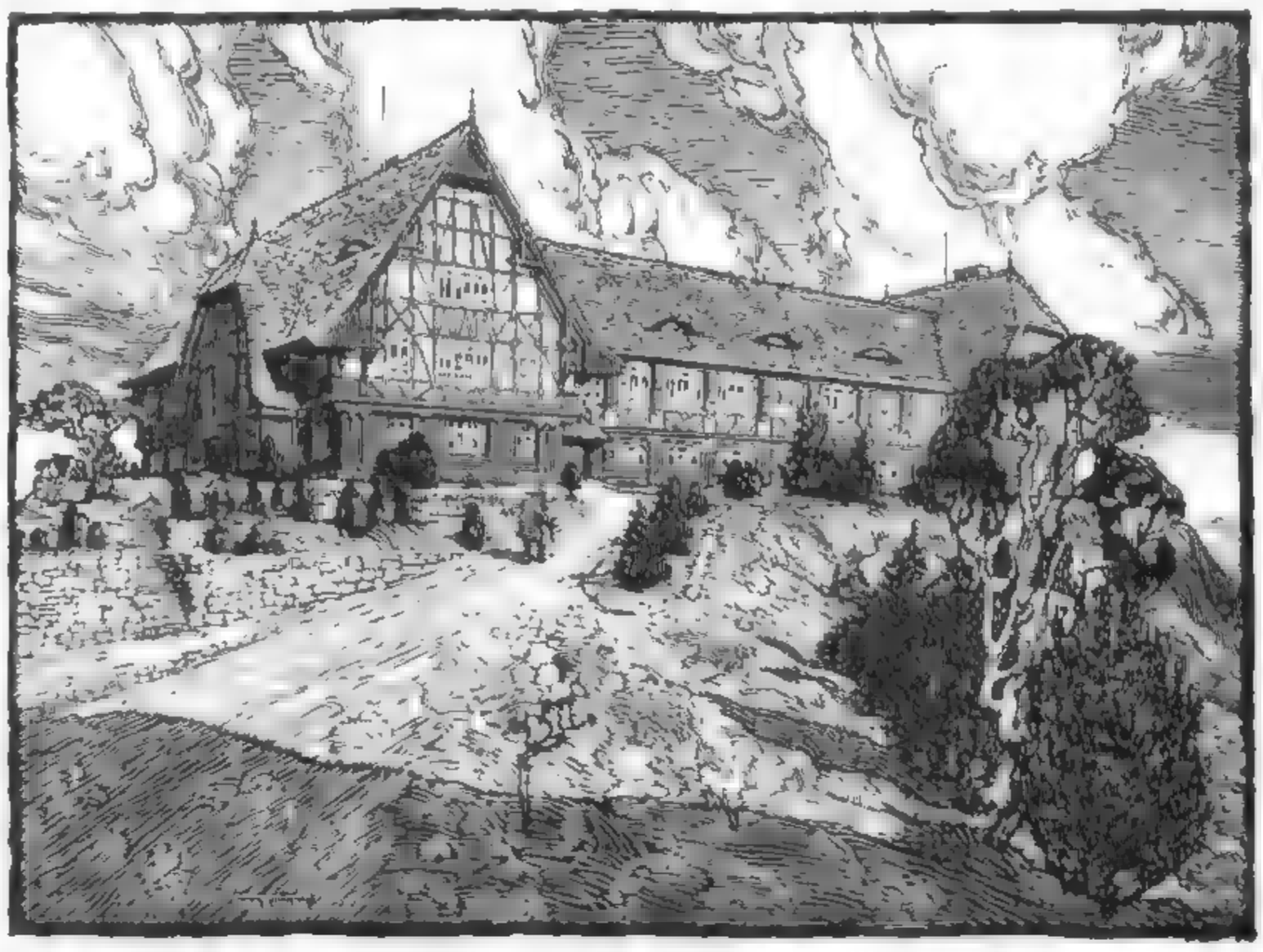
"I—I thought you'd be cold and ——"

She couldn't say any more. The relief seemed to have pulled all the props out from under her.

"I won't do any more of this midnight ambulance chasing and scare my little girl to death," he was assuring her.

*(Continued on Page 77)*

This is a woodcut reproduction from an actual photograph (not a visionary drawing of a building) of the new American Watchmakers Guild on "Time Hill" near Cincinnati, U. S. A.



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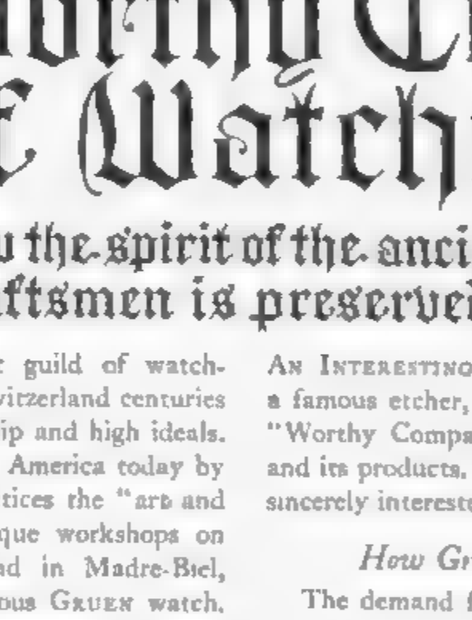

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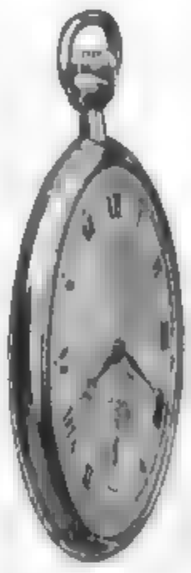

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Was—was Madame Florence very sick?" she asked, when at last he had seated himself to his coffee and she could look at him. Just the shadow of a cloud passed across his brow.

"Rather a bad ulceration," he declared. A few sips of coffee seemed to revive him.

"She was a mean old thing to rout you out like that."

"I suppose so." He stirred reflectively.

"Lora," he smiled at last, laying his hand over hers, "I'm mighty proud of you sometimes."

What in the world had Madame Florence said to him?

▼

CLAY had no sooner gone to his office in the broad light of day than Lora gathered the pawn tickets from behind the gas log and slipped them back into her bag. At a quarter past eleven she dusted the last touch of powder on her delicate little nose, surveyed the beauties of her paradise-plumed hat and put on her mink coat. She was stimulated with the cocktail of mixed emotions, which is compounded as follows: One third guilt, one third glamour, one third ambition, with a large dash of foolish romance—all shaken together briskly in the ice of fear.

The expression on her pink-and-white face was one of withering hauteur as she rode down the rococo-mirrored elevator, her hand bag bulging with the pawnbroker's dirty bills. Out on the drive, the drizzle having abated, she took an omnibus. She didn't know why she chose this economical mode of locomotion, unless it was that she wished to go forth to an intrigue of state in a character other than her own.

She walked stiffly up the driveway to the Claremont's glass-caged entrance and was just surveying the utter emptiness of the window-lined, corridorlike dining room, overlooking the Hudson, when a taxicab chugged up to the door and to her terrified relief Count Francisco Miguel de Llargo y Jiminez, handsomely attired in a light-gray overcoat with sealskin collar and cuffs, bounced nimbly forth, tossed a lordly fee to his chauffeur and approached her in courtly wise.

"Isn't it fine the place is all empty!" were her first incautious words to him.

"Señora!" He laid a warning hand upon her arm. Another taxicab had whiffled round the drive and come to a stop at the door. A loud young man in a pin-check-patterned suit got out, with the vague air of one who had mingled day with night for an indefinite period.

"My party ain't here? Well, it ought to be here," the pin-checked one kept explaining to the head waiter at the Claremont's door. "I want a Scotch highball and a telephone and a table for four. Where's my party?"

The head waiter was protesting that the management stooped not to concealment.

"Over in this corner." Francisco guided Lora by an elbow to a remote table.

"I didn't think you'd be on time," she giggled nervously.

"Promptness is an American virtue," he smiled, giving his compliment just the touch of disapproval. He managed to convey the impression that the royal house of Spain never did anything on schedule. He didn't look so handsome this morning. There were shadows under his agate eyes and his olive complexion had greened overnight. She wanted to ask him about that somber beauty with whom he had been dancing, but instead she whispered:

"I've got it."

"The whole amount?" His eyes lost their languor and kindled into coals.

Lora nodded. She was going into details, but the perky young man in the loud suit came quarreling down the aisle, insisting that he wanted a telephone for his party. Francisco watched him narrowly until a waiter had helped the interloper toward the office.

"I had an awful time," Lora repeated as soon as the coast was clear. She opened her bag and brought forth the untidy roll of bills. Francisco took one look round the room before he whisked the bank notes dexterously into an inside pocket.

"You understand—this mustn't be seen," he whispered. "Diplomatic spies watch everything—much rivalry."

"There isn't anything dishonest about it?" she inquired, wide-eyed with the thought that she might be playing from one crime into another.

"*La política*, señora, is seldom pure. In my mission here I have arranged many appointments. You would be surprised at the offers of bribes I have received from most high people. I should like to give you name of one senator—but no! He was so desirable for position as ambassador to Spain that he attempt to present me with one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars."

"What did you do?" she asked, wondering why the corrupt senator had chosen so odd an amount as the wages of perfidy.

"The Austrian ambassador met him in the morning with my card. Then what did that senator—*paisano?* He desire to club me with his fists! *Malo!* In Spain only mules are permitted to combat with hoofs."

Lora, who had read somewhere in a magazine that America was still a young nation, tried her best to be sympathetic. Francisco brightened visibly at her solace.

"But, ah, señora! To see you and señor your husband—that is the difference. Civilization and culture are possible even here."

Still pleased, yet full of a muddled worriment, Lora was about to repeat Mr. McClosky's Brian Boru myth; but an uneasy conscience spoiled her zest. She had come here at great risk, bearing the money that had robbed her of rest and honor, and he had taken it as lightly as one plucks a weed from a vacant lot. She had come expecting him to specify his further plans for her husband's advancement. Instead he dallied with compliments. It was as though the transaction were quite over; in fact, she suspected that Francisco was casting glances toward the door.

"Would the señora care for some drink?" he at last languidly inquired.

"Nothing for me," she replied a trifle tartly.

"No?" He beckoned to the hovering waiter. "I will take another of your amusing American cocktails."

When the waiter had withdrawn with the order she at last spoke up:

"Say, count, don't I get a receipt—or anything—to show that I've paid over the money?"

"Señora!" he lifted a thin, deprecating hand and smiled a smile to match. "You must remember this is of a delicacy! One scrap of paper could be dangerous to that international relations."

"Oh, but I'd be careful of it," she persisted.

"I trust your wiseness, señora. That is not it. But there are such many people to watch and do harm!"

"I don't care." She resorted to the illogic that had always fetched her husband. "I want a receipt."

For Lora Hollis knew nothing of the world. But her father's simple business dealings with New Balaam had taught her one basic rule: When you pay out money you get a receipt for it.

"If I don't get it I want my money back," she told him harshly, disregarding the injured look upon his sensitive face.

"Bring paper and ink!" The lord of Aragon and Castile snapped his fingers under the nose of the waiter.

For the first time in their brief but rapid acquaintance there came an embarrassing pause between them. She was dreadfully sorry she had hurt him, possibly wrecked poor Clay's chances with the choosy Alfonso. The count, who had spoken of fiery encounters with United States senators, was no doubt touchy on his pride.

The tension was at last relieved by the arrival of writing material, which the waiter arrayed deferentially beside Francisco's untouched cocktail. Daintily the grandee dipped the pen, poised it a moment and began to scribble flourishingly upon the Claremont's best paper.

She hoped he wouldn't write it in Spanish, but didn't dare suggest anything, so engrossed did he seem in the difficult composition. With fascinated eyes she watched the elaborate gyrations of his cameoed hand; she heard the shuffling of chairs at the next table and the low murmur of voices, but her eyes were all for the mechanical details of that great transaction.

"How would that be, señora?" He was smiling his customary smile as he shoved the paper toward her; but the receipt was scarcely under her hand when her eyes were held not by the context but by the miraculous change that suddenly transformed the count's expression. It was as though he had slipped on a mask, for the olive smoothness of his cheeks darkened suddenly to the color of a sunstruck brick. His eyes were glued to a point just over her shoulder and he was bobbing his head, showing a row of teeth like marble monuments. Lora turned


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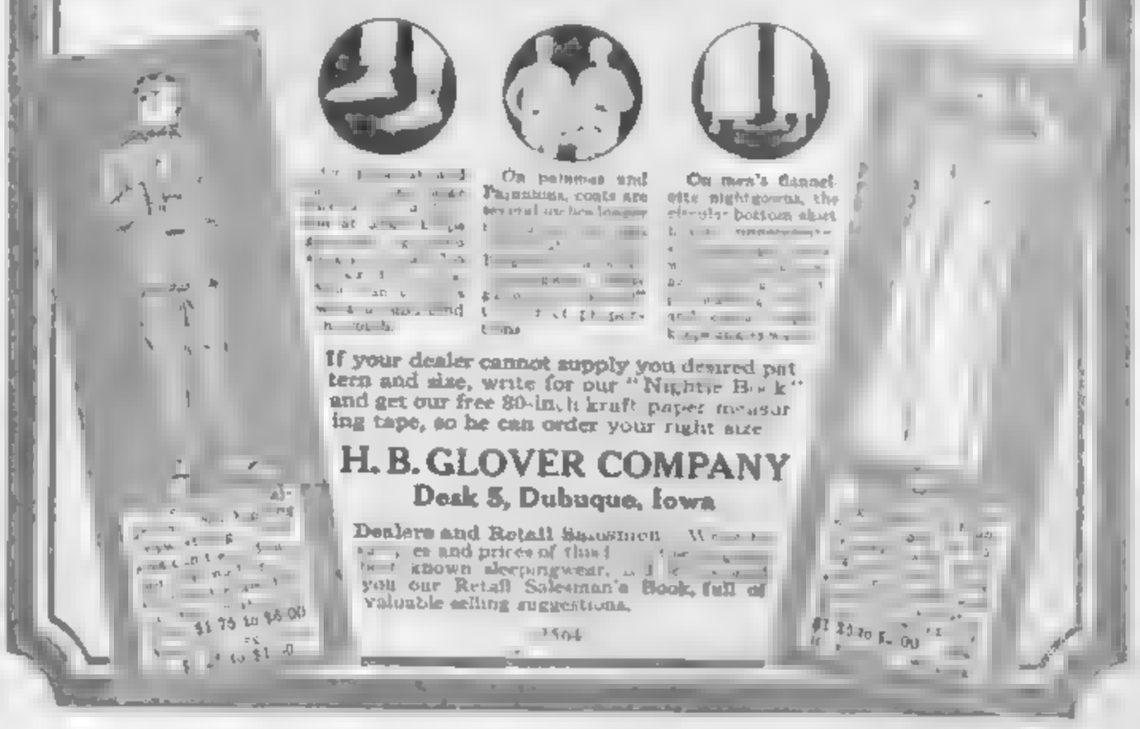
But whether your choice be the Pajunion or one of our other 517 styles, go to your dealer and see Brighton-Carlsbad. Ask for it *by name*, and have him *unpin it*, so you can see the *extra material*, the *excess fullness*, and all the *comfort kinks* that give it so much greater value.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You will find ATHENA more *comfortable;* better wearing; yet dainty.

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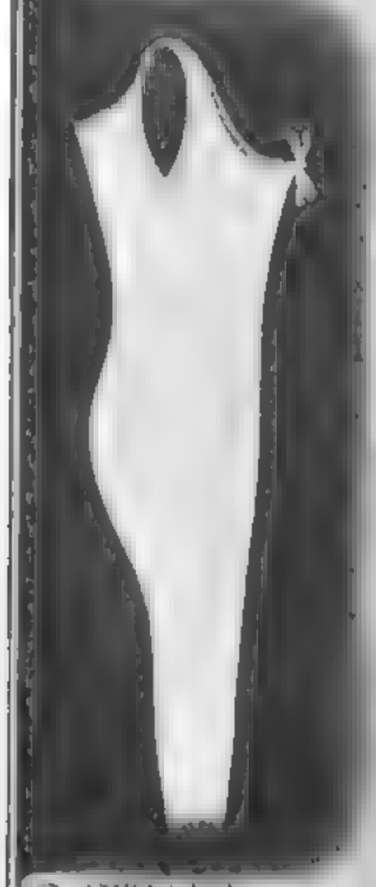
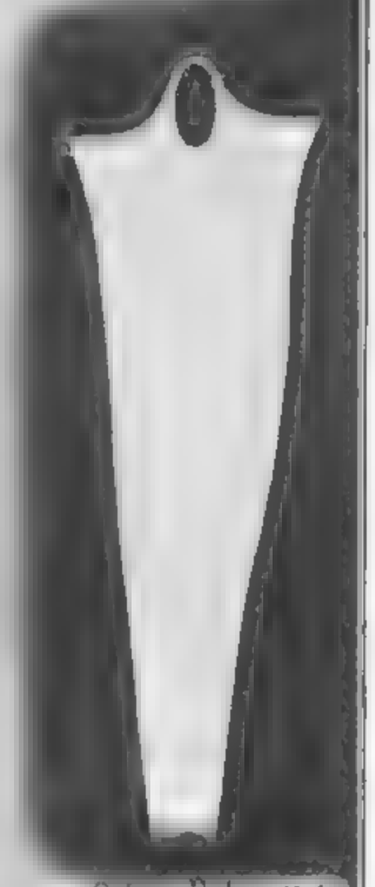


The pictures tell at a glance why ATHENA fits the *entire figure* with such agreeable *smoothness.* Its comfort-qualities are *tailored* right into the garment.

Examine a suit of our ATHENA closely. Note the natural curves of shoulders and sleeves; the greater *fullness* where needed especially through bust and hips; the *snug fit* under the arms.

The dainty trimmings, the smooth seams, the many little extra touches tell their own story of *ATHENA quality.*



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ATHENA is made in all sizes, weights and qualities.

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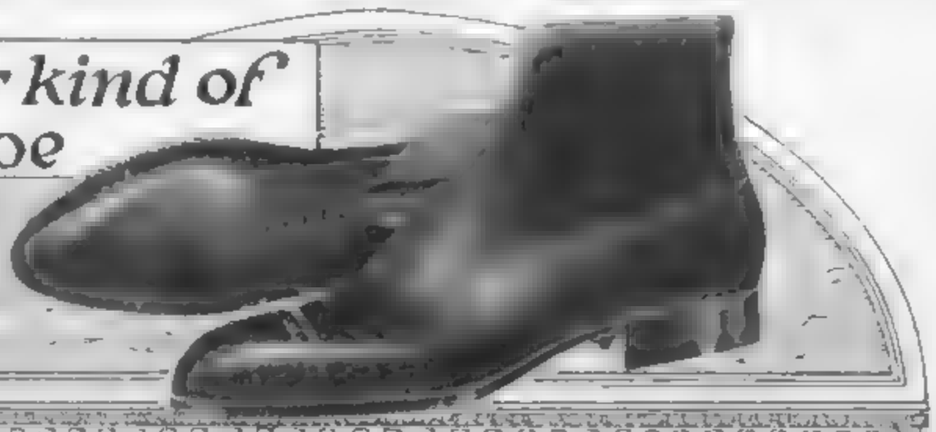

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her head and followed the direction of his peculiar salute.

She recognized the young man with the pin-check suit, and it took her numbing senses just a moment to grasp the identity of the large, comfortable woman who had taken a chair beside him and was smiling over at Count Francisco. Madame Florence, of the Bowe Peepe Shoppe!

"You have your receipt," explained Francisco, using a voice that had become suddenly brisk as he popped nimbly to his feet. "*Adios, señora!* I—what you say?—see you some more."

Already he had turned toward the door. Lora had a feeling of being basely deserted, alone in a cage with a Bengal tiger.

"But, count—say!"

The appeal was wasted on the row of empty tables and the horridly occupied one next hers. Out of the swimming room he seemed to float away. Dimly she could hear his taxicab chugging down the Drive. She sat huddled over the table, afraid to move, her shoulder cringing from the avenging Fate who sat behind her. At last there came the soft whispering of skirts, and she saw Madame Florence, still smiling, come round the table and seat herself in the chair that Francisco had so recently vacated.

"Who's your friend?" she asked.

"Don't ask me," replied Lora rudely. "You seem to know him."

"Well, yes—in a professional way. But I wondered what he'd been telling you—I heard you calling him count."

"He is," replied Lora sullenly. "He's Count Francisco and a lot of things."

"He must have gotten his title overnight," madame informed her victim. "He was plain Mr. Blanco, of Argentina, when he came to my shop yesterday with his dancing partner ——"

"His what?" The shock of cold water brought her to.

"He's an acrobatic vaudeville dancer," the Bowe Peepe proprietress explained. "He brought round his wife—she's his dancing partner—and wanted to get a wardrobe on credit. Of course I don't do business that way with strange dancers from Argentina. So he told me he'd have the money this afternoon."

"Oh!" Lora said it sickeningly, as though she had been struck by a baseball.

"Now tell me, my dear," urged Madame Florence, her brown eyes holding her powerfully, "what is it you've been signing away so industriously?"

"It can't be he's a fraud!" Lora was exerting her entire will to keep from weeping aloud. "It can't be! He's a friend of the king of Spain. He promised to make Clay court dentist. He's gone—you've got to help me—he's gone with my thousand dollars!"

"My lord!" exclaimed Madame Florence. "Can it be possible that people are still falling for that sort of stuff?"

"But he's getting away—with my money!"

"I think, my dear," replied the older woman very calmly, "that you'd better forget about that thousand dollars."

"But I can't afford to forget about it—can't you see?"

"I don't think your husband's reputation will be improved by a humorous column in all the morning papers. We could get the money away from your Francisco; in fact, I've had my detective follow him up to see that he doesn't cause any more trouble ——"

Lora glanced swiftly round, and for the first time realized that the loudly dressed young man had also departed.

"—— but I think we're cheaply out of it as it is; in fact, when I realized that you had taken the sapphire ring I wondered just what had gotten into your foolish little head."

Lora lifted her eyes. There was no use denying anything now.

"Elise was almost sure she had seen it in your pocket; but I wanted to be certain, so I searched the place until midnight. There hadn't been another person in the shop since the tray was spilled, and I've trusted Elise with all sorts of valuables for years." Madame Florence eyed the thief reflectively. "It gave me a great deal of worry. I knew that you had more to spend than was good for you. Also, you aren't the shoplifting kind. You must have wanted the money awfully for some silly thing. It was nearly morning before I decided to call up your husband. I couldn't think up any better excuse, so I had a toothache ——"

"Madame Florence!" Lora's eyes were big with the impending disgrace. "You didn't tell him! You couldn't be so cruel!"

"No, I couldn't," she replied with one of her sad, rather cynical smiles. "I thought I could; you see I was pretty mad. But when Claymore got there and I began asking him about you —— I wonder if men aren't harder to fathom than women.

"Anyhow, I had fully made up my mind to tell him, because I thought he ought to be warned. But when I began to quiz him he burst into a perfect hymn of praise. You were the duckiest, sweetest, most wonderful little wife in all the world. Child, child, but you have him drugged!"

"Then you—didn't tell him?"

"How could I bring him out of his dream? No, I just groaned and let him put some awful dope into my perfectly well tooth."

Madame Florence seemed a trifle ashamed of her weakness, for she added quickly: "But I'm a business woman, you know. I didn't intend to have that ring taken right from under my nose. So the first thing this morning I hired a detective to watch you and he telephoned me when you joined your nobleman and settled here for a talk. Now I want you to tell me something right away. Where did you pawn it?"

Lora's trembling hand went into her bag, now vacant of its wealth, and brought out the sheaf of pawn tickets.

"You poor lamb!" sighed Madame Florence. "I'll bet you've popped everything you could lay your pretty hands on. Oh, well." She gave a short laugh and slipped the right ticket into her purse. "I suppose it's a consolation to know that if there weren't so many fools in the world the Bowe Peepe Shoppe could never pay its rent."

Half blinded with her tears Lora reached out for the other tickets, which had strewn the cloth.

"My child," said Madame Florence softly, "I wish you'd let me make a bargain with you. I happen to know how awfully in love with you your husband is. You may be a doll, my dear, but what's the difference if he's got you on a really dignified pedestal? Don't let's get sentimental. But take it from a woman who knows how valuable it is to be attached to anything human. And I want to keep this thing dark, so that there won't be a chance in the world of your husband's thinking less of you."

"Why are you so good to me?" asked the child wife brokenly.

"I don't suppose it's proper for a dressmaker to feel like an older sister toward one of her customers, is it? But that's the crazy notion I have in my head. And so I'm going to take over the job." Her plump hand had gone across the table and gathered in the entire deck of pawnbroker's tickets. "I'm going to redeem the whole pack."

"I can't believe it!" cried Lora, biting her red underlip as tears gathered anew.

"Your husband's one of the sort who take out their artistic temperament in filling teeth. It's impossible for him to live long on the mere bread and meat of matrimony. But don't take advantage of his weakness. Be humanly grateful for what he does. It may give him pleasure to squander money on you like water—but give him a little kindness for his trouble. He's the sort that can't really love a woman unless he's breaking his neck for her; but it kind of stirs me up to see him making this big play and getting so little for it. He seems to look frazzled and neglected, in spite of his protests that he's the happiest man in the world. Sweeten things for him, my dear. Make him glad he's got his peaches and cream."

Peaches and cream!

"Madame Florence," said Lora rather sharply, "it seems to me you're telling me a lot about how to run my husband. Do you think you know him any better than I do?"

"How do I know?" asked the fashionable shopkeeper. "I might. I lived with him fifteen years."

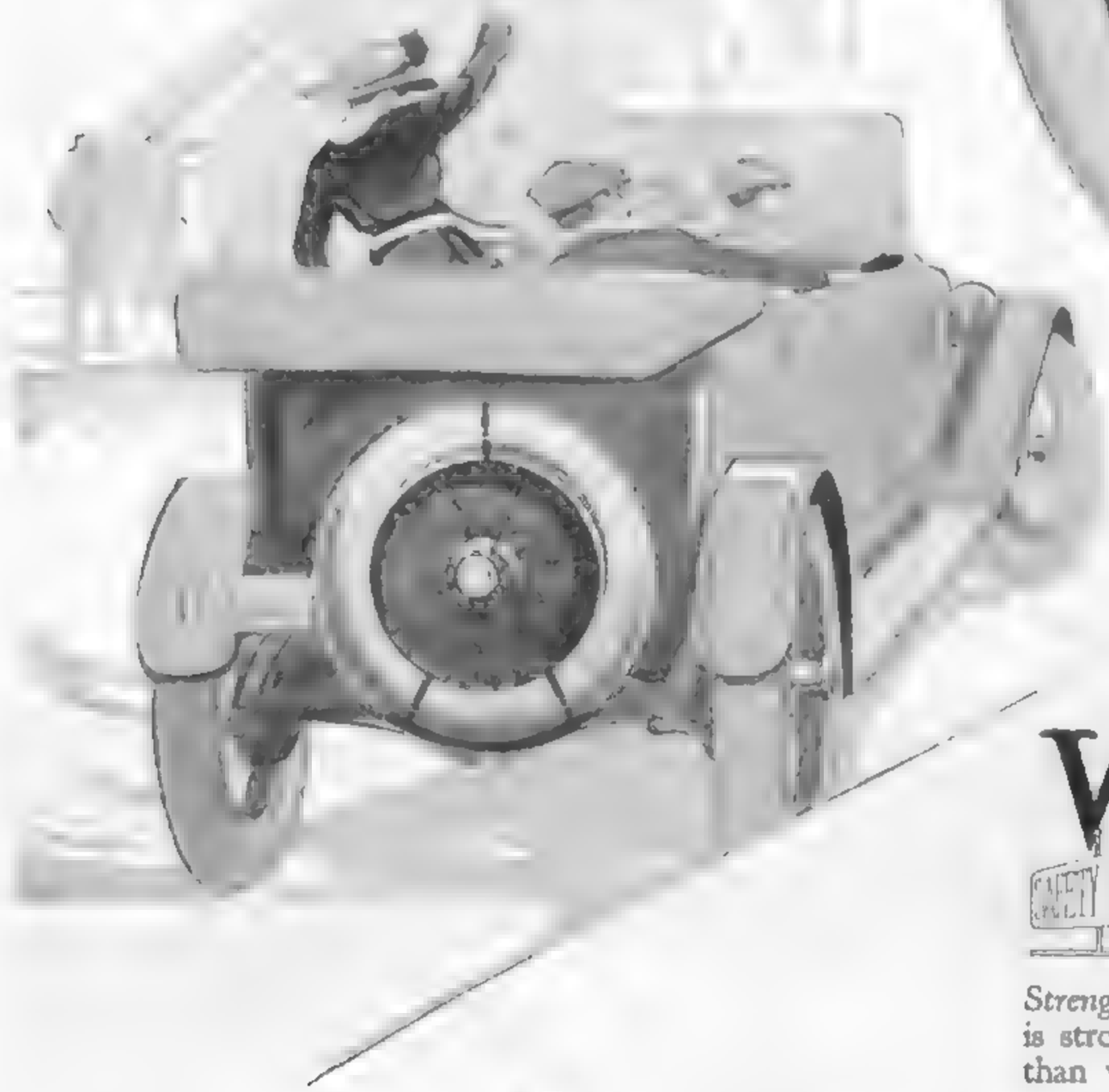
The present Lora and the past Winifred rode together in the same taxicab down Riverside Drive. Which is not so strange, after all, in the city of infinite combinations. When she alighted at the Gigantic Apartments there was just time for Lora to make one last protestation:

"You—you don't think all this will be too much expense for you?"

"I feel quite rich to-day," smiled Madame Florence. "I got my alimony this morning."

And Lora, to her own amazement, offered her face for a kiss, which she regretted, yet prayed would be good-by.

# WIRE WHEELS



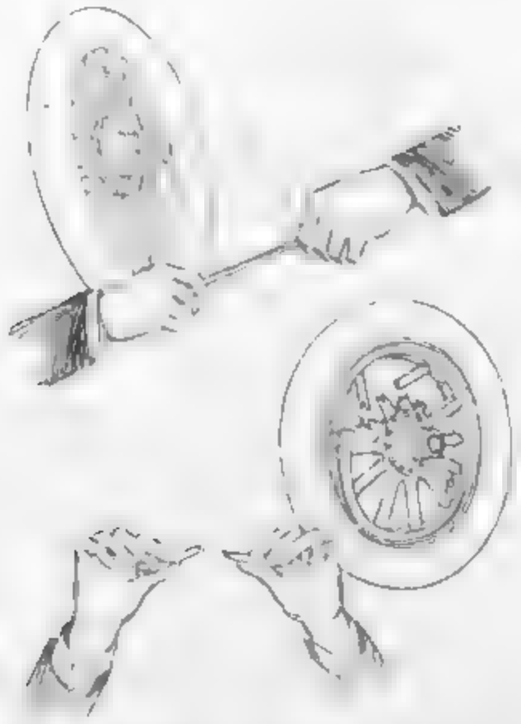
## for SAFETY

WIRE WHEELS mean safety first, last and all the time. Axles may bend, tires may come off—but wire wheels *cannot collapse*. They come through skidding accidents or collisions practically undamaged. They make incidents out of what might be deadly accidents.

*Strength* is the reason for the safety of wire wheels. Steel is stronger than wood. Steel spokes are infinitely stronger than wood spokes.

Each of the wire spokes in a wire wheel is strong enough to stand a strain of 3200 pounds. Still more, the lateral or side strength of a wire wheel is far greater than that of a wood wheel. The triple spoke lacing in wire wheels provides a set of spokes to take up the strain from any direction.

Shown at the left is a wire wheel and a wood wheel after a swinging weight has struck each such a blow as would occur when a car skids into a curb. The wire wheel is practically intact while the wood wheel is hopelessly smashed—nearly half of its spokes broken, the wood felloe badly split—entirely incapable of supporting a load.



To understand why a wire wheel can withstand any stress possible to a wheel, try to break a pencil by pulling from opposite ends. Then see how easily it is broken by bending it across. The first is precisely the way any force is exerted on the wire wheel. The second illustrates the ease with which side thrusts break the spokes of the wood wheel

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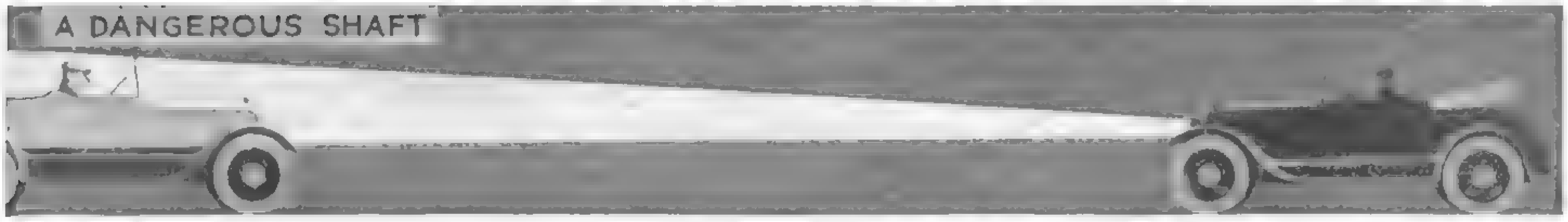
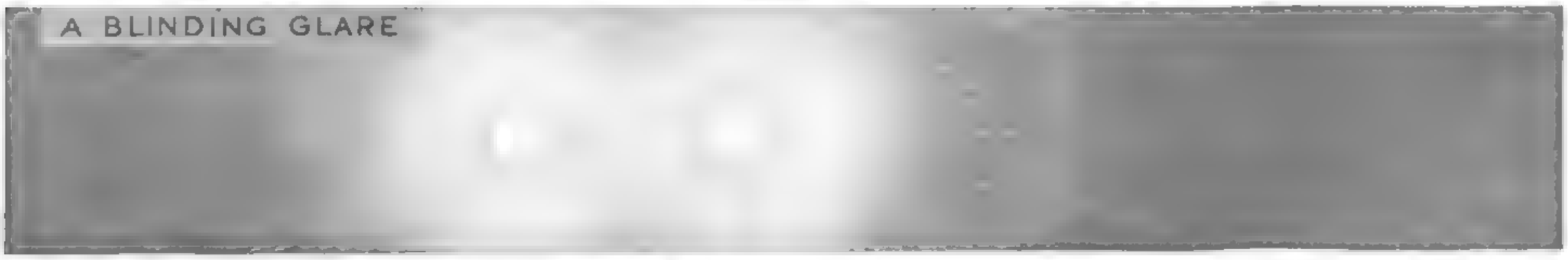


# Macbeth Lens

## Uses All The Light— Uses All of It Right

*Glassware for all kinds of illuminations and for industrial and scientific purposes. Complete lighting fixtures.*

Why waste light in the air? It is a menace.

Macbeth lenses re-direct it *to the road where needed.*

Why kill half of your light in order to comply with the law?

Macbeth lenses give you the *full* benefit of your lights with *complete* safety.

You no longer need to experiment with lenses, or buy lenses that are only *partially* good.

Macbeth *lens experts*, after four years of scientific labor, based upon forty years of lens experience, have solved the lens problem for *your* car.

The green glass visor distinguishes the Macbeth lens. It is the final touch of style as well as of efficiency.

This visor is an *exclusive* Macbeth advantage.

All upward rays are redirected *down* to the road—avoiding *wasted* light and *dangerous* glare.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy.*

These prisms re-direct and bend the rays of light at the correct angle to give a *long* light and concentrated brilliance *on the road.*

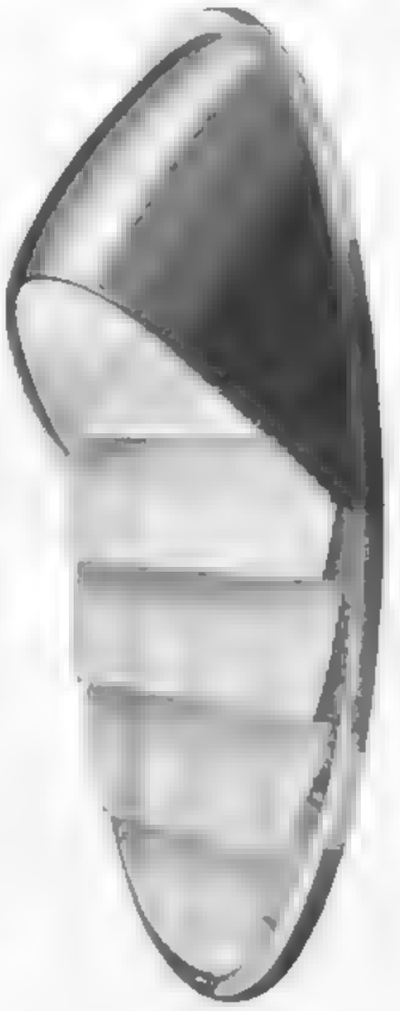
*All* the light, therefore, is used *right*—right on the road where you need it.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally thus providing the very essential *side lighting* for turning corners.

It requires seventy-two hours to build one Macbeth lens.

What other lens receives such skill and care?

*No* other lens is backed by the same world-wide lens experience, facilities and resources.



*Price per pair $5—Ford Special $4*
*Denver and West $5.50—Ford Special $4.50—Canada $6—Ford Special $4.80*

*Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us*

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# THE CRIME AT PRIBBLES

(Continued from Page 22)

Mr. Pruitt recalled how she had looked down and how the muscles of her husband's jaw stiffened. It occurred to him that the fatal "something" which Ahrens said in the boat must have referred to her.

She spoke to Mr. Pruitt in her throaty, pleasant voice pitifully: "Anybody'd know Carl never would 'a' done it on purpose. What a man'll do when he's mad, or drunk!" Her large compassion seemed to extend itself warmly to an erring masculine world.

Her husband rubbed his perplexed brows again and put the case to Mr. Pruitt candidly: "It's mighty hard to say what a man ought to do in a case like that. He made his big mistake when he run away, but he can't go back and do it over again. If they'll only give him a square deal now—take it all into account ——"

He seemed to solicit Mr. Pruitt's opinion as to whether they would give him a square deal. Mr. Pruitt was in a state of amazement. He perceived that the persons on the porch—whom day before yesterday he had regarded with deep suspicion and instinctive hostility as disreputable figures from some murky world of sin and crime incalculably remote from himself, as spiritual distances may be measured—were really very simple, kindly people. He felt himself in a penitential condition with regard to them.

"Why, I didn't come over here about this at all," he said with nervous abruptness. "It was another matter entirely."

As they looked down at him in surprise he was sensible of their openness, and he found it easier than he had ever imagined to say plumply: "I got drunk Sunday."

The Barnes woman smiled a little without derision and replied simply in her rich voice: "We saw you. I knew you'd catch an awful cold if you laid on that wet ground after dark. Tom and I went over and carried you up by the hedge." She smiled more broadly. "Tom thought it was best to wake you up. I hope he didn't hurt you."

The fact of his having been drunk seemed not to surprise or shock or amuse them. They seemed to regard it simply as an accident to which almost any mortal is liable. He felt grateful to them for that.

"I was never drunk before in my life," he said. "I never drink. I have always been strongly opposed to it."

"So am I," said the Barnes woman with energy. "I know what booze did to my own father. I guess I've seen plenty of it. For two years I was a dining-room girl in the Edelweiss at Three Forks. There's a beer garden next to the hotel, you know. I had my own troubles with the fresh guys and roughnecks when they was stewed. It's no decent life for a girl—having to slap a man's face before he'll treat her with respect. That's why I went into the show business. Anyway, I was up on the stage then and that was something. I and my partner, Tilly Beck, did a boxing stunt and dumb-bells, and so on. It paid a lot better than waiting on table, too. But I don't think prancing round in tights before a lot of half-pickled men is very nice either."

She seemed to submit the point for his judgment; but as he only stared she continued: "I was bound Tom should get out of the saloon business. He had a little saloon up at Broad Bow, in the iron country. That's where I met him, you know. Tom was ready enough too."

"I'd had enough of it," said the husband decisively. "Of course I got into it when I was a kid by tending bar, and when the proprietor died his wife wanted me to take it over. It was a decent place. You can look up the police record for twenty years and not find a scratch against it. But I'd got enough of it.

"Besides," he added candidly, "they're going to put that business on the toboggan anyhow. I sold out this spring and we thought we'd find some quiet place and lay by during the summer while I picked out a good location for a restaurant. Then Carl got into this trouble."

Under their simple, kindly candor Mr. Pruitt's heart seemed to expand.

"Trouble may come to any of us," he said. "It has come to me. I no more supposed this day a week ago that I'd be drunk than that I'd kill a man. I can hardly explain it to you—you see, I can hardly explain it to myself. Sunday—the temptation came to me."

He broke off, at a loss.

The Barnes woman smiled without derision and said in her throaty, emollient tones: "I guess your wife went away and left you alone, didn't she?"

It seemed to Mr. Pruitt that she comprehended an erring masculine world without prejudice; with only a large, kind tolerance. Her speech was somehow inexplicably grateful to him, as though she infolded him in her warm, unjudging sympathy. To her, as though the men had not been present, he replied:

"You're right. My wife has a difficult temper—a woman that's never satisfied—the habit of finding fault. When she went away I felt—as though I'd been let out of school. I wanted to do something or other, I didn't know what. The idea of that hard cider in the cellar kept tickling at my mind. I'm not used to drinking. When I'd taken the first drink I was all out of balance."

"Sure!" said the Barnes woman with an understanding nod. Then with further comprehension she asked: "You wouldn't want anybody to know it?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Mr. Pruitt. "With my reputation—my character—the things I've always stood for, you know—and my wife with all her relations and all my relations so set as they are against—well, anything at all like that." He felt the difficulty of explaining it adequately to them. Striking his fist into his palm he exclaimed passionately: "I'd rather be dead than have it known!"

The declaration rather surprised them all; but the husband nodded understandingly: "There was a man in Broad Bow—deacon in the church—who pretty near passed out when he was caught soused."

"I suppose it would be rough on you," said his wife sympathetically; then warmly: "Of course we'll never give you away!"

Mr. Pruitt worried his side whisker a moment distressfully. "You see, some boys saw you carrying me. They thought it was a dead body. That's why the sheriff is coming here. They think somebody has been killed."

They looked at one another a moment in questioning astonishment. The woman exclaimed: "And it hasn't anything to do with Carl?"

"Nothing whatever," Mr. Pruitt replied. "The sheriff will simply want to know why you were carrying an apparently lifeless body, whose body it was and what you did with it." He looked up at the woman, his face distorted with suffering and supplication. "You can say it was I, and you can prove it. I'll have to admit it. But—it will simply ruin me!"

The grounds of his anguish were rather obscure to her; but it was evident that he feared this exposure as he would fear death. Her blue eyes looked down into his distorted face a moment and she said kindly:

"We all have our troubles and we ought to give a fellow a boost when he's in bad. We can just say Carl was stewed and Tom and I had to carry him home."

There would obviously not have been the slightest objection among them to that on any ground connected with Carl's reputation; but the husband frowned and rubbed his chin.

"You see," he suggested to Mr. Pruitt in a perfectly friendly way, "Carl's sort of in hiding. Nobody's supposed to know there's a man here except myself."

"But several people do know it," said Mr. Pruitt promptly. "They've caught glimpses of him and reported to the constable that there are two men on the place—one of them apparently hiding from the other. Of course the constable will report that to the sheriff."

The words seemed to speak themselves, glibly; and the moment Mr. Pruitt had uttered them he felt an awful abjectness before the three people on the porch. It had been put to him, open-heartedly, whether Carl should take that risk in order to save him, and his fear had decided automatically that Carl should. He felt that he had committed an odious crime; but it was done—and he was mightily afraid lest the truth about himself should be known. Having spoken, he held his tongue.

"I may as well take the chance," said Carl ponderously.

Mr. Pruitt wished to go; but he wished also to stay. For a little while further they

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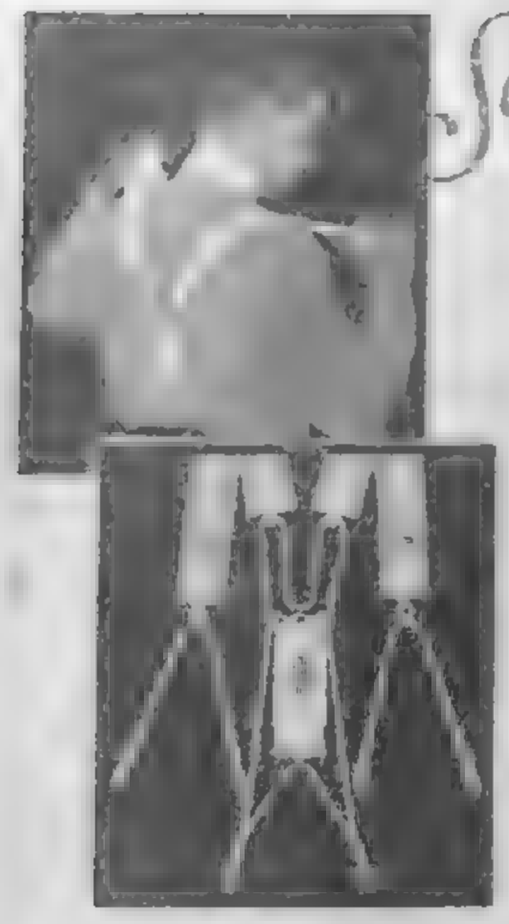

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talked—rather disconnectedly, the husband frowning and not well liking the situation, the woman anxious, Carl pale but steadfast.

They heard the automobile roll through the front yard, and a moment later Sheriff Megee and Constable McCabe came round the house; the sheriff a tall, gangling man with an iron-gray beard upon whose angular physiognomy was stamped plain notice that no liberties were to be taken. Mr. Pruitt immediately addressed him, not only as an old acquaintance but from the vantage ground of his high, impeccable standing:

"There's evidently been a mistake, Megee. As you see, both the men are here; nobody's missing. It seems this young man"—leveling a forefinger at Carl "overindulged Sunday and wandered into the pasture and fell asleep. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes carried him home. He's her brother, they tell me."

Sheriff Megee grunted and observed morosely: "What a couple of scared kids saw by twilight sounded sort of fishy to me."

He surveyed the three people on the porch with a shrewd deliberation; asked Barnes a couple of simple questions. Then his uncompromising eyes came back to Carl, whose unusual face he studied a long moment. He pawed his beard and asked: "How long you been here?"

"Three weeks," Carl answered.

"Come from Three Forks, didn't you?" the officer inquired ominously.

"Yes," said Carl.

"Um," grunted the sheriff; "I thought so. They're wanting you up there. I don't remember your name, but I've got your picture on a circular in my office. I'll show it to you when we get to town."

The bolt had descended, and for an instant the three on the porch stood breathless. Then Carl said gravely, "I'll get my hat," and turned to the kitchen.

"I'll go along," said the sheriff.

Looking after him, the pale Barnes woman leaned strickenly against the two-by-four scantling that supported the porch roof. Mr. Pruitt had a fleeting impression of her as a brave creature sorely wounded. The chance that he had elected Carl should take had turned out fatally. He experienced an extraordinary emotional upheaval. Putting out a hand with a gesture that would have scandalized his wife he clutched the woman's skirt and exclaimed vehemently:

"I'll go with him! I'll stand by him for every dollar I'm worth!"

The woman looked down woefully into the upturned face of the wiry little man who clutched her skirt, and said with a large, absolving benignancy: "You're a good man."

Sheriff Megee, returning with his prisoner, offered no objection to Mr. Pruitt's company. Brother, sister and brother-in-law parted silently—in a situation where there was really nothing to be said. The rapid drive to Dale was silent also, Sheriff Megee at the wheel, the prisoner beside him and Mr. Pruitt, busy with tumultuous thoughts, in the tonneau. They drove up to the jail, where the prisoner and Mr. Pruitt were shown into a bare little room back of the sheriff's office—with no exit except into the office—and the sheriff put in a long-distance-telephone call for Three Forks. Getting the connection might be a matter of an hour or more.

There was no reproach in the young man's attitude. There seemed to be no blame for Mr. Pruitt in his mind. Fate had simply overtaken him and he accepted it very gravely, with round-eyed, ponderous steadiness. Mr. Pruitt, of course, was free to leave at any time, and the little room was a torture chamber for him; but he proposed passionately to stand by; he wouldn't even walk over to the post office.

Presently he began discussing the case eagerly, with a very considerable practical knowledge of law and the ways of court. They'd apply for bail at once, he said decisively; and he made Carl go over the circumstances minutely, shrewdly appraising them for defensive purposes—moving nervously, sticking his fingers through his gray stringy side whiskers and jerking his bald head with little nods. It was evident that in such a situation as Carl's he would be a champion to lean upon. Yet he was all the while acutely aware that circumstances painted a dark case for the young man. In cold fact, manslaughter at the very least had been committed. No doubt the state would charge murder in the first degree.

The discussion was going on when Sheriff Megee stepped in, frowning and thoughtfully pawing his beard, with a circular in his hand.

"That's what I had to go on," he said to Mr. Pruitt, offering the circular.

It was a little larger than a sheet of legal cap paper, and at the top of the printed side appeared portraits of two men. One of them wore his hair pompadour and a heavy mustache; the other was indubitably Carl. It said the two men were wanted—one as principal, the other as accessory—for the embezzlement of eighteen thousand dollars from the Three Forks agency of the Schlecht-Buschlein Brewing Company.

"Seems," said the sheriff rather impatiently, like a man who has been trifled with, "the two of 'em went off together and fixed it up so it would look as though they'd been drowned while fishing—left the car by the river, and so on. But somebody saw the man Ahrens with his clothes all wet going away from the river. Three Forks says they nabbed Ahrens last week and he's come through. Seems he fixed up some sort of a plant to have this chap push him into the water; wanted 'em to think he was drowned. The connection wasn't very good—sort of buzzed now and then; I couldn't get it all. Anyhow, they've got Ahrens and they don't want this lad. I can run you back to Pribbles in my car if you'll wait a few minutes while I step over to court."

■■■

MR. PRUITT, his head cocked a little to one side and his fingers absently toying with a gray side whisker, was contemplating the straight rows of tomato plants, cabbage, lettuce and string beans in an immaculate garden. But he wasn't really thinking of the garden at all. He wasn't very definitely thinking of anything, though he was smiling contentedly to himself.

There was the prim, tight-pursed, intensely respectable and intensely censorious world of the Pruitts and the Chubbucks. He rather felt like a man who walks a long way in the frosty shadow of a wall, turns the corner and abruptly steps into broad sunshine.

"Alonzo!" his wife's fretful voice sounded from the kitchen.

Another woman came down from the porch of the red cottage—a tall, square-shouldered hussy with much reddish-brown hair. She saw Mr. Pruitt through the gap in the hedge, and laughed. Mr. Pruitt, beaming, bobbed his head at her in energetic greeting.

"Alonzo!" called Mrs. Pruitt, pitching her voice to falsetto on the prolonged last syllable.

The other woman, still laughing, her shoulders thrown back, lifted an arm capable of felling a man and made a gesture of beckoning. Mr. Pruitt, with a chuckle, went spryly toward her.

A minute later when, justly exasperated, Mrs. Pruitt came down to the garden to see why her husband had not responded to her summons she was again scandalized to see him by the red cottage in lively conversation with the Barnes woman. They were laughing together; one would have thought them old acquaintances.

Still later Mrs. Pruitt, eying her spouse through silver-bowed spectacles with a cold and dry disapproval, sniffed and observed aggrievedly: "If it was any man but you I'd say you was making a fool of yourself over that woman. I don't know what you could 'a' seen in 'em all of a sudden that makes you think so well of 'em."

"They're fine people!" said Mr. Pruitt decisively; "fine people!"

It occurred to him that the subjects of this statement, in the mildest terms by which the Chubbucks would describe them, were an ex-saloon-keeper, a female who had pranced in tights and a young man who just escaped being guilty of manslaughter. He stuck his fingers through a whisker, pursed his lips a moment and added thoughtfully:

"Maybe it's just as well they're going away next week."

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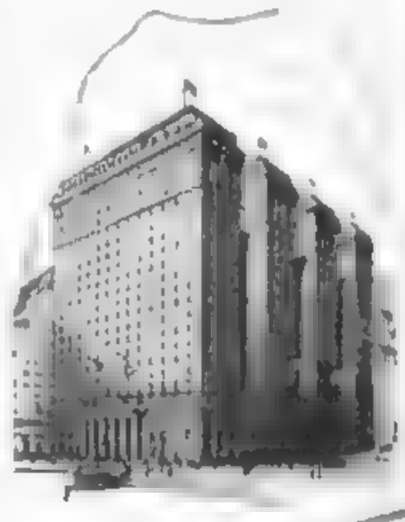

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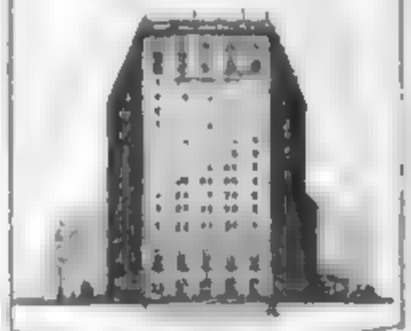

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# THE FALSE FACES

Continued from Page 25)

from behind had him at a further disadvantage. For all that he found his hands full till, by a trick of jujutsu, he wrenched one of the fellow's arms behind him so forcibly as almost to dislocate it at the shoulder, and forcing his forearm up toward his shoulder blades held him temporarily helpless.

"Be still, you murderous *canaille*," he growled; "or must I tear your arm out of its socket? Still, I say!"

Karl uttered a grunt of pain and ceased to struggle.

Pinning him against the bookcases Lanyard hastily rifled his pockets, at the first dip bringing forth a thin sheaf of American bank notes with the figures 1000 conspicuous on the uppermost.

"Ten thousand dollars," he said grimly; "precisely my fee for the use of my name—to say nothing of its abuse!"

A torrent of untranslatable German blasphemy answered him. Intelligible was the half frantic demand: "Who the devil are you?"

"Take a look, assassin—see for yourself!" Lanyard twisted the spy round to face him, holding him helpless against the wall with a knee in his belly and a hand gripping his throat inexorably. "Do you know me now—the man you thought you'd drowned a hundred fathoms deep?"

Blows thundered on the hallway door. Neither heeded. The spy was staring into Lanyard's face, his eyes staring with horror and affright.

"Lanyard!" he gasped. "Good God! Will you never die?"

"Never by your hand——" Lanyard began, but stopped sharply.

For a moment he glared incredulously, and in that moment knew his enemy.

"Ekstrom!" he cried; and the man at his mercy winced and quailed.

The din in the hallway grew louder. Voices cried out for the key. Somebody threw himself against the door so heavily that it shook.

The emergency forced itself upon Lanyard's consciousness, would not be denied. Its dilemma seemed calculated to unseat his reason. If he lingered he was lost. Either he must grant this creature new lease of life or be caught and pay the penalty of murder for an execution as surely just as any in the history of mankind.

It was bitter, too bitter, to have come to this his hour so long desired, so long deferred, so arduously sought, and have the fruits of it snatched from his craving grasp. He could not bring himself to this renunciation; slowly his fingers tightened on the other's throat.

Driven to desperation by the light of madness that began to flicker in Lanyard's eyes the Prussian abruptly put all he had of might and fury into one final effort, threw Lanyard off, and in turn attacked him, fighting like a lunatic for foot room, for space enough to turn and make for the windows.

In spite of all he could do Lanyard saw the man work away from the wall and maneuver his back toward the windows; then he flew at him with redoubled fury, driving home blow after blow that beat down Ekstrom's guard and sent him staggering helplessly, till an uppercut, swinging in under his uplifted forearms, put an end to the combat. Ekstrom shot backward half a dozen feet, stumbled over the prostrate body of the watchman, and crashed headlong into the windows, going down in a shower of shattered glass.

In one and the same instant Lanyard darted back and dropped upon his knees in the shadow of the club lounge, and the door to the hallway slammed open. A knot of men, to the number of half a dozen, tumbling into the library, saw that figure floundering amid the ruins of the window, and made for him, passing on the other side of the lounge, between it and the fireplace.

Unseen Lanyard rose, ran crouching across the room, found the side door, opened it just far enough to permit the passage of his body and drew it to behind him.

Ninety-fifth Street was a lonely lane of midnight quiet. He sped across it like the shadow of a cloud wind-hunted.

### XVI

IN THOSE days New York nights were long; this one was still young when Lanyard sauntered sedately from a side street and stopped on a corner of Broadway in the Nineties; he had not long to wait ere a southbound taxicab hove in sight and sheered over to the curb in answer to his signal.

It was still something short of one o'clock when he was set down at his door. Wearily he let himself in by the private entrance, made a light, and without troubling even to discard his overcoat threw himself into a chair. Leaden depression weighed down his heart, and the flavor of failure was as aloes in his mouth. Thrice within an hour he had fallen short of his promises—to Cecelia Brooke, to himself, to his *idée fixe*. His three chances, to redeem his word to the girl, to measure up to his queer criterion of honor, to rid his world of Ekstrom—all had slipped through fingers seemingly too infirm to take advantage of them.

He felt of a sudden old—old and tired and lonely. The uses of his world, how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable! What was his life? An emptiness. Himself? A shuttlecock, the helpless sport of his own failings, a vain thing alternately strutting and stumbling, now swaggering in the guise of an avenger self-appointed, now sneaking in the shameful habiliments of a felon self-condemned.

What had prevented his dealing out to Ekstrom the punishment he had so well earned? That insatiable lust for loot of his. Only for that damning evidence against him of the stolen necklace in his pocket he might have had his will of Ekstrom, and justified himself when discovered by proving that he had merely done justice to a thief who sold what he had stolen and stole back to steal again what he had sold.

Self-contempt attacked self-conceit like an acid. He saw Michael Lanyard a sorry figure, sitting stupefied with self-pity—crying over spilt milk.

Impatiently he shook himself. What though he had to-night forfeited his chances? He could—nay, would—make others. He must . . .

To what end? Would life be sweeter if one found a way to restore to Cecelia Brooke her precious document and to smuggle back to Mrs. Arden her pilfered diamonds? Would this deadly ache of loneliness be less poignant with Ekstrom dead?

With lackluster eyes he looked round that cheerless room, reckoning its perfunctory pretense of comfort the forlornest mockery. To lodgings such as this he was condemned for life, to an interminable sequence of transient quarters sordid or splendid, rich or mean, alike in this common quality of hollow loneliness.

His aimless gaze wandered toward the door opening on the public hallway, and became fixed upon a triangular shape of white paper, the half of an envelope tucked between door and sill.

Presently he rose and got the thing, not until he touched it quite persuaded he was not the victim of an optical hallucination.

A square envelope of creamy paper, it was superscribed simply in a hand strange to him, Anthony Ember, Esq., with the address of his apartment house.

Tearing the envelope he found within a double sheet of plain note paper bearing a message of five words, penned hastily:

"Au Printemps—one o'clock—please!"

Nothing else; not another word or pen scratch.

Opening the door Lanyard called the hall attendant, a sleepy and not overintelligent negro.

"When did this come for me?"

"'Bout anour ago, Mistuh Embuh."

"Who brought it?"

"A messenger boy done fotch it, suh look lak th' same boy."

"What same boy?"

"Same as come in when you do, 'bout 'leven o'clock—remembuh?"

Lanyard nodded, recalling that on his way up the street from Sixth Avenue he had been subconsciously irritated by the shrill untuneful whistling of a loutish youth in a messenger's uniform who had followed him into the house and become engaged in some minor altercation with the attendants while Lanyard was unlocking the door to his apartment.

"What of him?"

"Why, he bulge in heah an' say we done send a call, an' we tell him we don' know nobody what send a call, an' he sweah an' carry on, an' aftuh yo' done gone in he ast whut is yo' name, an' somebody tell him an' he go away. An' then 'bout haffanour aftuhwuds he come back with that theah

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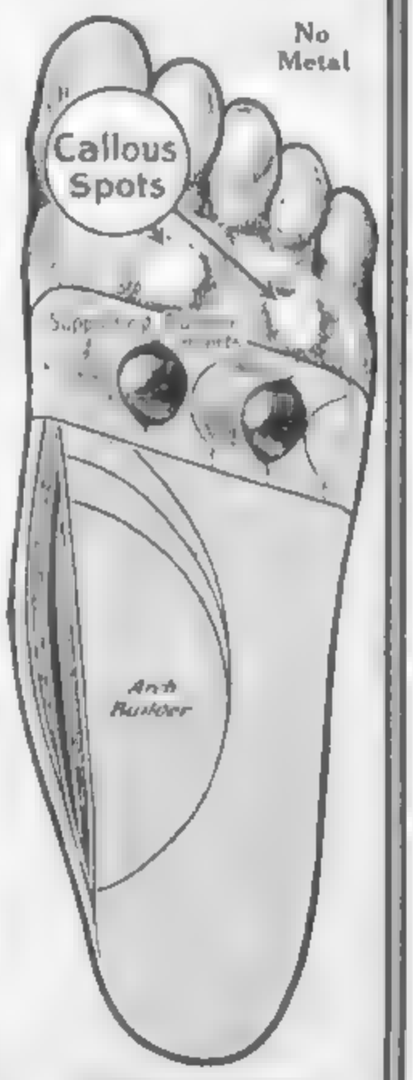


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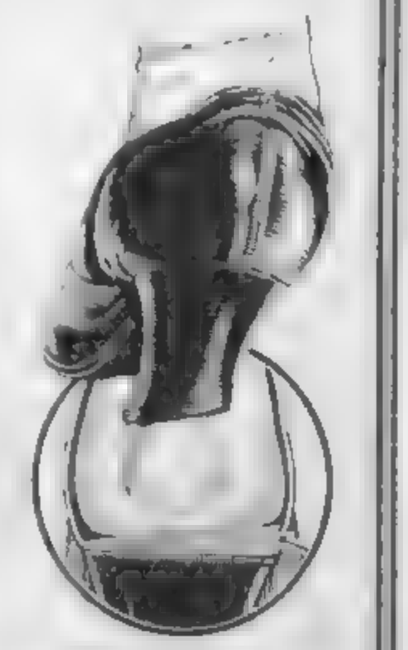

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lettuh—say to stick it undeh yo' do' ef yo' ain't home. Leastways he look to me lak th' same boy. Ah dunno fo' suah."

Repeated efforts failing to extract more enlightenment from this source, Lanyard again shut himself in with the puzzle. Somebody had set a messenger boy to dog him and find out his name and address. Not Crane; Lanyard had seen him disappear in the elevator of the hotel and had thereafter moved too quickly to permit of Crane's returning to the lobby, calling a messenger boy and pointing out Lanyard.

For that matter, Lanyard was prepared to swear nobody had followed him from the hotel.

Vaguely he seemed to recall a first impression of the boy at the time when he emerged from the drug store after his unprofitable effort to telephone Cecelia Brooke, an indefinite memory of a shambling figure with nose flattened against the druggist's window, apparently fascinated by the display of a catchpenny corn cure.

Was there a link between that circumstance and the long delay which Lanyard had suffered in the telephone booth? Had the telephone operator been less stupid and negligent than she seemed? Was the truth of the matter that Crane had surmised Lanyard would attempt communication with the Brooke girl and had set a watch on the switchboard for the call?

Assuming that the secret-service man had been clever enough for that, it was not difficult to understand that Lanyard had purposely been kept dangling at the other end of the wire till the call could be traced back to its source and a messenger dispatched from the nearest office with instructions to follow the man who emerged from the booth and report his name and local habitation. Sharp work, if these inferences were reasonable. And satisfied that they were, Lanyard inclined to accord increased respect to the detective abilities of the American.

But this note—this hurried, unsigned scrawl of five unintelligible words—what the deuce did it mean? On the evidence of the handwriting a woman had penned it. Cecelia Brooke? Who else? Crane might well have been taken into her confidence, subsequent to the sinking of the Assyrian, and on discovering that Lanyard had survived have taken this means of relieving the girl's distress of mind.

But its significance? "Au Printemps" translated literally meant "In the Springtime," and in the springtime at one o'clock was mere gibberish, incomprehensible. There is in Paris a department store calling itself Au Printemps; but surely no one was suggesting to Lanyard in New York a rendezvous in Paris! Nevertheless that Please! intrigued with a note at once pleading and imperative that decided Lanyard to answer it without delay, in person.

"Au Printemps—one o'clock—please!"

Upon the screen of memory there flashed a blurred vision of an electric sign emblazoning the phrase Au Printemps against the façade of a building with windows all blind and dark save those of the street level, which glowed pink with light filtered through silken hangings; a building which Lanyard had already passed thrice that night without, in the preoccupation of his purpose, paying it any heed; a building on Broadway somewhere above Columbus Circle, if he were not mistaken.

Already it was one o'clock. Fortunately he was still in evening dress, and needed only to change collar and tie to repair the disarray caused by his encounter with Ekstrom.

In two minutes he was once more in the street. Within five a cab deposited him in front of the Restaurant Au Printemps, an institution of midnight New York whose title for distinction resided mainly in the fact that it opened its upper floors for the diversion of "members" about the time when others put up their shutters.

Lanyard's advent occurred at the height of its traffic. The dining rooms on the street level were closed and unlighted; but men and women in pairs and parties were streaming across the sidewalk from an endless chain of motor cars and being ground through the revolving doors, like grist in the hopper of an unhallowed mill, the men all in evening dress, the women in garments whose insolence outrivaled the most Byzantine nights of L'Abbaye Thélème.

Drawn in with the current through the turnstile door Lanyard found himself in an absurdly little lobby thronged to suffocation, largely with people of the half-world—here and there a few celebrities, here and there small tight clusters of respectabilities making a brave show of feeling at ease, all waiting their turns to be lifted to delectable regions aloft in an elevator barely big enough for use in a private residence.

For a moment Lanyard lingered unnoticed on the outskirts of this assemblage, searching its pretty faces for the prettier face he had come to find, and wondering that she should have chosen for her purpose with him a resort of this character. His memory of her was sweet with the clean smell of the sea; there was incongruity to spare in this atmosphere heady with the odors of wine, flesh, scent and tobacco. Perplexing!

A harpy with a painted smile and predacious eyes pounced upon him, tore away his hat and coat, left with him a numbered slip of pasteboard by presenting which he would be permitted to ransom his property on extortionate terms.

And still he saw no Cecelia Brooke, though his aloof attitude, coupled with an intent but impersonal inspection of every feminine face within his radius of vision, earned him more than one smile at once furtively provocative and unwelcome.

By degrees the crowd emptied itself into the toy elevator—such of it, that is, as was passed by a committee on membership consisting of one chubby bearded gentleman with the look of a French diplomatist, the *empressement* of a head waiter, and the authority of the Angel with the Flaming Sword. *Personæ non gratæ* to the management—inexplicably so in some instances—were civilly requested to produce membership cards, and upon failure to comply were inexorably rejected, and departed strangely shamefaced. Others of acceptable aspect were permitted to mingle with the upper circles of the elect without being required to prove their membership.

In the person of this suave but inflexible arbiter Lanyard identified a former *maître d'hôtel* of the Carlton, who had abruptly and discreetly fled London soon after the outbreak of war. He fancied that this one knew him and was sedulous both to keep him in the corner of his eye and never to meet his regard directly. And once he saw the man speak covertly with the elevator attendant, guarding his lips with a hand, and suspected that he was the subject of their communications.

The lobby was still comfortably filled, a constant trickle of arrivals replacing in measure the losses by election and rejection, when Lanyard, watching the revolving doors, saw Cecelia Brooke coming in.

She was alone, at least momentarily; and in his sight very creditably turned out, remembering that all her luggage must have been lost with the Assyrian. But what Englishwomen of her caste ever permitted herself to be visible after nightfall except in an evening gown of some sort, even though a shabby sort? Not that Miss Brooke tonight was shabbily attired—she was much otherwise. From some mysterious source of wardrobe she had conjured wraps, furs, and a dancing frock as fresh and becoming as it was, oddly enough, not immodest. And with whatever cares preyed upon her secret mind she entered with the light step and bright countenance of any girl of her age embarked upon a lark.

All that was changed at sight of Lanyard. He bowed formally at a moment when her glance, resting on him, seemed about to wander on; instead it became fixed in recognition. Instantly her smile was erased, her features stiffened, her eyes widened, her lips parted, the color ebbed from her cheeks. And she stopped quite still in front of the entrance till lightly jostled by another woman coming in.

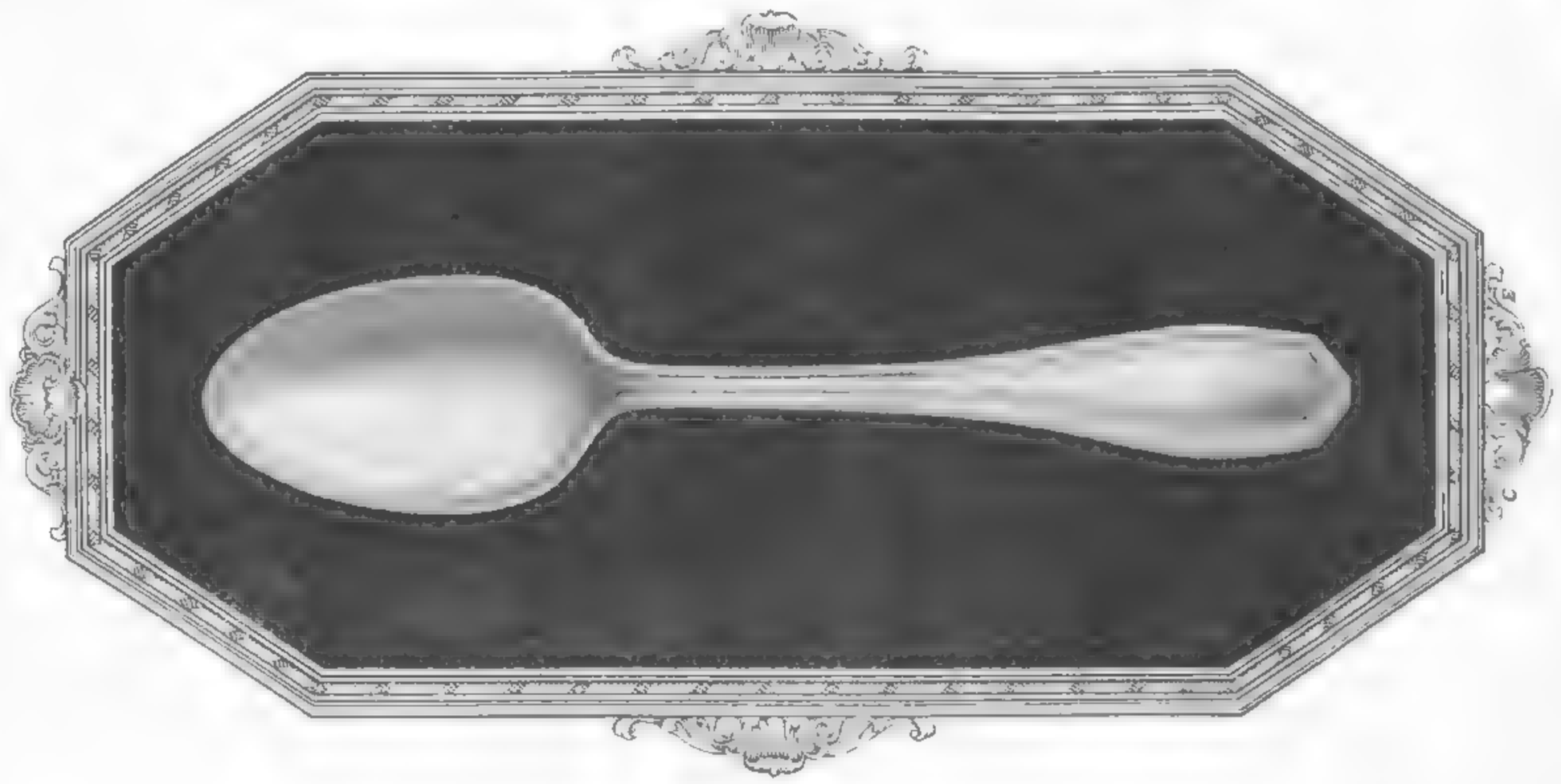
Then moving uncertainly toward him she said "Monsieur Duchemin!" not loudly, for she was not a woman to give excuse for a scene under any circumstances, but in a tone of complete dumfounderment.

Covering his own dashed countenance with a semblance of unruffled amiability he bowed again, now over the hand that the girl tentatively offered, letting it rest lightly on his fingers, touching it as lightly with his lips. "It is such a pleasant surprise," he said at a venture, then added guardedly: "But my name—I thought you knew it was now Anthony Ember."

Her eyes were blank. "I don't understand," she faltered. "I thought you [illegible] I never dreamed [illegible] Is it really you?"

"Truly," he averred, [illegible] mind rife with suspicion and distrust. This was not acting; he was convinced that her surprise was absolutely unfeigned.

(Continued on Page 89)



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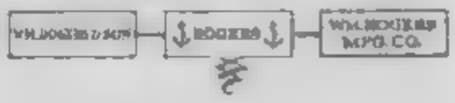


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(Continued from Page 86)

So she had not expected to find him at Au Printemps at one o'clock in the morning—till that very moment had believed him as dead as any of those poor souls who had perished with the Assyrian. Therefore that note had not come from her; therefore Lanyard had complimented Crane without warrant, crediting him with another's cleverness. Then whose?

And while Lanyard's head buzzed with these thoughts quite another chamber of his mind was engaged in admiring the address with which the girl was recovering from what must have been, what plainly had been, a staggering shock. Already she had begun to grapple with the situation, to take herself in hand and dissemble. Already her face was regaining its accustomed cast of self-confidence, composure and intelligent animation. Throughout she pursued without a break the thread of conventional small talk.

"It is a surprise," she said calmly. "Really, you are a most astonishing person, Mr. Ember. One never knows where to look for you."

"That is my good fortune, since it provides me with unexpected pleasures such as this. You are with friends?"

"With a friend," she corrected quietly; "with Mr. Crane. He stopped outside to pay our taxi driver. How odd it seems to find any place in the world as much alive as this New York!"

"It seems almost impossible," Lanyard averred; "indeed, somehow wrong. I've a feeling one has no right to encourage so much frivolity. And yet ——"

"Yes," she responded quickly. "It is good to hear people laugh once more. That is why Mr. Crane suggested coming here to-night, to cheer me up. He said Au Printemps was unique; promised I'd find it most amusing."

"I'm sure ——" Lanyard began as Crane entered, breezing briskly through the turnstile and comprehending the situation in a glance.

"Hello!" he cried. "Didn't I tell you everybody unburied would be here?"

Nor was Cecelia Brooke less ready. "But fancy meeting Mr. Ember here! I had no idea he was in New York—had you?"

"Perhaps a dim suspicion," Crane admitted with a twinkle, taking Lanyard's hand. "Howdy, Ember? Glad to see you; gladder'n you'd think."

"How is that?" Lanyard asked, returning the cordiality of his grip.

Crane's penetrating accents must have been audible in the remotest corner of the ground-floor rooms. He made no effort to modulate them to a quieter pitch.

"You can help me out of a fix if you feel like it. You see, I promised Miss Brooke if she'd take me for her guide she'd see life tonight; and now, just when we're going good, I've got to renig. Man I know held me up outside; says I'm wanted down town on special business and must go. I might be able to toddle back later, but can't bank on it. Do you mind taking over my job?"

"Chaperoning Miss Brooke's investigations into the seamy side of current social history? That will be delightful."

"Attaboy! If I'm not back in half an hour you'll see her safely home, of course?"

"Trust me."

"And you'll excuse me, Miss Brooke? I hope you don't think ——"

"What I do think, Mr. Crane, is that you have been most kind to a lonely stranger. Of course I'll excuse you, not willingly but understanding you must go."

"That makes me a heap easier in my mind. But I got to run. So it's good night, unless maybe I see you later. So long, Ember!"

With a flirt of his raw-boned hand Crane swung about, threw himself spiritedly into the revolving door, was gone.

"Amazing creature," Lanyard commented, laughing.

"I think him delightful," the girl replied, surrendering her wraps to a maid. "If all Americans are like that ——"

"Shall we go up?"

She nodded "Please!"—and turned with him.

The committee on membership himself bowed them into the elevator. Several others crowded in after them. For thirty seconds, while the car moved slowly upward, Lanyard was free to think without interruption.

But what to think now? That Crane, actuated by some motive occult to Lanyard, had engineered this apparently adventitious rencontre for the purpose of throwing him and the Brooke girl together? Or, again, that Crane was innocent of guile in this matter; that other persons, unknown, causing Lanyard to be traced to his lodgings, had framed that note to entice him to this place to-night? In the latter event, who was conceivably responsible but Velasco, Dressler, O'Reilly—any one of these, or all three working in concert? The last named had looked Lanyard squarely in the face without sign of recognition, back there in the lobby of the hotel, precisely as he should, if implicated in the conspiracies of the Boche; though it might easily have been either Velasco or Dressler who had recognized the adventurer without his knowledge.

The car stopped, a narrow-chested door slid open, a gush of hectic light colored morbidly the faces of alighting passengers, a blare of syncopated noise singularly unmusical saluted the astonished ears of Lanyard and Cecelia Brooke. She met his gaze with a smiling *moue* and slightly lifted eyebrows.

"More than we bargained for?" he laughed. "But there is always something new in this America, I promise you. Au Printemps itself is new—at all events did not exist when I was last in New York."

Following her out he paused beside the girl in a constricted space hedged about with tables, waiting for the *maître d'hôtel* to seat those who had been first to leave the elevator.

The room, of irregular conformation, held upward of two hundred guests and habitués seated at tables large and small and so closely set together that waiters with difficulty navigated narrow and tortuous channels of communication. In the middle, upon a small dancing floor, rudely octagonal in shape, made smaller by tables crowded round its edges to accommodate the crush, a mob of couples danced arduously, close-locked in one another's arms, swaying in rhythm with the overemphasized time beaten out by a perspiring little band of musicians on a dais in a far corner, their activities directed by an antic conductor whose lantern-jawed, sallow face peered grotesquely out through a mop of hair as black and coarse and lush as a horse's mane.

Execrable ventilation, or absence thereof, manufactured an atmosphere that reeked with heat—animal and artificial—and with all blended effluvia of a hundred sources. Perhaps the odor of alcohol predominated: Lanyard thought of a steam-heated wine cellar. He observed nothing but champagne in any glass, and if food were being served it was done surreptitiously. Sweat dripped from the faces of the dancers, deep flushes discolored all not so heavily enameled as to preserve an inalterable complexion, the eyes of many stared with the fixity of hypnosis. Yet when the music ended with an unexpected crash of discord they applauded insatiably till the jaded orchestra struck up once more, when they renewed their curious gyrations with quenchless abandon.

The Brooke girl caught Lanyard's eye; her lips moved. Because of the din he had to bend his head near to hear.

She murmured with infinite expression: "Au Printemps!"

The *maître d'hôtel* was plucking at his sleeve.

"Monsieur has made reservation, no?" Startled recognition washed the man's tired and pasty countenance. "Pardon, monsieur! This way." He turned and began to thread dubiously between the jostling tables.

Dubiously Lanyard followed. He likewise had known the *maître d'hôtel* at sight—a beastly little decadent whose cabaret on the Rue d'Antin, just off the Avenue de l'Opéra, had been a famous rendezvous of international spies till war had rendered it advisable for him to efface himself from the ken of Paris with the same expedition and discretion that had marked the departure from London of his confrère now guarding the gateway to these ethereal regions of Au Printemps.

The coincidence of finding those two so closely associated worked with the riddle of that note further to trouble Lanyard's mind. Was he to believe Au Printemps the legitimate successor in America of that less pretentious establishment on the Rue d'Antin, an overseas headquarters for secret-service agents of the Central Powers?

He began to regret heartily, not so much that he had presented himself in answer to that note, but the responsibility that now devolved upon him of caring for Miss Brooke. Much as he wished to see her an hour ago, now he would gladly be rid of her company.

Why had he been lured to this place if its character were truly what he feared? Conceivably because he was believed—since it now appeared he had cheated death—still to possess either that desired document or knowledge of its whereabouts. Naturally the enemy would not think otherwise. He must not forget that Ekstrom was playing double; as yet none but Lanyard knew he had stolen the document and done a murder to cover the theft from his associates and leave him free to sell to England without exciting their suspicion.

Consequently, Lanyard believed, he had been invited to this place to be sounded, to be tempted, bribed, intimidated if need be, and, if possible, somehow to be won over to the uses of the Prussian spy system.

Leading them to the farther side of the room the *maître d'hôtel* paused, bowing and waving beside a large table already in the possession of a party of three. Lanyard's eyes narrowed. One of the three was Velasco; another a young man unknown to him, a mannerly little creature who might have been written by the author of What the Man Will Wear in the theater programs. The third was Sophie Weringrode, the Wilhelmstrasse agent whom he had only that afternoon observed entering the house on Seventy-ninth Street.

He stopped short, in a cold rage. Till that moment a mirror-sheathed pillar had hidden from him Velasco and the Weringrode; else Lanyard had refused to come so far; for obviously there were no unreserved tables—indeed few vacant chairs—in that part of the room.

Not that he minded the cynical barefacedness of the dodge; that was indeed amusing. He was sanguine as to his ability to dominate any situation that might rise, and to a degree indifferent whether the upshot should prove his confidence misplaced; and he did not in the least object to letting the enemy show his cards. But he did enormously resent what was, after all, something quite outside the calculations of these giddy conspirators—the fact that he must either beat incontinent retreat or introduce Cecelia Brooke to the company of Sophie Weringrode.

His face darkened; a stinging reproof for the *maître d'hôtel* trembled on his tongue's tip. But that one was busily avoiding his eye on the far side of the table, drawing out a chair for mademoiselle, while Velasco and the Weringrode were alert to read Lanyard's countenance and forestall any steps he might contemplate in defiance of their designs.

At first glimpse of the Brooke girl Velasco jumped up and hastened to her, with eager Latin courtesy expressing his unanticipated delight in the prospect of her consenting to join their party. And she was suffering with quiet graciousness his florid compliments.

At the same time the Weringrode was greeting Lanyard in the most intimate fashion—and damning him in the understanding of Cecelia Brooke with every word.

"My dear friend!" she cried gayly, extending a bedizened hand. "I had begun to despair of you. Is it part of your system with women always to be a little late, always to keep us wondering?"

Schooling his features to a civil smile Lanyard bowed over the hand.

"In warfare such as ours, my dear Sophie," he said with meaning, "one uses all weapons, even the most primitive, in sheer self-defense."

The woman laughed delightedly. "I think," she said, "if you rose from the dead at the bottom of the sea, Tony, it would be with wit upon your lips. And you have brought a friend with you? How charming!" She shifted in her chair to face Cecelia Brooke. "I wish to know her instantly!"

Velasco was waiting only for that opening. "Dear princess," he said instantly, "permit me to present Miss Cecelia Brooke . . . Princess de Alavia."

Completely at ease and by every indication enjoying herself hugely the girl bowed and took the hand the Weringrode thrust upon her. Her eyes, abrim with excitement and mischief, veered to Lanyard's, ignored their warning, glanced away.

"How do you do?" she said simply. "I didn't understand Mr. Ember expected to meet friends here, but that only makes it the more agreeable. May we sit down?"

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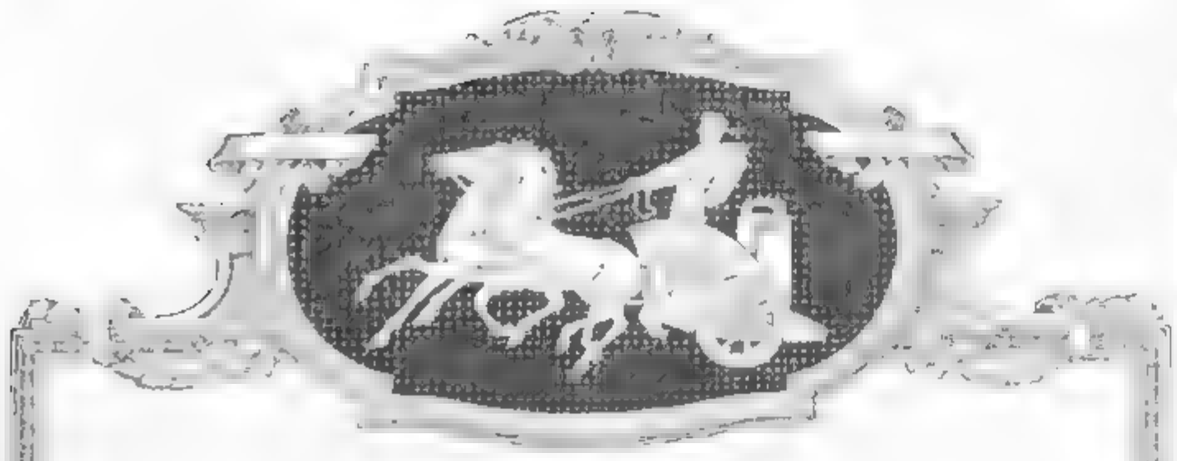

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# FIGHTIN' SONS-OF-GUNS

(Continued from Page 4)

concentrate on offensive tactics. They scarcely bother with defensive at all. That is a complete reversal from two years ago. Evidently they figure that the job ahead of them is pushing back the Boche, without let-up and without retreat. You can see it in the construction of their trenches. They never build now for long occupation, and the secondary lines are always patently a precaution which they don't expect to use. Of course these lines are dug in order to provide for every possible contingency, but their character clearly reveals the expectation that they will not be needed. All of which is mighty heartening.

What the heart is to the body so is the organization behind the lines to an army. There's no valvular leak or weakness in the Canadian heart; it is often asserted that no better organization exists in the Allied forces.

To begin with, the troops are remarkably well fed. Their rations include fresh meat, bully beef, onions, bacon, pork and beans, bread, biscuits, jam, cheese, tea, sugar, milk and cocoa. They total about five pounds a day per man—which is the allowance made for our army, also. The extras consist of rice in lieu of bread, sauces, figs, dates, prunes and dried fruit.

Here is the ration allowance for each soldier: One pound of meat; a pound of bread; four ounces of bacon; eight ounces of fresh vegetables or two ounces of dried; two ounces of jam—one tin to six men; two ounces of butter—three times a week; three ounces of cheese every day; three ounces of sugar; two ounces of salt; one ounce of condensed milk; mustard, pepper and lime juice; two ounces of tobacco per week, which figures out at two packages of cigarettes, or thereabouts. There is no charge for the tobacco.

They also issue to each man one-sixty-fourth of a gallon of rum every day. I heard an argument between the padre of a Highland battalion and a youthful transport officer concerning this.

"Why, it's the greatest thing ever!" declared the youngster. "When the boys get that scoot of rum under their belts they just up with their kilts and go down the road looking for Heine."

"Hoot, mon!" remonstrated the padre. "Dutch courage!"

"Uh-uh, padre! Good old Scotch."

The men in the line receive one-eighth of an ounce of tea and three-fourths of an ounce of sugar extra. The pork-and-bean issue, which is supposed to be part of the fresh-meat ration, is actually issued in excess, at least four times a week—one tin to two men. In addition, they get regular rations of a sort of stew, made out of meat and vegetables and put up in cans.

### *Giants on Bantam Rations*

The cold truth is that the soldiers live far better than the civilian population. Men in the front trenches get real food—the kind that sticks to your ribs. So far as meals go I'd trade the best you can buy in Paris and London hotels for their chow; you simply cannot get their substantial fare in the cities of France and England. And nobody ought to kick at that.

The rations must usually be sent up cold to the first line, where each man prepares his own food. He has what is known as a Tommy-cooker—an ordinary pork-and-bean tin with the top flared. Inside is a piece of sacking, covered with the drippings from fresh meat. This will burn five hours, and the men use it to warm up the meat or bacon sent up already cooked, to make tea, to toast their bread.

At their base depots the Canadians enjoy four meals a day. They take afternoon tea! That will sound odd to Americans, but after you have been over here a while, working like a levee nigger on the training ground, that extra touch of nourishment will appeal to you. It seems to put new life into the men.

Here is a day's menu, picked at random, at the First Canadian Infantry Base Depot. It was for Thursday, August sixteenth:

BREAKFAST. Bread, fried ham, bacon, jam, tea.

DINNER. Biscuits, roast mutton with brown gravy, boiled mutton with onion sauce, potatoes, bread pudding and custard.

TEA. Bread and butter, cheese, sliced beef, pickles, tea.

SUPPER. Cocoa, bread, jam, biscuits, cheese, tea.

While on the subject of rations I feel it a solemn duty to make a plea for fair play. They have a tug-of-war team among the Canadians which has not only beaten every team from the Allied armies put up against it, but not long ago took on sixteen, then twenty, then twenty-four picked French soldiers and pulled them round a mile or two of scenery. They did that just to show what was possible to Scotchmen.

Now these Jocks have to use the hay scales. The baby of them all, who is about seven feet high and built like a freight car, goes round mourning his lack of size. His life is saddened by the knowledge that he weighs only two hundred and twenty-five pounds. "You ought to see the others," he says in apology. Yet he receives precisely the same ration as a little cock sparrow of a man who tips the scales round a hundred and thirty. Yes, sir; one of those giants gets no more to eat than a bantam.

Something ought to be done about this. Cannot the Canadian Parliament pass an act, or make some special appropriations, for extra chow?

The kilties nurse a jealous pride of their uniform. Put them into breeks and you would largely destroy their esprit de corps. As kilties they have a high reputation to sustain; they know it to the marrow of their bones, and they're holy terrors in a fight. It is reported that the Boches call them the Ladies of Hell. That may be merely picturesque stuff, like so much that is printed on both sides, but it is certain that Heine has taken a dislike to kilts. Ah, mon, when he hears the skir-r-l of the pipes in Wilhelmstrasse, he'll nae longer wunner why he was lickit.

### *Ancient Heroes Put to Shame*

Distinctive uniforms play an important rôle in the British forces. Regiments win them by their valor, and ever after strive to do them credit. So men take kindly to them. Look how hard our own marines balk at the regulation khaki.

The Canadians are of all ages, ranging from the teens up to the late forties. I asked a score of regimental and company commanders which made the better soldiers for trench warfare, the boys or the mature men. The replies varied widely.

An artillery officer insisted that soldiers below twenty-five couldn't stand the gaff, that they broke physically and mentally under the strain of this rat-pit death grapple. He was of opinion that neither their physical fiber nor their nervous organism had reached the requisite development.

"Give me men between thirty and thirty-six," he said. "They don't break like the youngsters."

"On the other hand, don't the youngsters come back quicker?"

"Perhaps they do. But they break too fast. They can't stand the strain like the older chaps. And the older ones are more dependable—I mean you can count on their doing what they're ordered, every time."

To offset this, an infantry colonel of wide experience declared that he would choose men between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-seven. At that stage of life they not only pick up training readily but they can stand the strain, he said, for they are fully developed and toughened and possess the recuperative powers of youth.

"That is, speaking broadly, of course," he added. "Often a boy of nineteen or twenty makes the best soldier of all. It depends on his stamina and temperament."

The preponderance of the opinion I gathered was in favor of the man between twenty-four and twenty-eight.

Heroism has been of such daily occurrence in all the Allied armies that its recital has lost the old thrill. How we used to tingle to the windy deeds of the heroes of antiquity! Dig up those school tales now, put them side by side with the gallant acts that are being done on every Front, and the best press-agent stuff those doughty ancients could contrive will provoke howls of derision. There has never been an era of such dauntless bravery and sacrifice.

Achilles was a fatuous fathead compared to young Capt. W. A. Bishop, for example—the Ontario aviator. They say he carries a silk stocking on his machine for luck. And the King hung enough decorations on him to stock a jewelry store. The official record of the exploit by which he

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

won the Victoria Cross, the highest reward for valor, was that he flew first to an enemy aërodrome, but, finding nobody round to fight, proceeded to another about three miles southeast, which was a good twelve miles the other side of the line.

Seven Boche machines, with engines running, were on the ground. Down he swooped and attacked from a height of no more than fifty feet. He dropped one of their mechanics. A machine rose to attack him, but Bishop poured in fifteen rounds at close range and it crashed to earth.

A second got off the ground. This he met with thirty rounds and it went out of business into a tree. And now two more soared to meet him. The Canadian engaged one at a height of a thousand feet and sent it hurtling down; after which he emptied a whole drum into the other and returned cheerily to his station.

And they have a major who descended into a German stronghold alone and captured more than a hundred, singlehanded. A few of his men who were waiting above picked off the first twelve Boches who climbed up the steps in obedience to the major's command, but that was solely because they hadn't grasped the idea. They didn't fully realize at the moment that the ascending Heines were the vanguard of the major's prisoners. He, too, wears the V. C.

A noncommissioned officer deliberately gave his life to blow up a German mine and bury the Boches whom he surprised there. A monument on Vimy commemorates his heroism.

Sergeant M—— was guiding ten wagons containing trench mortar bombs to the dumps in Loos on July eighteenth. He and the lead driver were wounded by enemy shelling. Though hit in three places the sergeant took his wagons to safety, carried the injured driver out of danger, and bandaged his wounds prior to attending to his own.

Lieutenant M——, at Fresnoy, not only showed gallantry in obtaining his objective by routing an enemy three times his numbers, but consolidated his position and beat off two counter attacks; then, discovering that all the officers of the company on his left had become casualties, he went over and took command and beat off a furious Boche assault.

Lieutenant W——, while the enemy was shelling his battalion front-line trench southwest of Acheville on the night of June eighth-ninth, was wounded in the arm and shoulder. He started down the trench to have his wounds dressed and came upon two of his platoon buried by a shell explosion. Though the trench was still being shelled and he was suffering tortures, Lieutenant W—— dug them out.

### *Foolhardiness Discouraged*

Sergeant A——, on May fourth, in the Arleux Loop, volunteered with six others to go to Willerval to fill up empty water cans, the reserve water supply having been exhausted. They crossed a mile in the open under heavy fire, filled the cans while the village was being bombarded, and returned to battalion headquarters with them. Then they volunteered to take the water to the front lines. "This gallant act was done in the open under very heavy enemy shelling and rifle fire."

Those are merely a few; the more spectacular are familiar to you through the newspapers; the above reveal the variety of the hazards men will fearlessly undertake in the performance of duty. Bringing in wounded under fire; extinguishing blazes of camouflage over ammunition dumps; carrying on when wounded three or four times; sticking to their ammunition wagons after they had been set afire, and putting out the flames; such are ordinary feats of individual daring during a show.

A runner staggered on with a message after his arm had been blown off; he was terribly wounded again, and unconscious for a while; but he revived, delivered the message and died.

A noteworthy feature of their heroism is that it has always a purpose, a military or humanitarian value. The Canadians don't go in for deadly perils just to show their pluck. They never play to the gallery. Unless something can be accomplished by taking risks they avoid them to preserve life and limb.

Foolhardy exposure to danger is punishable, in fact; and the explanation is simple: The man who tries to show how brave he is doesn't merely imperil his own life; in nine cases out of ten he will start something. Besides getting killed he may stir the Boche into shelling positions he would otherwise leave alone, thereby causing losses or spoiling the job of working parties.

The same applies to carelessness. To illustrate how careful a greenhorn should be:

Early in September three of us ascended a bare hill in order to get a better look at the Boche lines which lay below. It was a perfectly quiet part of the Front and seemed wholly free from the possibility of trouble. Otherwise I should not have been in the vicinity. There was nothing on the hill except some thousands of holes and craters and tangled masses of wire. We lay in one of the craters a while, looking over at the German positions and listening to the screech of the shells crossing high above, for the Boche was strafing some concrete gun emplacements far back, which he had been compelled to abandon weeks before. Possibly he thought they were being used by the Canadians.

Pretty soon a whizz-bang burst some distance to our left. A matter of a hundred yards makes all the difference in the world, since it means that another target is being fired at, so we paid no attention. But presently another burst nearer; then one close on our right; and one behind. I say behind because I had left those parts, headed for Paris, or preferably for the south coast if I could hold out. Thank heaven, my legs remained loyal! Craters and barbed wire were everywhere, which made speed difficult; it was mere luck in missing the wire that I escaped being torn to shreds. However, I was first man in.

### *Painting Paris Red*

Before we reached a place of safety the Boche had dropped ten whizz-bangs round the summit. After that we lay low and watched. He proceeded to shell the hill for an hour. Had there been artillery concealed there, or an o-pip, or working parties, they would have suffered for it. As it was he simply wasted ammunition.

The incident is mentioned merely for the lesson it carries. When you get to the Front lay low except when you are ordered to take a chance or when something of definite value can be accomplished by the venture.

A former Toronto University athlete was asked how he felt and how his platoon behaved just before a charge. Instead of going into an analysis he contented himself with a terse statement of symptoms. He said they were precisely the same as those afflicting a football team before the big game of the year.

A lot of good people in London and Paris prate about the way soldiers behave when on leave from the Front. Let us consider the thing impartially. Put yourself in their place. Stick it out amid muck and rain for five or six months at a stretch; live in underground burrows with the lice and the rats; work like a coolie; listen to the screech and cr-r-ump of shells day and night through the interminable weeks; see your pals wiped out before your very eyes, knowing all the while that next minute you may get yours; bear wind and rain and cold, keeping cheerful as may be and as clean as you can—do all that, and when you reach the big city, where warm life beckons, would you feel like heading for a tea shop or for a game of croquet with the old gentlemen in the Luxembourg Gardens?

I trow not! If you have been red-blooded enough to play your part like a man up there you'll be red-blooded enough to seek the sort of "time" hardy men go in for the world over when long denied the comforts of civilization. It is the psychology of the cow outfit when it hits town, but intensified to the nth degree because of the added horrors. The average man on leave wants to forget the whole sickening business.

"I may be dead to-morrow—so here goes!" is about the way he reasons.

That does not represent the highest viewpoint, but one can sympathize with it. Far be it from me to feel censorious when they cut loose. On the contrary, whenever I see a bunch of husky Canadians careening along the Boulevard des Italiens in a taxicab, lifting up their voices in song, I want to step out to the curb and yell "Go to it, ol' settlers!"

All that sort of thing is one of the terrible penalties we have to pay. War breaks down moral fiber. A lot of nonsense has been talked about its refining influence—how people emerge from it the purer for


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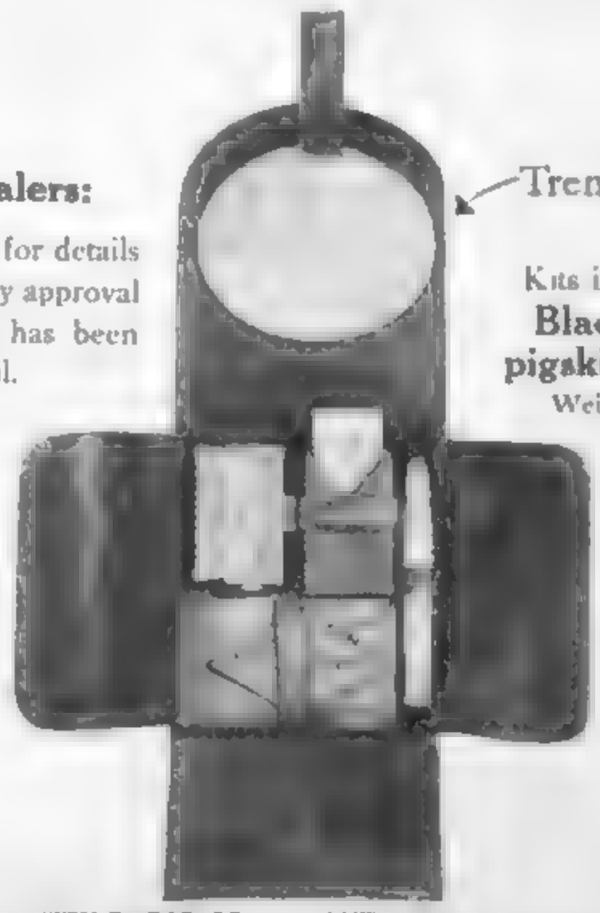


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sacrifice. Most of this mush has been contributed by scholarly divines and such, who see the world through the mists of their own emotions. There may be a few white souls here and there whose flame burns brighter under the awful stress; there may be people far removed from contact with the armies engaged, who feel themselves purged through the spirit of consecration. But it isn't so among the masses of men who do the fighting. It isn't so among the nations they contact.

Nobody with his eyes open can fail to see that war is a throwback, a reversion to the primitive. The wretched business has affected our mental processes for the worse also. Childish arguments, cheap claptrap, and appeals that would have provoked hoots from an average American audience four years ago now possess the power to stir us to frenzy.

Watch the men of every nation that has been long in this fight and you will note how their standards of morality have suffered. You don't have to hunt far for convincing evidence; it is all round you in Europe. And we shall go through the same fire; before this war is much older we shall be singed too. Which is another item in the dreadful bill we shall have against the Boche.

The Canadian command recognizes that a considerable proportion of its men who succumb to dissipation on leave do so for lack of other diversions. Harpies and the temptations booze offers waylay them from the moment they step off the train in town. Ten per cent of those who get Paris-leave pay for it bitterly afterward.

Efforts are being made to organize counter attractions. They will have adequate clubrooms and amusements, and there will be officials always on hand to steer them toward healthier pursuits. And such close restrictions will be placed upon preying women that their activities will be greatly curtailed. It will be impossible for them to grab a man as he steps off a train, for instance. The Americans are already organizing on a big scale to cope with this problem as it will apply to our army.

Usually the soldier comes well provided with money for a ten-day jaunt. The Canadian system is to hold back the bulk of his pay and encourage him to save; but he draws six hundred francs to go to town. Many have more than that, being in receipt of money from home sources. I met a private in Paris who had spent two thousand francs in four days, or close to a hundred dollars a day. Another had arrived with fifteen hundred francs a couple of days previously and was sadly employed in counting what was left while awaiting his turn in a barber shop.

"Gosh!" he said, "I've spent seven hundred and eighty francs already. Talk about the high cost of living!"

### Civilians in High Command

If they want to turn loose money at that rate it is their own affair, for men never earned it harder. But they could have any sort of time they desired on a mere fraction of what they spend.

Canada does well by her soldiers. Their pay of one dollar and ten cents a day works out about the same as our own, but each private with a family or dependents must assign at least half his pay to them. The separation allowance is twenty dollars a month in the case of a wife with as many as three children. The Patriotic Fund, incorporated in 1914 and supported by private and public contribution, allows each family of a soldier from five to thirty dollars a month. The minimum goes to a wife without children. In many localities the civil authorities or municipalities pay the full premium on soldiers' insurance, thereby protecting their dependents. The amount of the policy, when realized, is paid to the family at the rate of thirty dollars a month.

The Canadians have the same initiative that is our boast. It has shown itself in hundreds of ways, both in organization and fighting. The huts they use in France were invented by a Canadian. Night raids originated with them, and nothing has contributed more to worry the Boche. He never knows at what hour a bunch of the accursed enemy from overseas will suddenly pile into his trenches, bombing or bayoneting, and he cannot sleep well for thinking about it. Night raids have done much to destroy his morale.

When dark comes the Canadians are usually treated to a display of fireworks that makes the Toronto Exhibition seem tame. Panic hits Heine in gusts. Everything will be black as a wolf's mouth for hours—then up goes a rocket—and next moment the heavens are ablaze with his flares. The Canadians watch with delight, chuckling because they have "got his wind up." And their own lines remain dark as a tomb, sinister, threatening.

They have brought horse sense to the solution of military problems, and business ability into organization. It took men from civilian life to put the requisite ginger into their little army of regulars, which has been completely engulfed by the citizen armies. That has always been the history of great wars. In our own case the most efficient of our regulars will go to the top, the incompetents will be shaken down and men from business and the professions will step up to take their places. The Canadian corps commander in France was formerly a real-estate man on the Pacific Coast—not such a bad training for grabbing ground, at that. Among their major generals and brigadiers are newspaper editors, lawyers, manufacturers, millers and heads of business concerns.

It is curious how little one hears of the part the engineers play in this war. One of the reasons may be that their work is not of the spectacular kind; but probably the limitations imposed by the censorship have more to do with it.

An important part of the engineers' job is to keep the troops supplied with water. They build canvas reservoirs, skillfully concealed by camouflage, some with a capacity in excess of sixty thousand gallons; they develop wells and springs, and run pipe lines—always figuring to be in advance of the army's progress, so that when a new attack has won some enemy ground there will be water in plenty for men and horses.

Their narrow-gauge railroads are frequently pushed forward under murderous shelling, and day in, day out, at full noon and in blackest night, you can hear the shrill toots of the locomotives carrying up supplies. Shells whimper overhead, searching for them, but the work goes on.

### The Nurses' Beauty Show

The Canadian hospitals stand out prominently in Allied Red Cross work. They have grown steadily; large ones make for economy and efficiency of administration; at one base there are several with a capacity of twenty-three hundred patients each.

These represent the fruits of three years' experience of war's needs. They are models of advanced practicality. The huts are roomy and light. Some of the tents they use could be improved upon, yet they possess features that make them preferable to wooden construction in summer.

In a single one of these Canadian hospitals they have evacuated more than eight thousand wounded and sick in a month. The deaths totaled only 1.48 per cent. Of course that was the most strenuous time they ever had; during that same month three surgeons performed 1346 operations.

Their system of registration holds a peculiar interest for us. By it they can follow the history of a patient's case from his arrival to the time he is sent back to the line or transferred to England. Every fact of importance is noted—nature of the wound or whatever the trouble may be; date and place it was received; date of his arrival at the base hospital from dressing station; and period he spent there. Nothing bearing on his case is overlooked, and a card index is kept of them all. The result is that you could walk into the registrar's office any time and obtain all necessary information about any wounded soldier who had been treated there.

The system has more than a present value for reference. Wait until the applications for pensions begin pouring in, and then the Canadian Government will have accurate and incontestable data on every one. That is why their hospital registration is worthy of our study. You know what I mean.

It is not a topic I am at liberty to dwell upon, but honor where honor is due—whoever chose the Canadian nurses had a good eye! Now that means more to sick men than scoffers understand. Any time I get laid up at the Front I know where I want to be taken; I even know the ward.

Moreover, they are all thoroughly trained, qualified nurses. Eager young amateurs with nothing but romantic enthusiasm to recommend them don't get

(Continued on Page 97)


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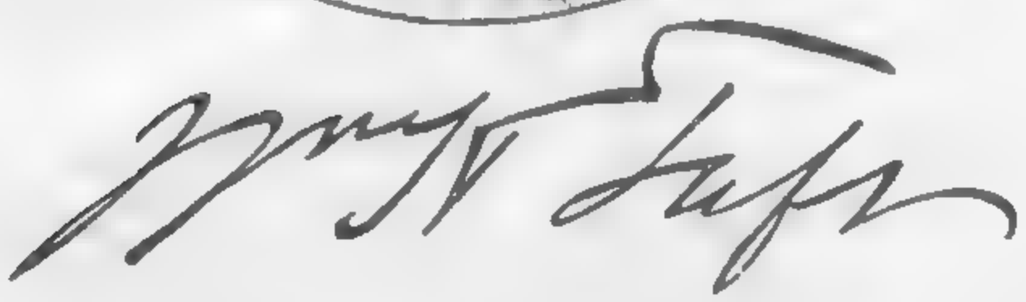

WILLIAM H. TAFT, former President of the United States, has joined the staff of the PUBLIC LEDGER as Contributing Editor, the connection having become effective on November 1.

MR. TAFT will discuss subjects of national and international polity.

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(Continued from Page 94)

very far in the Canadian system. These young women know their work. They hold the rank of second lieutenant, wearing two stars on the shoulder straps as insignia. As such they are entitled to as prompt obedience from the soldiers as any other officers.

The ambulance drivers who bring the wounded from the trains to the hospitals are also young women. A surgeon told me that they have men beaten a mile at this work—that they can ease the machines over any sort of ground with a gentleness that does wonders in preventing suffering.

The Canadians take the same fine care of the horses that they take of the men. Last winter the animals suffered terribly. They had no shelter worth the name and stood in muck up to their knees far into the cold weather. Also, they were short of feed. Lack of transportation necessitated cutting down the ordinary rations just when they ought to have been increased. The result was that many died and the remainder came through in shocking condition. By spring they were mere skin and bone.

But to-day they are "fat and sassy." Indeed, I doubt if the same horses would be in anything like as fine shape were they at home on the farms. They are not worked especially hard, and the slaughter among them is comparatively small—except when the army is putting on a show. Then, of course, there is no time to consider horseflesh. If they drop from exhaustion or are killed in hundreds on the roads—well, that is no more than the men round them are getting.

It was a treat to see them in September. They will go into the winter well prepared for any rigors; and the troubles of last year will not be repeated. There will be adequate shelters and plenty of oats and hay. The ration consists of ten pounds of grain and fifteen of hay, but that is often cut to seven and eight in the summer, when they can get green stuff. About the worst ailment to which they are subject is mange.

### *The Passion for Sports*

The men from the Dominion are wonders at making the best of circumstances. You could set down a bunch of Canadians on a desert island and in two weeks they'd have a football team, and the secretary would be sending challenges broadcast to the cannibals of all the adjacent territory. And there would be a tug-of-war team in kilts, and a boxing bout between the lightweight champions of Winnipeg, Calgary, the Peace River Valley, Rouen and Havre; and a rival claimant who had beaten everything of his class in Sorel, Three Rivers, Lachine, Calais and Etaples.

Sports are a passion with them. Every spare minute from duty is spent in some form of violent exercise behind the lines. They don't go in very strongly for games that necessitate the majority's being spectators; everybody wants to take part. For this reason soccer football is a favorite. Any number can get in when there is space and they have enough pigskins; and they kick the ball in all weathers. I have seen them at it within shelling distance of the Front when the rain was driving down.

It is hardly necessary to point out the importance of amusements in sustaining morale. That is one of the outstanding features of their superiority to Heine; their rugged fitness and bulldog resolution draw deeply from the springs of sport. It helps them carry on through every trial and misery.

For these reasons every encouragement is given to recreation, on the basis of leaving it to the men themselves to manage things as much as possible. They don't want to make participation in sports a duty, for its attraction would be immediately discounted. By affording facilities for every sort of healthy recreation the Canadian command accomplishes its object; the men do the rest. The quantity and kind of sports vary with the regiments. Some commanders take a keener interest in it than others, and it is the same with the men.

Concerts and motion pictures fill in many evenings for them out of the line. It is no uncommon thing to find on the program of a concert at the Front music-hall and dramatic talent that come under the head of "top-liners" at home. I heard a vaudeville show at a British base which easily put into the shade any average performance you can see on the circuits in America. And the previous night the Canadians had had a concert in which the performers were ex-professionals whose salaries from their work used to be from a hundred to five hundred dollars a week. Now they're soldiers, at a dollar-ten a day.

The green soldier who comes over gets surprises every minute. The most lasting is that he never sees the enemy. A Canadian captain who has been in France eighteen months and has been in action several times with his company, besides doing regular tours in the front trenches, told me that he had never set eyes on a Boche, except prisoners. Not that he hasn't been over the top, but when they reached the enemy trenches they were empty.

It may be of comfort to the home folks to know that the heavy losses of earlier offensives are no longer countenanced. They leave it to the artillery to pave the way.

"In the April offensive along the Aisne and the Moronvillers Crest the French fired day after day a daily average of over one million shells. . . . For the French portion of the attack in Flanders last July the density of the artillery concentration was the greatest in the world's history. In gigantic attacks this summer in Flanders, on the Aisne, on Moronvillers Crest and at Verdun whole regiments have captured their objectives without a single soldier's being killed and only an insignificant number wounded. Barrages are now conducted with such a degree of perfection that during an artillery preparation for an attack the German front-line troops are cut off absolutely from all food supplies and all contact with the rear."

### *Insidious Propaganda*

Infantry don't run wildly forward in a charge; they go at a sober walk. If they ran they would fall under their own barrage. So they advance at a steady pace, gaining objectives by the clock, and the barrage precedes them. Everything is timed to a second; all the watches are synchronized. Sometimes they find the trenches still held by small bodies of the Boches who put up a fight, but usually they have either fallen back to another line or are eager to surrender after artillery straffing. I reiterate these oft-published facts here for the benefit of the men who are drilling at home.

Perhaps there is no enemy the Boche hates worse than the Canadian. It has always seemed to his benighted mind that Canada had no business in this fight so far from home. He never dreamed of the help she would give to Britain, and the rage he feels passes all bounds. They have thwarted him at every point of contact; they saved Calais at Ypres.

Fear and envy are the wells of hate. And Heine hates the British; but he loathes the Canadians with a peculiar, deadly loathing. He has often received orders to take no Canadian prisoners, unless some were specially desired for purposes of identifying the units, and therefore he has butchered whenever he could.

The Canadians have experienced bitter fighting from the start. There has been no fiercer on any Front. Indeed, the operations round Lens produced the meanest style of warfare that history ever saw. It was indescribable.

The first thing the men in the trenches ask a visitor is for news of the war! The explanation is simple. They're too close to the picture to see it. They know far more in Paris and London of what is happening at the Front than the soldiers who are fighting there.

Often the men of a regiment are in ignorance of what their neighbors of another regiment are doing.

What is happening in the United States? How many troops have the Americans in France, and when will they take over a section of Front?

I found the Canadians woefully in the dark both as to our preparations and as to our spirit. From things dropped, it soon became apparent that some sort of insidious propaganda had been at work among them—the rank and file, I mean. They had heard rumors that the United States was lukewarm in the contest; that it intended to train its armies only for preparation against possible future invasion and not to send them to the Western Front; that our high command was convinced of the impossibility of breaking the German lines, except at a prohibitive cost.

They will get enlightenment along those lines presently. But it is high time, since

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we are brothers-in-arms, that a lot of foolish prejudices they entertain were laid; just as it is high time we shed many childish provincial ideas of the British.

The Canadian notion of us is still that of the old comic papers. Every American prefaces his conversation with "Wal, I reckon," of course—that is a well established fact in the Dominion, where, by the way, the prevailing speech and accent are precisely those of our New England or Middle West States, without their being aware of it. And we always brag; we are mostly noise and bluster! One of the stories going the rounds among the Canadians concerns a Yankee officer who was presented to the king. He remarked to His Majesty: "Wal, I reckon there'll be more Prussians in hell this time next year than it'll hold, sir."

Suffering saints! That is so far from the American state of mind that it leaves a pang of regret—regret that we don't feel such confidence. The truth is that Americans to-day are too diffident about their capacity. I found that spirit even among the men in the camps. They realize what a terrific lot there is to learn, so behold them sitting humbly at the feet of any nationality which has seen war experience, glumly dubious of their own fitness for the emergency.

Now that is not the brand of spirit which wins. Personally I would rather see them in the old cocksure mood; far rather hear them bragging that Uncle Sam could lick all creation with one hand tied behind his back and his eyes shut. For the Lord seems to take care of the cheerful ass who, in his ignorance, can see no reason why an impossible job cannot be done—and who goes blithely ahead and does it.

The Canadians are all wrong about us, for a reaction has set in and we are cursed with modesty.

Well as our neighbors have done, no American can visit their armies without coming away persuaded of this—that there is no reason on earth why we should not do the same, and on a proportionately larger scale. Fine as is their organization, we are capable of improving on it, for organization on a colossal scale is peculiarly a United States job. Splendid as their men are, we have their equals. They come from the same breed. The Canadians are like us in physique, in temperament, in speech, in ideals and in training.

If we do our duty as well as Canada has done hers this war will be over next year. We have fifteen times the Dominion's population; we have fifty times her available present resources. Our duty, then, means delivering her punch magnified twentyfold at least. If we can get it over they'll hear the smash of the German power clear to Mars.

"Remember, you're a better man than the Boche any day!"

We would do well to keep that in mind. Canada never forgets it. Small she is, but lion-hearted. Her people have the virtues and the shortcomings of a rugged, virile race. Their English cousins have not yet learned to like the Canadian accent; but they admit they're fightin' sons-of-guns.

## A RECRUIT

(Continued from Page 18)

and with mouth opening and shutting fish-like; the nurse, plainly terrified, clutching the baby to her breast; the lady, calm and self-possessed, apparently undisturbed by the situation.

Kelsey moved toward the boat, and the third officer, filling Kelsey's own station at the stern boat falls, sharply ordered him to assist the passengers. Kelsey was about to snarl a negative reply and leap into the boat forthwith when he caught his first glance of the submarine.

It lay abreast of them, not four hundred yards distant, a long dark line upon the water with a hump on its back. With its neutral coloring, and in the gathering dusk, it was hardly distinguishable.

Even as he stared, there leaped from the submarine's bow a tongue of flame; and, seemingly at the same instant, there was a sharp explosion over his head and a little to the left of him. Something like a hot coal seared the flesh of his forearm. He heard shouts and screams about him. The man who was lowering away the stern falls of Number One lifeboat fell, face down, on the deck; the tackle he had been attending paid out with a whir, and fresh cries arose from overside. Kelsey looked down. The Number One lifeboat was hanging perpendicularly from its bow falls and all the people it had contained were struggling in the sea. There was a new explosion to the right of him, a shower of wood splinters, and Number Seven lifeboat dangled, completely wrecked, in its davits.

Kelsey realized then what was happening: The submarine was shelling them with shrapnel.

This was more than Kelsey had suspected might happen. To be torpedoed was bad enough; but to be shelled afterward! It made things look black for number one. Kelsey shook his fist at the lurking assassin and swore in rage and terror.

Behind him discipline had dissolved into panic. People were rushing away from the exposed starboard deck, seeking shelter on the port side. But Kelsey did not follow them; he knew they were rushing into a trap. Each moment the ship listed farther to starboard and no boat could be launched from the port side.

The deck behind him was a shambles: a scene so horrible that the young third mate was made sick by looking at it. Yet this third mate stuck grimly to his task—the manning of the boat falls—and shouted orders to fill the boat.

But the scene did not unnerve Kelsey. He had witnessed and participated in more than one shambles in the workaday world of the stokehold. There was a shambles down there now, he knew; for ascending through the ventilator he could hear the screams of the half-baked men. He was able to survey the littered deck with cool, appraising eyes.

He saw Cockney, the valiant-hearted, on his hands and knees. Cockney was coughing blood and staring at the red splotches on the deck with an air of surprise. Cockney was finishing his bit without ever reaching the trenches. He saw the ethicizing coal passer, the college youth, stepping into the lifeboat with the lady in his arms. The lady's superior mien was gone; her face was agonized. She struggled and held out her arms beseechingly; seemingly to Kelsey himself.

Then Kelsey's gaze encountered the nurse. She was lying, face down and still, on the deck. Beside her lay the Jew, also dead, a froth on his drawn lips.

But what arrested Kelsey's eye was the Jew's coat—that coveted fur-lined great-coat—which lay spread on the deck by the dead man's side, with the lady's baby sitting, crying, on the center of it.

This was a stroke of good fortune. If the boat got away he would need this coat to keep him warm during the freezing hours of the night, Kelsey knew. This was not a chance to be overlooked. He leaned over to pick up the coat, extending an arm to thrust the baby aside.

But the baby would not be thrust aside. It seized Kelsey's arm and struggled erect; then threw both its arms about his neck, clinging frenziedly and burying its terrified little face in his broad shoulder.

Kelsey raised a hand to pluck this hindrance from his body—and paused. It was something inexplicable that stayed him, an alien feeling. The little, throbbing, clinging thing seemed to be communicating some strange new emotion to Kelsey's veins. A hot glow pervaded him. It impelled him to act most curiously—when a shell burst close by he crouched and protected the baby with his own body.

He heard the third mate shrieking to him to pass the baby into the boat. He stooped and grasped the Jew's coat. He saw a piece of yellow skin protruding from the dead man's trousers pocket and drew out a chamois coin bag. This loot he dropped into his own pocket. Then, with baby and overcoat, he turned to the lifeboat and leaped in.

### VI

THE men pulling the lifeboat lay back on their oars with the great strength bred by fear; for they all knew that at any instant the Poland might take her plunge to the bottom, and if they would keep afloat they must be beyond the suction when that event occurred. They immediately discovered, also, that they must get beyond the vision of the submarine's gunners,

(Continued on Page 101)


# Salt Mackerel

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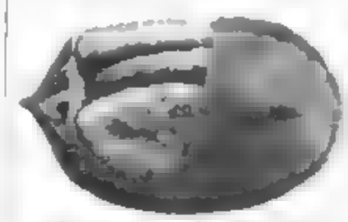

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To the entire electrical industry belongs the credit for putting Electricity to work in the home. But the guiding influence has been that electrical manufacturer whose production services, engineering resources, research, invention and vision have been most useful as the stabilizing and inspirational force of this expanding industry.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 98)

for shells were falling about them. They passed people struggling in the water as they left the ship's side, but they did not dare pause to rescue them.

Kelsey sat in the stern sheets and steered the boat for the friendly dusk, heading past the Poland's stern and away from the submarine. He found himself in command of the lifeboat; for the third officer, weak of heart perhaps but strong of soul, had stayed by his ship after the boat was launched, and the quartermaster, in his leap to safety, had overreached and plunged into the sea, not to reappear. So Kelsey steered and spurred the rowers with a flaming tongue

A shell burst in the air near by and Kelsey instinctively threw his body sidewise, protecting the lady, who sat beside him holding the baby. A bullet struck the gunwale almost at his nose and glanced into the water. In the bow the college youth, who was pulling bow oar, exclaimed, and collapsed on his thwart.

"'E's got it through the 'ead," reported the other man on the thwart. "'E's dead-o!"

"Man his oar," was Kelsey's prompt command; "and dump the stiff overside. We're overloaded as it is."

And then he cursed the submarine from the depths of his wild and blasphemous rage. This shelling touched him keenly. He didn't care much about the Poland; he didn't own the ship. He didn't care much about the fate of the people on board; they were nothing to him, he told himself. But this being shelled in an open boat! It directly interfered with the prospects of number one! So he swore—and shielded the baby in the woman's arms with the bulk of his body.

The early darkness of the winter day closed about them, blotting out the horror behind—the ship going down amid a whirlpool of her own making; the people drowning in the icy water; the long, black murderer lying motionless on the sea, spitting death at the defenseless. As they drew farther away they lost even the cries of the dying, and the gunfire ceased.

Then Kelsey brought the boat round to the wind and gave orders to pull just hard enough to keep her head-on.

"It's our best chance," he explained to the men when they demurred. "The old hooker's gone or we'd still hear 'em screeching or shooting back there. And when she's gone Fritz'll go too. He won't come looking for us—you bet! Well—that wireless was working, up to the time we left the ship, and there's lots of patrol boats hereabouts. We got to stick right round here till daylight, and then we'll probably be picked up by the patrol that got the wireless call."

He spoke thus cheerfully and assuredly to the crew, for he possessed the gift of command and knew the value of keeping their spirits up; but he did not attempt to delude himself with rosy hopes. The patrol boats would probably be in the vicinity in the morning, but they made a very small speck upon the wide waters; and there was a night to pass ere morning came—a bitter, bitter night, he well knew. What if wind and sea made during the night? Their overloaded cockleshell would not live. And it was getting colder; the snow was commencing to drift down upon them.

Yes; the situation was bad, Kelsey conceded to himself. Still, it might be worse. For one thing he might not have got away in the boat at all. He wouldn't have if he had not looked out for number one. And he was well armed against the cold; he had never imagined any garment could be so warm as that fur-lined overcoat he had taken from the dead Jew. Oh, he was not comfortable—his face and feet were freezing; but his body was warm. Some of them might freeze to death during the night, he reflected; but he would not.

It was not a black night; it was a gray night. They floated in the midst of a vast gray silence. The sky overhead was gray and the sea was lead-colored; and even the snow, which fell with increasing heaviness, was a dirty gray to sight. The rattling of the oars in the oarlocks and the occasional sigh or curse of a man sounded startlingly loud. As time passed, and the cold began to bite their vitals, the sighs and curses became more frequent.

Then the baby, from whining, commenced to cry. The thin, plaintive wail seemed to fill the world. It beat against Kelsey's brain; he could not ignore it. It irritated him exceedingly.

"What's the matter with the brat?" he demanded of the lady.

"Cold," she replied. "He is freezing."

She spoke in a desperate voice; and, though he could not discern her features clearly, Kelsey knew her face was beseeching him to do something about it. She held the baby close to her breast, crouched over it; and he saw she had taken off her skirt and wrapped it about the child. Her own covering was but her waist and underskirt

"Hah! So it's a boy!" said Kelsey.

He was pleased, for some reason he did not attempt to understand, by this intelligence that the baby was a man child. He was interested in this baby, though he was far from admitting that fact to himself.

But, as for the woman—well, he said to himself, why should he worry about her? She was a blasted parasite, anyway; and it would be a good thing if the whole race of parasites had to feel the cold. Let her shiver! It was just like the silly fool to expect to be taken care of; but she was sitting beside the wrong guy this time—you bet! She needn't look at him as though she expected him to take his warm overcoat off and wrap it about her. He was looking out for himself—he was. She could shiver herself to death for all he cared. Good thing if she did! Women were Jonahs, anyway; and if she were dead and dumped they would probably have luck in getting picked up by the patrol

But it was different, somehow, about the baby though Kelsey swore fiercely to himself that it was not. Yet the thin, insistent wail of the suffering mite pierced the familiar arguments.

As he sat listening to the cry he began, against his will, to visualize that little rosy face. He remembered the times the baby had smiled at him during the boat drills. He mused upon the baby's strange friendliness. He thought of the instant and complete confidence in him the little thing had exhibited back there on the deck of the sinking ship. And when he thought of this, and of how the quivering little body had embraced and clung to him, he experienced again the strange thrill he had felt at that moment.

He did not view these mind pictures and entertain these thoughts with pleasure; he battled against them. All his hard, bitter selfishness, a product of his hard, bitter life, arose and tried to banish these disturbing alien thoughts. It seemed to him there was a soft yet powerful spirit worming its way into his mind, whispering nonsense that upset his entire philosophy.

"A blasted little rich brat!" said Kelsey.

"No fault of his. He could not choose his parents," whispered the spirit.

"He's nothing to me," said Kelsey.

"He is everything to you," said the spirit.

"I'm looking out for number one," asserted Kelsey.

"The baby is more to you than number one," replied the spirit. "Why—the baby loves you, and you love the baby!"

"Hah!" snorted Kelsey, and savagely shook his head.

"Will you allow the little thing to freeze to death?" persisted the spirit.

Kelsey cursed fiercely. Slowly he unbuttoned the overcoat and drew his arms out of the sleeves; then he pulled off the two heavy guernseys that covered his body. He winced as the bitter air touched his flesh, and hurriedly slipped his arms into the sleeves of the overcoat again and wrapped it about him. Then he turned to the woman.

"That brat'll drive me nutty with his squalls," he said roughly. "Give him here. I'll warm him up."

He did not wait for her to comply with his request, but reached out and took the child from her arms. She did not resist; indeed, her hands fell limply when she was relieved of the burden. Kelsey knew she was numb with cold.

He unwrapped the skirt from round the child and tossed it to her; then he wound the warm, thick guernseys about the shaking little body.

He thrust the bundle beneath his overcoat, against his breast.

"Ah—thank you!" breathed the mother.

Kelsey was not so warm now that his body was covered by only his thin cotton undershirt and the overcoat. He missed the two guernseys; he even commenced to shiver a little; but he was not suffering by any means. That wonderful fur-lined coat would prevent suffering though only his bare skin were under it. Also, there was warmth in the little bundle he held against his heart.


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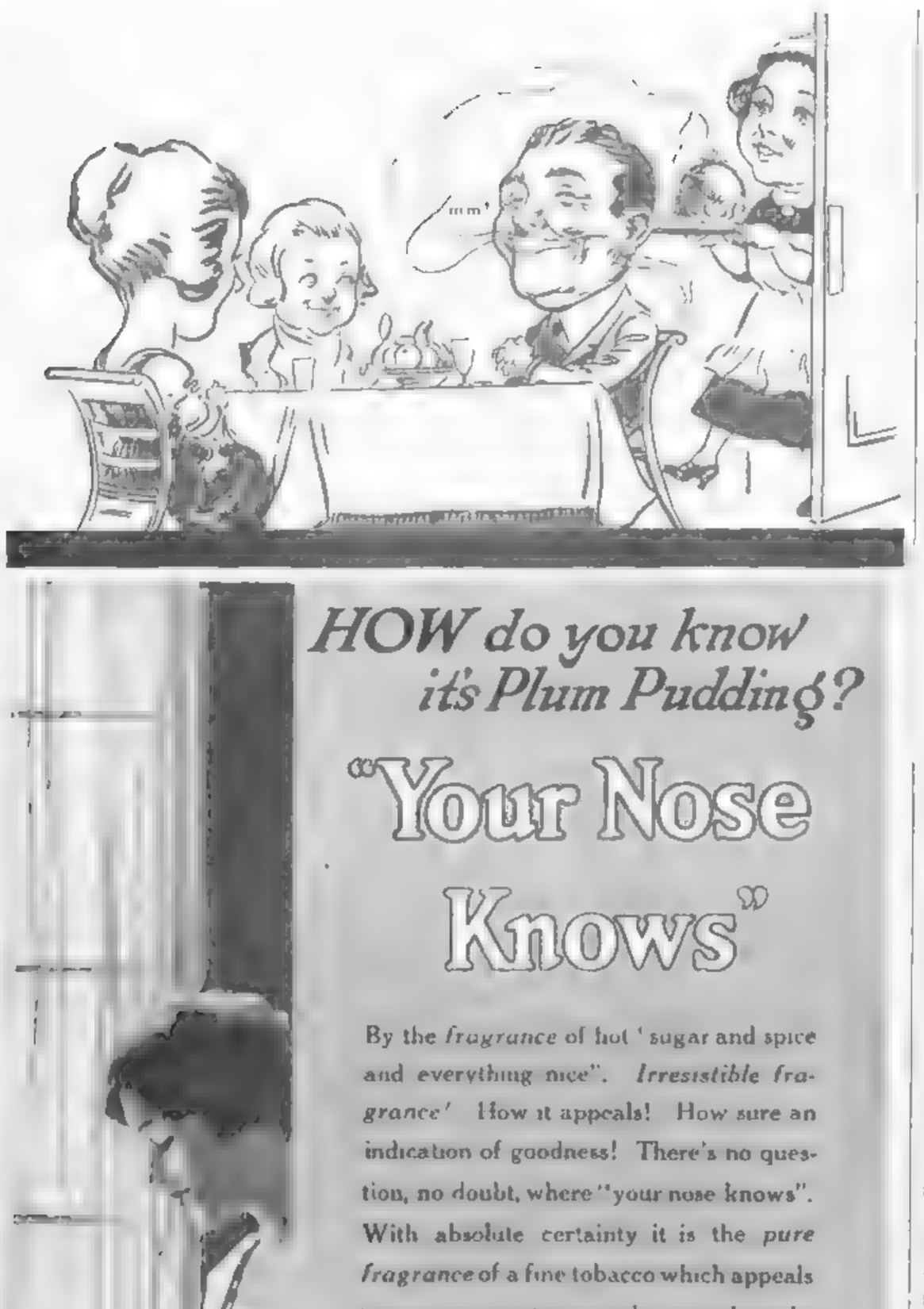
City State

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The baby ceased to shake and cry, and snuggled close against his great breast, as though trying to crawl trustfully into that protecting wall of warm flesh. One little hand escaped from the folds of the guernseys and traveled exploringly across Kelsey's body. The touch of those tiny velvet-pointed fingers was as soft as the touch of rose petals; yet the passage of the little hand left a trail of fire upon his flesh, a fire that sank in and spread through his whole body, making him tremble for an instant with a kind of burning ecstasy. A lump came into his throat and he swore huskily at the rowers. So he sat, staring ahead, joyful—and ashamed.

It was certainly a rum go, he thought, that he, the hardest case on the Western Ocean, should be sitting there hugging a rich woman's brat to his bosom. One would expect a mushhead to indulge in such weak silliness; but a proper nut like himself! Well, if any man had suggested the possibility of his doing this thing an hour ago he'd have swung on his jaw. He was making a damn fool of himself—that was what he was doing.

He could imagine the pleased, approving faces with which those mushheads, Cockney and the highbrow coal passer, would have regarded his act. This was the kind of thing they would have delighted in. There were mushheads at the oars in front of him who, he knew, were saying to themselves, this moment, that Kelsey was not such a hard case after all. They'd better not say it aloud or he'd knock them stiff!

He was glad Cockney and the coal passer were not present to make capital of his weakness. Still, he was sorry they had got theirs without ever getting the crack at Fritz they wanted. Those two guys had had their nerve with them, for all they were mushheads. They'd have let the Dutchmen know they were on deck if they'd got into the trenches! By God, he'd like to get a crack at the dirty baby killers himself!

The baby stirred restlessly against his body and whimpered. Kelsey shifted its position a trifle and hugged it closer to him. Then the little exploring hand found a rent in his undershirt. Immediately the baby's warm, moist lips fastened upon the exposed skin, sucking eagerly.

Kelsey stiffened and gasped. The touch of the little fingers had thrilled him to trembling; but this feel of the hungry little mouth upon his flesh flooded him with a sensation so keen that it was pain. The soft working lips were drawing out of him the last of the bitterness and selfishness that had incased his heart. He was frightened.

"Say! He's trying t' eat me! He's hungry!" he said hoarsely to the woman beside him.

She was sitting, crouched, the skirt drawn about her shoulders. The cold had quite numbed her body and she was beginning to feel drowsy. She could hardly articulate her reply to Kelsey.

"He should be nursed," she said. "No supper. But I am too cold."

She was too cold! The baby should be fed, but she couldn't feed him because she was too cold! Kelsey swore bitter oaths. Fate was conspiring malignantly against him, he felt, to deliver him helpless to King Cold. At his breast the baby mouthed with frantic eagerness and then whimpered disappointedly.

He had to do it; no way out of it! What if the baby starved to death in his arms? Kelsey had an idea that speedy death would be the baby's portion if its appetite was not satisfied. Such a little thing must need its nourishment for life's sake—even a big husky like himself suffered when meals were irregular. And if the kid starved to death in his arms it would be another German victory. He hadn't cheated that submarine this long to give in now; he hadn't picked this kid off the deck of a sinking ship and warmed it with his clothes to have it die in his arms of hunger. No! If the woman was too cold she would have to be warmed. The baby must be fed!

He turned to the woman and said harshly:

"Here—I ain't going to let this brat chew me all night! You fill him up—see!"

He placed the baby in her arms, then with firm hands he divested himself of the fur-lined overcoat and wrapped it tightly about mother and child.

For the rest of that long, long night Kelsey manned the tiller and steered the boat, with nothing save his sleeveless, ragged, cotton undershirt between his body and the cold. It was a bitter night, even as winter nights in the North Atlantic go; and, before the dawn disclosed their position to the rescuing patrol boat, three men, each more warmly clad than Kelsey, gave up the fight and died.

But Kelsey would not die. Till the rescuers were alongside them he bossed the boat and cursed the rowers; and joked with the ghosts of Cockney and the college youth—who came and cheered him during the black hours—and told them about the fire in his chest. And throughout the hours the lady drowsed quite comfortably with her head upon his shoulder; and in her arms the baby contentedly slept.

■■■

THREE mornings later there occurred an argument in a ward of a hospital situated somewhere in England. The principal party to this argument was Kelsey.

"I want my clothes," he was saying. "Think I'm going to stick round this dump all my life? Give me my clothes and let me get out of here. I got some important business to attend to."

He sat on the edge of his bed, clad in the hospital uniform of blue pyjamas, and addressed a doctor, who regarded him with a rather bewildered air.

"But, my good man, you are ill," said the doctor. "Why, you were carried in here three days ago with the finest case of incipient pneumonia I have ever seen!"

"Well, I'm all right now," responded Kelsey. "Nothing wrong with me, and you ain't got no call for to keep me here. I tell you I got a job on my hands."

"Well, you certainly have exhibited a remarkable recuperation ——" began the doctor.

"Ain't I all right?" demanded Kelsey, appealing to the nurse.

She smiled at him and whispered to the doctor. She was his friend. She liked this strange giant, this queer mixture of fierceness and gentleness. Kelsey had confided his purpose to her and she warmly approved. She had lost her sweetheart when the Lusitania went down. She felt she could understand Kelsey. She was present when the lady with the baby had called to see the man the previous afternoon. What a boy he was, for all his size and savage manner! How delighted he had been with that visit, and how bashfully ashamed! How gently he had held the crowing child in his big hands; how reverently he had kissed the little mouth—and how he had blushed when he discovered they were smiling! And his motives for this act he planned were not sordid or selfish, but noble!

"Oh, so that's it!" remarked the doctor when the nurse had finished; and he smiled at Kelsey with a new friendliness. "But, my man, you are an American, are you not?"

"What's the odds?" said Kelsey. "I guess I talk the same lingo, don't I?"

"Yes," conceded the Englishman. "At least, you try to. . . . Well, I shall look you over; and if I find you sound you shall go—and good luck to you!"

A few moments sufficed for the examination.

"Sound as oak!" concluded the doctor, thumping Kelsey's chest. "Quite remarkable! I would not have given a ha'penny for your chances three days ago. A wonderful body you own, my man. Quite magnificent! You stokers usually have magnificent bodies. Too bad your work kills you so quickly. But you are sound so far. Indeed, yes. If you wish to leave the hospital, you may. Good luck! I wish I were going with you, my boy. Ah, it is hard to be an old man these days!"

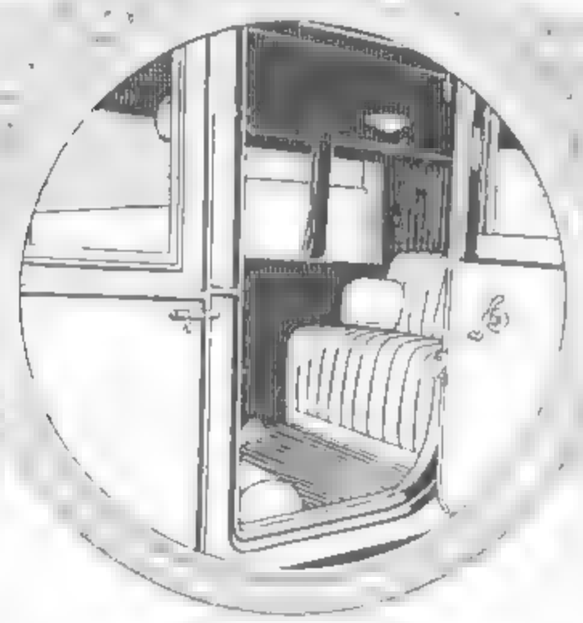
So Kelsey's clothes were brought to him and he put them on—his faded patched dungarees, the two guernseys and the fur-lined overcoat. The doctor offered him a hat; but Kelsey refused to take it.

"Don't need it," he said. "I'll have a full outfit mighty quick."

He left the hospital and went down into the city. He walked through the streets with a swift, decided step, as though he had to go to a particular place. He had. And he knew just where it was located. During his many visits to this seaport since war began he had seen many, many men go into this place where he was going. He had called them fools and mushheads.

Fifteen minutes after leaving the hospital Kelsey paused before a building whose front was placarded with screaming posters. Quite the most modest poster there was that borne by a girl who stood by the

(Concluded on Page 105)



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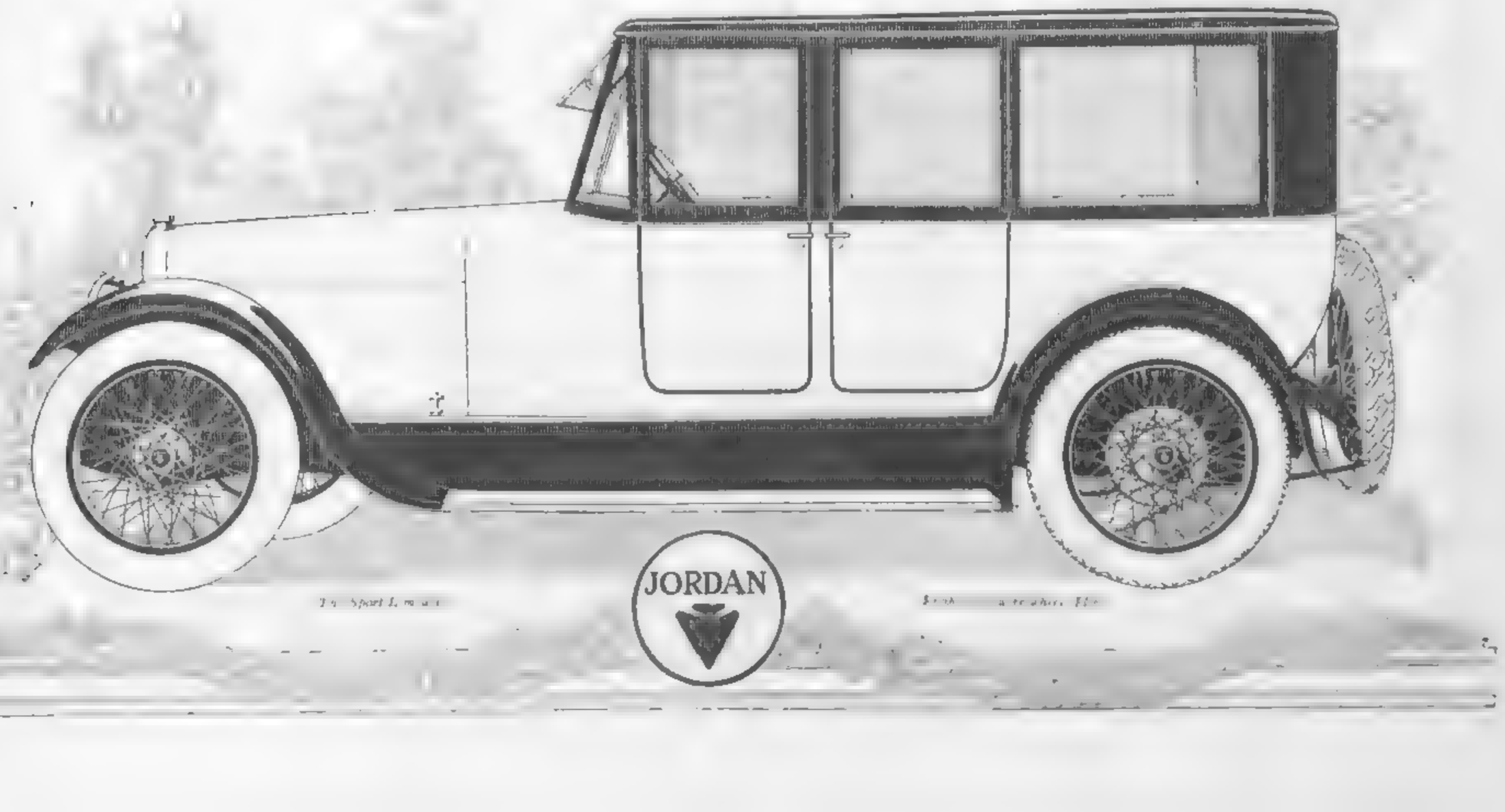

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ROYAL

(Concluded from Page 102)

door attending a subscription box. Her banner asked for help for the Red Cross.

Kelsey paused before this banner. He felt in his pocket and drew out the chamois-skin coin bag he had taken from the pocket of the dead Jew. He balanced it in the palm of his hand; it was heavy and the gold within clinked musically. But he did not open it. Instead, he tossed it into the subscription box. "I don't need it," he said to the girl. "I'm going inside."

Within he found himself in a barely furnished room, facing a man in uniform, who sat behind a table. Other men in uniform were standing about.

"Well, I'm ready," Kelsey said to the man at the table. "I want to ship with you."

"Eh? Do you?" replied the other. "Very good!"

One of the men standing about—a King's sergeant by his insignia—greeted Kelsey with an almost comradely eye. He spoke to the officer in a whisper:

"'E's the bloke wot was syved from the Poland, sir; the bloke wot syved the officer's lydy and byby from freezing by giving them 'is blooming duds."

"Ah—I shall be glad to enlist you, my man," the officer told Kelsey.

"All right! I just want to get a crack at them baby killers," replied Kelsey.

The officer's face became grim for a moment. Kelsey's words touched him closely; his little girl had been in a schoolroom when an enemy bomb came through the roof and exploded. This vow of Kelsey gave him a sort of fellow feeling with the man.

He looked Kelsey over narrowly, observing the huge heavy-muscled body and carefully studying the hard-bitten face. Hard-bitten indeed! Kelsey's face would always be the tough's face; yet his face was not the face of the man who had shipped on the Poland at New York. The bitter hatred was gone from it. A good face, the officer thought; rough perhaps, but not vicious. And the body—by Jove, the man was splendid material! But the man's nationality was evident in speech and bearing. He must see that no formality kept him out of uniform.

"Of course you understand the law?" he said to Kelsey. "Only a British subject may enlist. Of course that includes men from the colonies—from Canada, say. We get a great many men like you from Canada. You are a Canadian, are you not?"

"Yes; sure I am!" replied Kelsey.

"Ah—just so!" said the officer. He commenced to fill in spaces upon a large printed sheet. "What province of Canada?"

"Huh? Why—Province o' New York," said Kelsey.

"Ah—just so!" agreed the officer. "Province of Ontario. And now—age?"

Half an hour later Private Kelsey left the recruiting office in charge of the sergeant, his new estate proclaimed by a piece of ribbon on his lapel, bound barrackward.

"And it's a good fight," the sergeant was saying. "You'll be hover there in three months and see, yourself, wot the 'Uns 'as done. You won't be sorry you took the bob, matey. Hevery bloke should lend a 'and in this job."

"That's what I says," responded Kelsey. His new philosophy—and perhaps memory—put the words into his mouth. "Every guy should do his bit. Every man should fight for freedom these days."

# THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 9)

Considered as an institution the Senate is a tremendous arm of a tremendous government. It does its work according to its own—often shaded—lights; and there it is, and there it will remain. Now in a crisis like this the ninety-six Senators are, to the number of ninety, say, intent on but one thing, and that is doing what is to be done as well as may be. These ninety men work long hours, are entirely American in their views, and support the Government. Their procedure is acceptable, conventional, regular. Nothing is heard about it, save in a general way. The Senators are doing their work, and that requires neither comment nor commendation.

But presently there rises in the Senate one, or more, of the six others to mouth his demagogical opinions, to protest this or that about the war, to obstruct, to talk—principally to talk. And what happens? Immediately the rantings of this demagogue are taken up and sent over all the wires, to be printed in all parts of the country—of the world, possibly; and quiet American efforts of the other ninety—their patriotism and their labor and support of the country—are lost to sight and blanked to mind. Their position is the regular, usual, American position, and deserves, in the prevailing idea of news values, neither consideration nor space in the mediums of public information. They are regular and American. But as soon as a demagogue rises to make his obstructions, to vaunt his egoism, to break into the newspapers—he breaks in, and the real American attitude and conduct of the other ninety are not considered. The vauntings of this minority are taken to reflect the attitude of the entire Senate, because the ninety are doing their job and making no fuss over it.

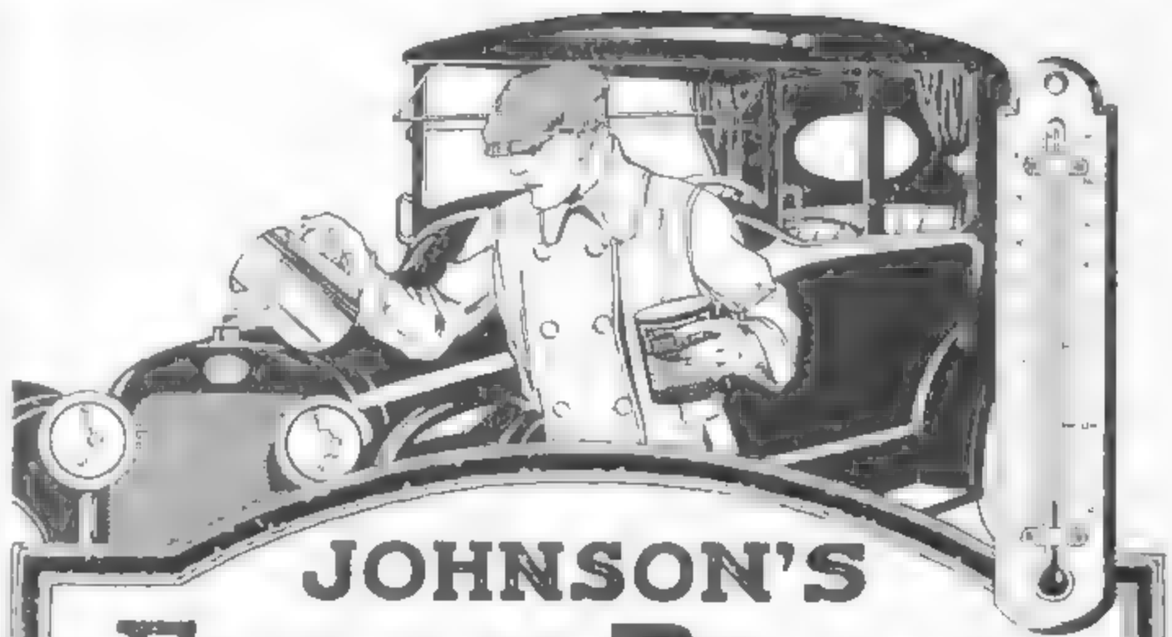
Now that situation typifies the American national situation. We get nothing in the newspapers about the great aggregate loyalty of the men of Kansas, or Maine, or Texas, or Michigan, or of any other state; but let a few persons in any of these states, or in any other, begin disloyal preachings or act disloyally, and their deeds and sayings are placarded in the press as typical and representative of the thought and action of the great bulk of loyal and war-supporting Americans who live as their neighbors. The usual is never news; only the unusual. And the wailers—sitting and stewing there in Washington, not moving about, not seeing an inch below the surface—groan because the people do not understand the war, taking these sporadisms as typical, instead of merely superficial and not even symptomatic.

Moreover, these men, and all of them who are disconcerted and dismayed because the American people have not awakened as quickly as it is claimed they should have awakened, are demanding instant action in a premise that does not admit of hurry. They forget both our lack of national solidarity and our enormous diversity of peoples, and fail to reckon with our vast expanse of territory. It took the English more than two years to wake to the entire size of the work they had in hand; and England is a little country, packed with people in close touch with one another and near to the center of government.

Here we are, with a country that spreads across a continent and is almost entirely sectional in its population and in its local interests. The modes of living, thinking, working, playing of the Southwest, for example, are far different from kindred modes in the Northwest; and so on, considering our country in its intermountain, coast, Mississippi Valley, New England and other geographical and divisional aspects. These people are American; but they are American in their own separate ways, intrinsically coalesced but locally dissimilar. Further, the vast, newly come population, the foreigners, are not yet all American, and will not be for many years.

The melting pot is a familiar ethnological synonym for America, but it is not considered in a cause of this sort, except superficially. When I was in Russia, a time ago, I was much interested in a talk I had with a Russian who explained the lack of solidarity of that nation by telling me that in Russia there are spoken one hundred and fifty-three different dialects and languages. Not more than a week ago I walked up Fifth Avenue, in New York, with a student of tongues. Between Twenty-third Street and Forty-second Street he identified seventeen different languages spoken by passers-by. Of course the proportion is greater in New York than elsewhere, but this neo-Americanism has had its marked impress on the getting of our required unanimity for this war.

Immediate understanding would have been desirable, but the circumstances in the case prevented instant assimilation. The mass presented was too great to be digested quickly. It is all well enough to shout "Hurry! Hurry!" but the fact remains that a mountain cannot be moved so expeditiously as a pebble. Our vast, varying, localized interests and inhibitions prevented, and still prevent, in a measure, a definite understanding in the minds of all the people of what they are required to do.

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**The Grouch and the Hobby**

The farmer is behind every soldier in the camps and in the trenches. He is behind the munitions makers. He keeps the railroads running, and without him no ship can put to sea. He is warding off starvation from each and every one of us and from our Allies. He is going to win the war.

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But they are finding out. They will get it. There is no doubt of that.

Combined with all this are other factors that have made for slowness of comprehension and indicated, more than real, slowness of collaboration. One is restriction of individual action—regulation. Another is leniency of the powers toward disturbing elements. A third is amateurish propaganda. A fourth is the cherishing of political fetishes by politicians who happen to be in high places.

So far as I have observed, no person has yet been at the pains to list even the great number of regulatory restrictions that have been placed on the American people; all necessary, no doubt, but many revolutionary. There was, in a modified way, in this country, before this war began, a certain freedom of individual action. That freedom was in fact more academic than real, but there was nothing academic about the individualism of our people—that is, we all felt we had individual freedom of action; and though the freedom was really more mental than actual, still it was one of our great national assets. We thought in terms of individualism, no matter if we acted largely in the conventional and required manner. We fooled ourselves, and were reasonably happy over it.

Thus no matter what the authentic circumstances were we felt that we were unrestricted in certain ways, and with true American adaptability had accepted such regulatory systems as had been imposed upon us, such as prohibition and the like; holding to certain other aspects of our liberty of thought and action as inviolable. With the war came regulation, which is not yet at its full force, and will not be for some time; and there was a natural disinclination—not protest, but unreadiness—to accept all this until it was clearly in the minds of the people what it was all for and about.

Again there came into play our localized instinct. This hindered but it did not prevent—or will not, rather—for the American people are a most adaptable people; and the proof of that is to be found every four years, after one of our presidential elections or at an inauguration. We go to the point of battle in a presidential campaign, and on the day after election accept the result without a protest and proceed with the affairs of life. We see frequently in Washington on the fourth of March a complete turnover of all our governmental affairs; and it is accomplished without a ripple of disturbance, no matter how great the interests involved may be. Hence when the necessity for regulation is assimilated the regulation will be accepted.

### *Time for Stern Measures*

Our Government is entirely political, and for that reason proceeds along the lines of least resistance. When there comes Washington talk about the lack of understanding by the people, a retort that must be made is that there is too much politics in Washington; too much of the old idea that everybody must be conciliated and that no needless offense shall be given. Our Government—not this one exceptionally, but every one—is considerable of a handshaker, a good part pussyfoot. So, instead of stern repressive measures against enemy aliens, seditioners, free-speechers who seek to spread their treasons under that guise, foreign-language press, and so on, we have paltered and pussyfooted, until the lack of repression of all these elements has had its effect on the national understanding and temper of the people. We have been cautious of offending. We have been, in many instances, political when we should have been peremptory. And a large share of this complaint over lack of popular conception comes from this very fact. But that is being remedied also. Propaganda is as essential for war-making purposes as advertising is for the selling of automobiles, or soap, or any other commodity.

Our war propagandists haven't arrived at the scientific phase as yet. We are still frightening, or trying to frighten, our people into a quickened support of the war, and still trying to incite them almost solely with ideals instead of giving them the proper urge with facts. But we'll get round to that too.

In theory, politics—national, state and local—is a pliant instrument of government, but in reality our politics is rigid, conforms to set rules, and is operated on the basis of set beliefs fetishes, indeed. A predominating belief of our political practitioners is that there are certain groups of votes, class votes, that may be secured in bulk, for reasons that may be racial, religious, sectional, class—as labor—and thus and so. These men, in political power and desiring to stay there, hold tenaciously to the belief, and practice in accord with that belief, that there is a racial vote, say, or a labor vote, or an Irish vote, or any other sort of vote that may be shuttlecocked back and forth by certain cajolements of it and certain prostrations before it.

That is the reason for delays in the firm dealing with many embarrassing and deterrent situations that have risen in this country since the war began—the fetish of class vote. Many things that have happened have happened because there was an ardent desire not to offend a certain class vote of one sort or another. That is what has been responsible for procrastination and delay—the desire not to offend, the eagerness to propitiate; for, war or no war, this Government will continue political.

### *The Vital Question*

It is quite certain that, as the war goes on, these fetishes will be abandoned and their resultant procrastinations will cease to have their deadening effect on the national understanding and solidarity. Stern measures, drastic regulations may be necessary; and there is good hope for the belief that when the initial nervousness is worn off, when we get fairly in our stride, there will be less paltering with men who as a class or individually seek to impede the progress of the war through the promotion of their individual desires and greed; and that these men will be placed where they belong—under the supervision of the Government.

This war as a unit of endeavor is incomparably the biggest and most significant thing we ever tried to do, considered as to magnitude. We established this country with the Revolution, and our natural advantages and our natural adaptability made us a nation of importance—a republic of power. We fought the Civil War to retain our national identity as established. Now we are fighting this war, not alone to maintain our national identity but our very existence. We are fighting it, not for England or France or Belgium but for ourselves. Our future depends on the successful outcome of it. It isn't the democracy of the world that principally concerns us, but the democracy of the United States.

What wonder can there be then that our hundred millions of people, living in this vast stretch of country that belts this continent, have not immediately appreciated and understood all that it means to us! What wonder can there be that there has been, as yet, only partial digestion of all the facts of it by our aggregate mentality! What wonder that there is slowness to rouse to its importance here and there! It cannot be done forthwith. All our traditions, manners, customs, habits of thought and habits of life prevent that.

Nevertheless, the lack of understanding is not so great as the critics of it would have us believe; nor has the response been paltry. Our people are freely giving their young men, their money, their time. Our people are loyally accepting the regulatory discipline imposed on them, shouldering the burdens with limited protest, and are prepared to accept each situation patriotically as that situation develops. Our people are holding faith in Washington and giving Washington an earnest and loyal and hearty sustenance.

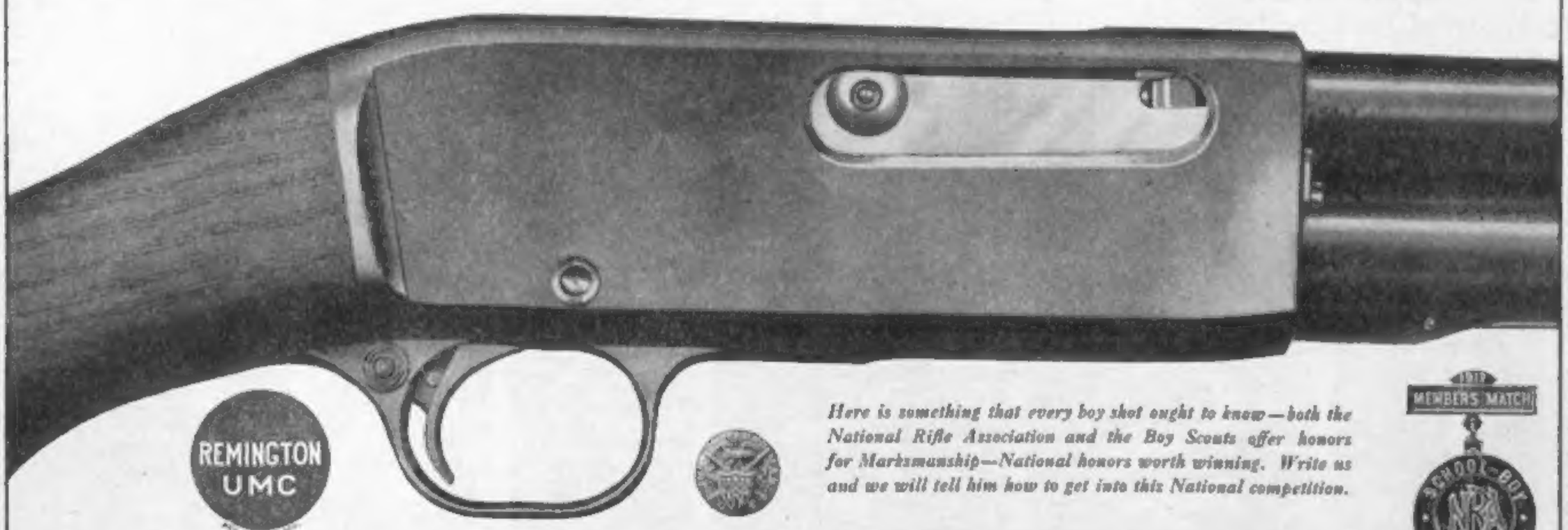
There is nothing the matter with the people of the United States. They may not understand, in all its bearings, this war and the aspects of it, but they are beginning to understand one thing. That one thing is this: If we do not whip Germany, Germany will whip us. That is the impelling force, the urge for solidarity that will do its work—the great motive that will bring victory. For we shall whip Germany. Make no mistake about that.

# Remington UMC for Big Game

EVERYBODY who has hunted in the big game country or talked with a seasoned hunter knows where these two rifles stand — the highest development of the *modern* high power sporting arm.

Performance *today* is the thing that counts. The whole brilliant record of Remington UMC is the record of being right every step of the way and always a bit ahead of the current practice of the times. Whether it is the high-power .35 or the little .22—whether the target is a grizzly in the Canadian Rockies or a one-inch bullseye on the indoor range —the perfect adaptability of Remington UMC to the work in hand gives the owner of these arms the edge on everything else in the field.

Sold by the leading dealer everywhere. The man who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington UMC* in his store —the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.



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*Here is something that every boy shot ought to know—both the National Rifle Association and the Boy Scouts offer honors for Marksmanship—National honors worth winning. Write us and we will tell him how to get into this National competition.*

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# FLORENCE OIL HEATERS

## The Heater With the Cheerful Glow

A patrician in every line—in every attribute—is the Florence Heater.

There is no unpleasant odor, no possible danger of fire—in fact, the Florence Heater is just a good-looking and safe little fire that you pick up and carry into any room or corner that you wish.

So the Florence finds a welcome in the best American homes, where coziness and comfort are appreciated, but where the old-style oil stove could never go.

Patented appliances make the Florence trouble-proof, it can't be turned too high, can't give off smoke or sooty odor. An indicator on the tank shows the exact amount of oil contained at any time. Holding a full gallon, the Florence burns a long time without refilling—an automatically locking handle prevents oil slopping or spilling when reservoir is being replaced. Rewicking is extremely easy and simple. In fact, everything about a Florence makes it a comfort rather than a nuisance in disguise.

The best dealers will be glad to show you the Florence Heater, or we will be pleased to send you, free, a descriptive booklet together with name of dealer who can supply you.

Central Oil & Gas Stove Co.
179 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

# CONGOLEUM RUGS

## You would never guess they cost so little—

Your first thought when you see a Congoleum Rug, especially one of the new Art-Rug patterns, is always, "My! how beautiful!" But after you have had them on your floor for a while you will say, "What a blessing to have rugs so easily kept clean!"

And you will soon be using them everywhere in the house where a low-priced rug is required because they do not collect dust like ordinary rugs. Their use will make your whole house cleaner. Rarely has a household article found such quick and growing favor among housewives as Congoleum Rugs.

### *For Every Room in the House*

They have found quick favor because they combine the two things most desired by the modern housewife: the *truly artistic* and the *perfectly sanitary*.

**Waterproof—Washable**

Congoleum Rugs are absolutely waterproof. They do away with all backbreaking beating, as they have a firm, non-porous surface that can be cleaned in a few seconds with a damp mop. Genuine sanitation is assured. Many low-priced woven rugs are unsanitary because they absorb dust and dirt.

**Beautiful Patterns**

Congoleum Rugs are made in an assortment of beautiful patterns and in all the popular sizes, offering appropriate rugs for every room in the house, from the kitchen to the attic.

**Lie Flat without Fastening**

Congoleum Rugs require no fastening whatever. They "hug the floor" and will not "kick up" or curl at the edges.

**Look for the Name "Congoleum" on the Back**

The name Congoleum is stamped on the back of every Rug, Rug-Border or piece of By-The-Yard goods. Look for it when you buy to be sure you get the genuine advertised article. It is there for your protection.

Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and foreign countries. They cannot be duplicated.

*The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 308. The 9 x 12 ft. size retails for $12.50.*

*Congoleum Rugs are for sale by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.*

## FREE
### Beautiful Rug Chart

We have a new Rug Chart showing the complete line of Congoleum patterns in colors. You really should send for a copy to see the full assortment of stunning patterns. This chart will be sent free upon request.

Write us today—before you forget it.

Congoleum Rugs are made in two styles, "Art-Rugs" and "Utility-Rugs."

### Congoleum Art-Rugs

Are unequaled in beauty and durability by any medium-priced rug. The patterns are the work of famous rug artists. You must see them to appreciate the richness and depth of the coloring. The two-color illustration below cannot begin to do them justice. Made in five sizes as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | feet x 9 | feet, | $6.25 |
| 7½ | feet x 9 | feet, | 8.00 |
| 9 | feet x 9 | feet, | 9.50 |
| 9 | feet x 10½ | feet, | 11.25 |
| 9 | feet x 12 | feet, | 12.50 |

### Congoleum Utility-Rugs

Meet the demand for a still lower-priced grade. They have all the famous Congoleum characteristics and come in many beautiful patterns as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | feet x 4½ | feet, | $1.28 |
| 3 | feet x 6 | feet, | 1.70 |
| 4½ | feet x 4½ | feet, | 1.92 |
| 6 | feet x 6 | feet, | 3.40 |

### Congoleum Rug-Borders

For the borders of a room outside of a large center-rug, will give the effect of a genuine hardwood floor at a fraction of the cost. Much less expensive and superior to staining and painting. Made in 36- and 24-inch widths at 60c. and 45c. per yard respectively. Your dealer will sell you any length required.

### Congoleum By-The-Yard

***Guaranteed to outwear printed linoleum under equal conditions.***

For use over the entire floor. Many beautiful patterns. In rolls 72 inches wide. Price 60c. per square yard.

**Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.**

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